THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1963 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

50 CENTS

TRUE

®

"THE MAN I KNOW BEST"

An Irreverent Autobiography

By Robert Ruark

MY FRIENDS THE VAMPIRES

BY DAN MANNIX

TAXAX

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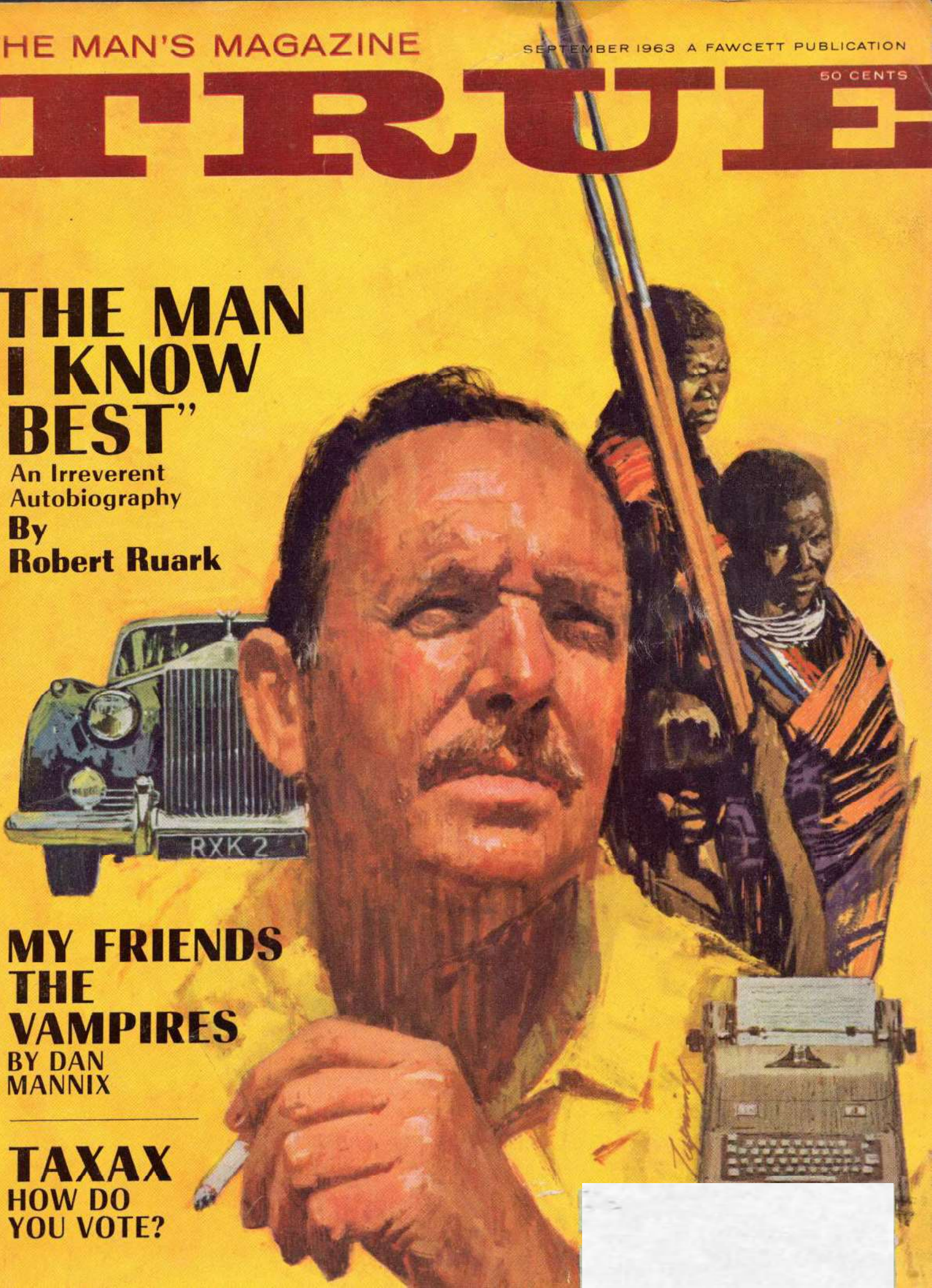
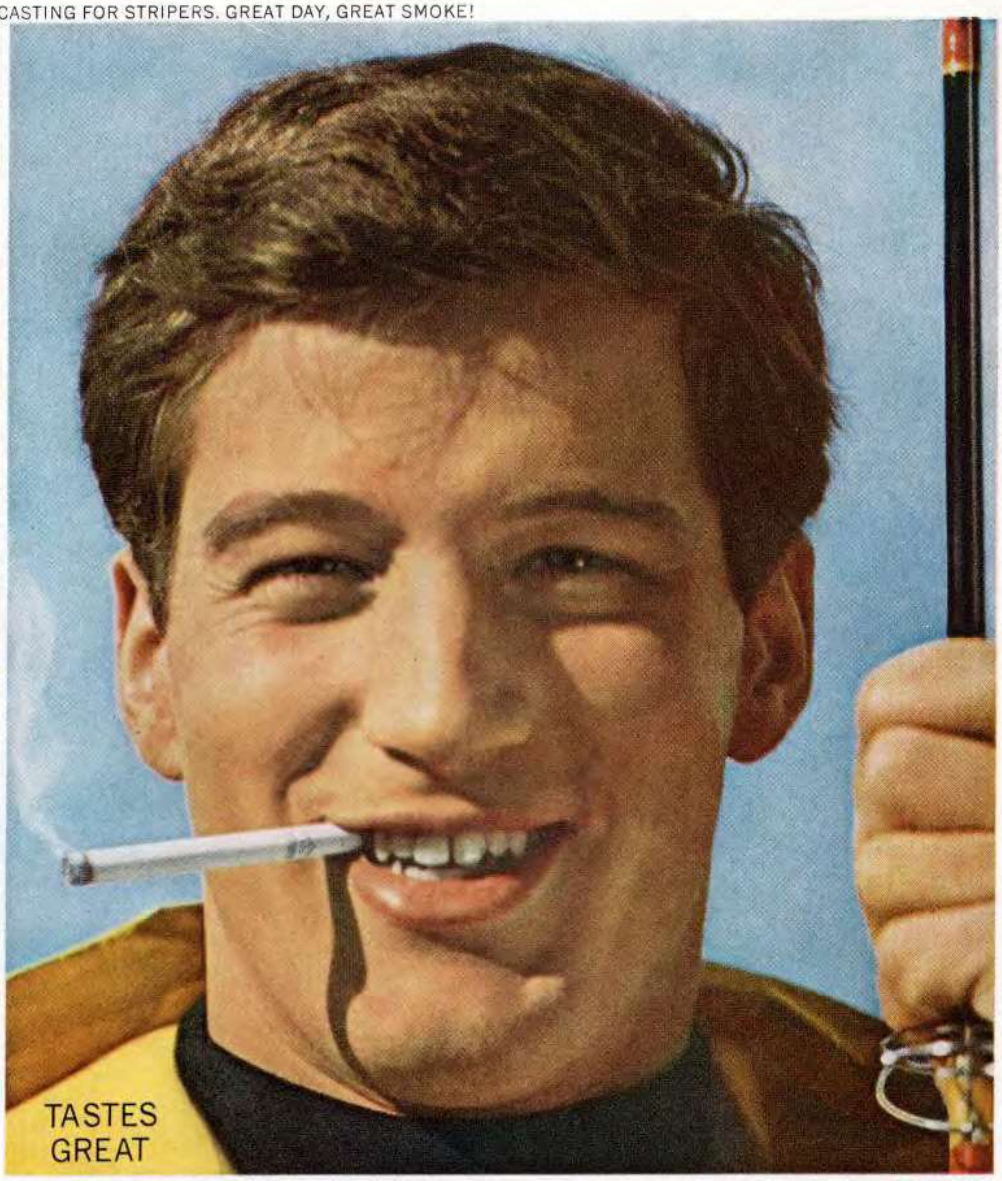
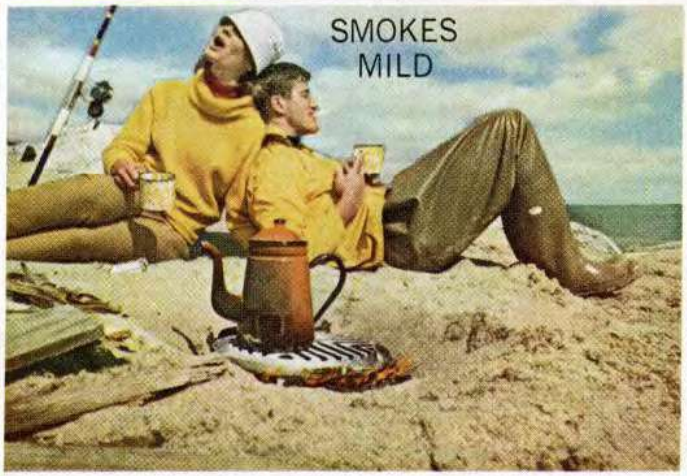


THE TASTE OF ACTION: SANDY HOOK, CASTING FOR STRIPERS. GREAT DAY, GREAT SMOKE!





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Birdman Flap

Your expose of the Stroud case (*The Phony Fairy Tale of the "Birdman of Alcatraz"*—July) shows how American law enforcement is being smothered under a pile of guano produced by bird-brains who are willing, without a side glance at the facts, to flock to the defense of the vilest malefactor with a plausible tale of woe. This is the Caryl Chessman farce all over again. All this softness is producing more crime, more disrespect for the law, more juvenile delinquency than ever. Soft-hearted humanitarians should remember that it was the hard-as-nails lawman with six-shooter and rope who civilized the West. Those who are *really* on the side of good should be for tougher laws and tougher enforcement.

—Martin Castiglioni
San Francisco, Calif.

The movie about Stroud and his feather-headed defense committee should have been done by bird-authority Alfred Hitchcock. TRUE's story was twice as horrifying as *The Birds*.

—Mitch Ferrell
Baltimore, Md.

The Making of Mars

. . . Mr. Frank (*What We'll Find on Mars*—July) states: "Mars and Earth, along with the Sun and other planets, were all formed at the same time, according to the accepted concept of Dr. Urey and Carl von Weizsacker. About 5 billion years ago they coalesced from a cosmic cloud of gas, dust, and larger particles swirling in space." Accepted concept? Accepted by whom? Cosmic cloud? What happened to Someone we all used to have faith in called God? . . . Since the turn of the century man has been gaining steadily in material things and losing in those of spiritual value. . . . Gentlemen, please forward to Mr. Frank my sincere sympathy and pity if he, too, has lost his spiritual values.

—Michael A. Danello
Franklin, Mass.

You seem to have lost your perspective, Mike. Frank was describing the creation of the universe in scientific, not religious, terms. There is no conflict between intelligent scientists and intelligent men of religion.

Belly Brouhaha

. . . How could you allow an incorrect photograph to appear in—of all magazines—TRUE? I am referring to the May '63 issue —*It's a Man's World*. This photo is obviously not I. Nor did the Reverend George M. Docherty *order* a ballet dancer or any dancer. . . . The newspapers decided to have a little fun. Bless their hearts. So did I. So did all involved. . . . Won't you please do your rightful duty and print this, the proper photo of Zaka in costume and in action?

—Joan Hanna (Zaka)
Washington, D. C.

We didn't mean anyone to think that was a photo of you, Zaka. We figured, wrongly, once you've seen one belly you've seen 'em all.

[*Continued on page 4*]

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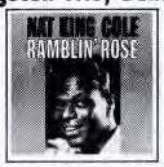
16-59. DEAN MARTIN. DINO. Long-awaited album of Italian love songs: *Non Dimenticar, Pardon, Arrivederci Roma, Just Say I Love Her*, 8 more.

16-09. STAN KENTON. WEST SIDE STORY. Jazz version of stage and screen hit: *Maria, I Feel Pretty, Something's Coming, Cool*, 7 more.

16-69. THE LETTERMEN. A SONG FOR YOUNG LOVE. *I'll Be Seeing You, In The Still Of The Night, Dreamer, Valley High*, 8 more romantic ballads.



17-93. NAT KING COLE. RAMBLIN' ROSE. Warm and wonderful country music! *The Good Times, Skip to My Lou, Your Cheatin' Heart*, 9 more.

15-24. GEORGE SHEARING/NANCY WILSON. THE SWINGIN'S MUTUAL! His quintet backs a great voice on *Blue Lou, Inspiration*, 10 more.

15-69A & 15-69B. JUDY AT CARNEGIE HALL. "Garland at her greatest." *Hi-Fi Stereo Review*. 28 exciting songs from the greatest evening in show-business history: *Man That Got Away, Trolley Song, Chicago, San Francisco*, 24 more encores, recorded *live*.

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16-65. RED NICHOLS. DIXIELAND SUPPER CLUB. Red's 5 Pennies in 13 dancers' delights: *Blue, Always, Sentimental Journey*, 10 more.

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12-50. JACKIE GLEASON. APHRODISIA. Originals for lovers. *Seraglio, Rapture, Glamour, Violet Mist, Orange Velvet, Pink Chiffon*, 6 others.

16-68. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hat Twist, Peter Gunn Twist, Night Train Twist*, 5 more.

85-53. HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY. STARLIGHT FANTASIE. Miklos Rozsa conducts a brilliant concert of Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Brahms, Enesco.

14-39. JACKIE GLEASON. LAZY, LIVELY LOVE. *Because Of You, On The Street Where You Live, Speak Low, It Had To Be You*, 8 more.

16-34. FARON YOUNG. THE YOUNG APPROACH. His most popular hits: *Backtrack, Goin' Steady, I Fall to Pieces, Trail of Tears*, 8 others.

15-20. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of *Fever, The Second Time Around, Them There Eyes, Yes, Indeed*, 11 more.

16-93. THE BEST OF JUNE CHRISTY. Misty One's big hits: *Midnight Sun, Willow Weep for Me, Something Cool, How High the Moon*, 8 more.

59-50. KARAJAN CONDUCTS OVERTURES. WEBER: *MENDELSSOHN: The Hebrides*; WAGNER: *Lohengrin, Flying Dutchman*. Berlin Philharmonic.

12-37. JONAH JONES. SWINGIN' 'ROUND THE WORLD. Parts of call from Rome to Shanghai. *April In Paris, Arrivederci Roma, Brazil*, 9 more.

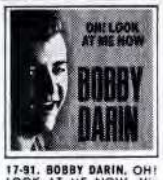
14-90. DAKOTA STATON. DAKOTA! Poignant ballad stylings of *Rock Me to Sleep, If I Love Again, Pick Yourself Up, I'll Close My Eyes*, 8 others.

16-78. PAUL WHITEMAN CONDUCTS GEORGE GERSHWIN. Fresh interpretations of *Rhapsody in Blue, An American in Paris, Pennario*, piano soloist.

16-89. JACKIE GLEASON. LOVE EMBERS AND FLAME. 2 string orchestras ignite romance with *Would You, Lover's Waltz, How About Me*, more.

17-41. HANK THOMPSON & BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS: #1 Country & Western Band! *Gathering Flowers, Jersey Bounce, Red Skin Gal*, 9 more.

3-52. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC FOR LOVERS ONLY. Relax, let romance take over. *Body and Soul, Some Day, Little Girl, Alone Together*, 8 others.



17-91. BOBBY DARIN. OH! LOOK AT ME NOW. His smash first Capitol album. *Blue Skies, Always, My Buddy, The Party's Over*, 8 others.

5-94. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing *If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone*, others.

17-20. FERLIN HUSKY. SOME OF MY FAVORITES. Songs with a sound as big as America. *Willow Tree, My Adobe Hacienda*, 10 more.

15-74 NAT KING COLE. THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS. Dreamy musical memories: *Not So Long Ago, Illusion, I Remember You, Funny*, 7 more.

17-62A, 17-62B, 17-62C

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54-08. MOZART: SYMPHONIES #38 (Prague), **#39** in E FLAT. Otto Klemperer and Philharmonia. "classic insight . . . virile."—*LP Stereo Guide*.

15-96. WANDA JACKSON. RIGHT OR WRONG. Six songs on the sentimental side, six on the "rockin'" side. 12 sugar 'n spice performances!

16-71. PEGGY LEE. BLUES CROSS COUNTRY. *Basin Street Blues, St. Louis Blues, Goin' to Chicago, N.Y. City Blues, Los Angeles Blues*, 7 more.

16-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. COLLEGE CONCERT. Live at U.C.L.A. *Little Light, Laredo?, M.T.A., 500 Miles, Oh Miss Mary, Chilly Winds*, others.

THE KINGSTON TRIO

58-35. BRAHMS. SYMPHONY #1, C MINOR. Giulini, Philharmonia Orchestra. ". . . deserves tremendous success . . ."—*The Gramophone*.

16-95. NO STRINGS. New Orig. B'way Cast album! Stars Diahann Carroll, Richard Kiley, 14 fresh R. Rodgers' songs: *The Sweetest Sounds*, others.

17-05. THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO. Now—all their great hits in one album! *Tom Dooley, Tijuana Jail, Everglades*, 9 other best-sellers.

17-04. FABULOUS HITS OF DINAH SHORE. Especially recorded. *Jim, Blues in the Night, I'll Walk Alone, The Gypsy, Buttons & Bows*, 7 more.

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[*Continued from page 2*]

Planned Pop-Hood

Your author (*Birth Control for Men Only*—June) forgets one thing in classing the contraceptive pill for women with other methods. It presents the least in obstacles to sex relations. And after having four babies in five years of marriage you just don't forget to take your daily pill. It becomes a joint responsibility and desire to *always* remember.

—*Sandy McElroy*
Kent, Wash.

If it takes having four babies in five years to make a woman remember to take her pills, we stand pat on our contention that it should be a *male* responsibility.

Split-Up Swindle

The article on divorce (*Divorce: The Swindle That's Breaking Men's Backs*—May) was the most rational and analytical approach to the problem yet published. I could only criticize it on the grounds that it was too lenient on the vicious and hypocritical individuals in the legal profession who perpetuate the divorce system for personal gain. May I suggest that each Saturday in July be used for membership drives for United States Divorce Reform, Incorporated? . . . For recreation after the business meeting, the boys could tar and feather their favorite lawyer (if he can be found).

—*Lester J. Vohs*
Munich, Germany

Call off the lynching-bee, Lester. Lots of lawyers are on the side of the good guys. See Attorney Thos. T. Crittenden's letter below.

In most states the men can protect themselves *if* before marriage an ante-nuptial contract is written spelling out contributions from "income" the wife is to make towards mutual expenses. The fact that marriage is a contract as well as a status is not given widest publicity. If a contract is written by a competent attorney, it can in most cases provide financial protection to both husband and wife on an equitable basis.

Marriage actually has three facets: 1) religious (sacramental); 2) contractual; 3) political (status). The church is most interested in the first. The state is most interested in the third. The parties *should* be interested also in the second. If the parties do not act, the laws (written and unwritten customs) then provide the terms of the contract. However, a written contract regarding financial and certain other matters, not contrary to public policy of the state, can be arranged.

Reference is made to: Alexander Lindey, *Separation Agreements and Ante-Nuptial Contracts*, Matthew Bender and Company, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

—*Thos. T. Crittenden*
Attorney at Law
San Diego, Calif.

. . . Recently I was at a cocktail party and several single girls (age 31-35) were talking about a certain man. I overheard this: "He might make a good husband, and if it didn't work out I could get his house." I hear this far too often, and much, much more.

—*Marvin Kennedy*
San Francisco, Calif.

The house bit is pretty ordinary, Marv. What really intrigues us is "and much, much more."

Infernal Robbery

When I read your account in *It's a Man's World* (June) about how the Internal Revenue boys swooped down on one Albert LePore and snatched most of his $42,492 race track winnings before he even had a chance to get out of the park, I blew up! The I.R.

[*Continued on page 8*]

Super Hi-Miler (at left) vs. comparably priced truck tire (at right) after typical accelerated, high-speed, overloaded, 50,000-mile test on same equipment, over same roads, with same driver.

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yes! Super Hi-Miler rides with a new "muted sound" for less "rumble" at high speeds on the road. Variable zigzag tread segments are acoustically engineered. Listen!

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GOODYEAR

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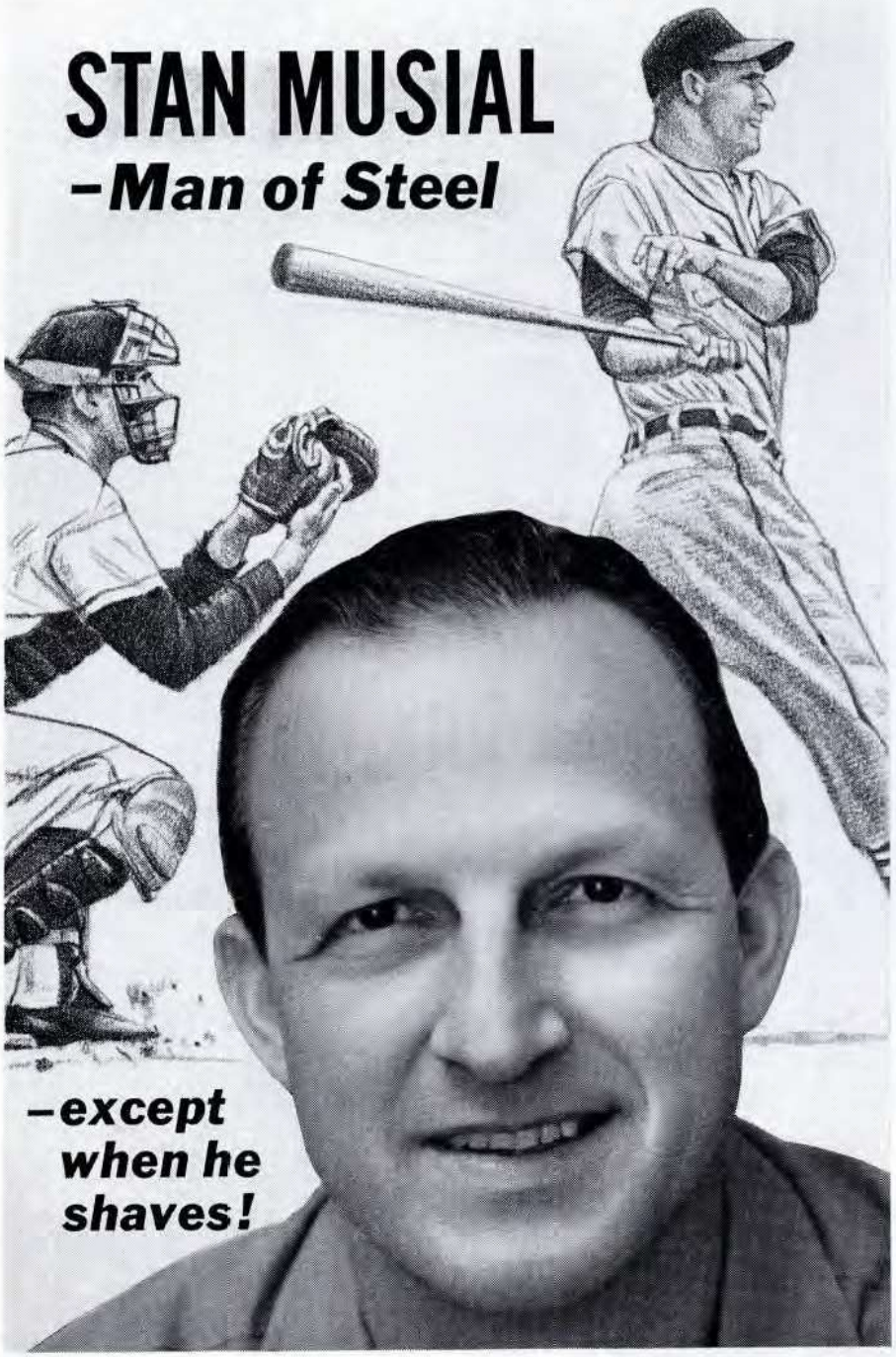

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. **Byron**

SEPTEMBER ◆ 1963

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Cover by Howard Terpning

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VOL. 44 **A FAWCETT PUBLICATION** **NO. 316**

SEPTEMBER 1963

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[*Continued from page* 4]

gang should show their true colors by changing the meaning of their initials to Infernal Robbery.

—*David Bonnie*
Portland, Maine

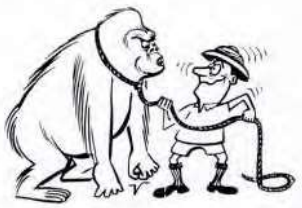
Way Up

Your fashion and gift section in June issue (*All Kinds of Gifts for All Kinds of Dads*) really good. . . . I fully imagine that the "Way Up" portion is a direct reflection of your editors' personal tastes. My only suggestion would be that you try to get more unusual items, since I have most of the things you showed. Of course there are times when I run low on my supply of quail eggs and grasshoppers, and it is nice to know how to obtain new provisions, especially when I am off in the forest primeval and a big trout takes my last $6 gold fish hook to the bottom of a dark pool. It's then that I like to sit down on a rock, take out my gun-style shoe horn to remove my boots. Then to my knapsack where I obtain my $3.500 silver shaving set and have a refreshing shave. Afterwards I sit by the campfire and on my $435 Selectomatic typewriter I write to Merrin Jewelers for more gold fish hooks. It's then that I want to be sure that my quail eggs and grasshoppers are nearby. For tomorrow will be another big day on the trail, and one must be well nourished . . . especially if one meets a snarling cougar on the path and must dispatch it with his $CO_2$200 Daisy B.B. pistol. If the weapon doesn't function properly, then you break out the Thermalene "basket case," because that's what you'll be in a few short moments.

—*William Hafford*
Tucson, Ariz.

In short, the man who has everything (to look at) reads TRUE.

Buffaloed Gorilla

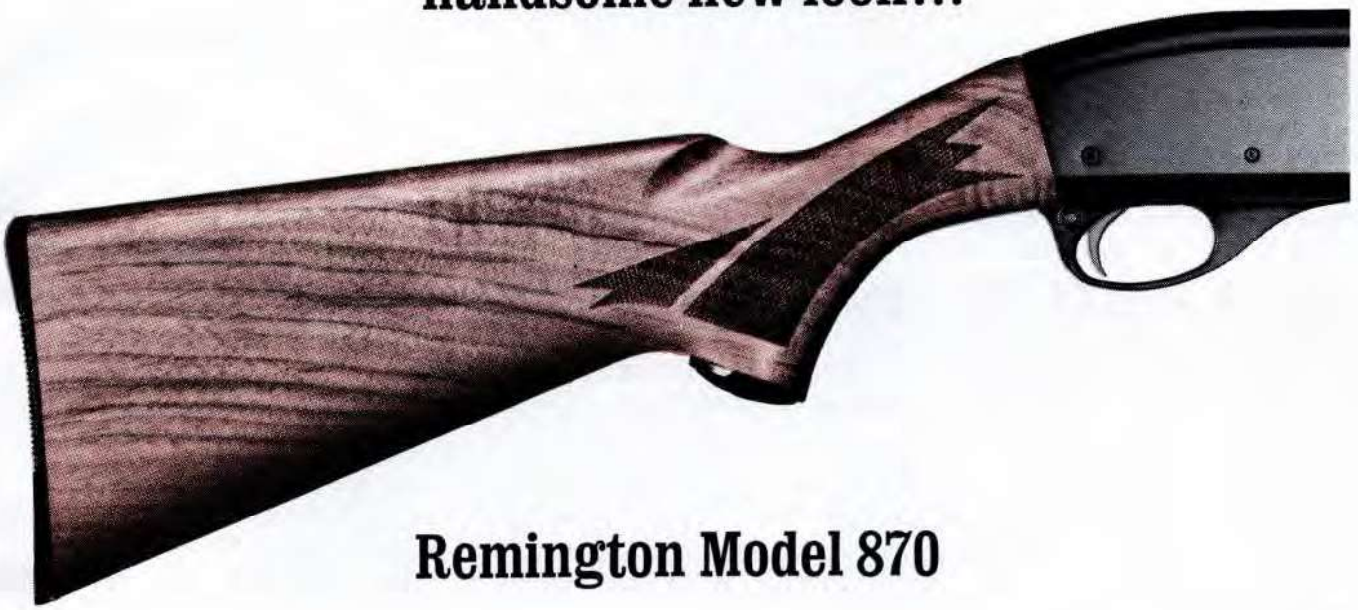


In reading the article regarding Buffalo Jones' African safari (*He Lassoed Africa*—May), I found it very interesting, yet very confusing. Could this man have made two safaris to Africa? The reason I am confused: I was raised in Portales, New Mexico, and knew a man by the name of Dallas McDaniel who was a roper and accompanied Jones on such an expedition. However, the specific purpose of this one was to capture an African gorilla. I heard Dallas relate the entire trip from start to finish.

—*Lon A. Starnes*
Fresno, Calif.

Dallas was telling the truth. He was one of those who accompanied Buffalo Jones on a second safari (not dealt with in our article) with the aim of capturing a live gorilla. Unfortunately Jones got no gorillas. He roped two, but each time the animals broke loose, attacked, and had to be shot.

America's most reliable pump shotgun now has a handsome new look...



Remington Model 870

Look what's happened to "Old Reliable"—Remington's popular Model 870 pump shotgun. Now it's made in one de luxe grade and it's a better value ... a better gun. It has a rich, new stock finish that looks great, lasts longer, too. Plus new, custom-grade fine-lined checkering to enhance the American walnut stock and fore-end. Topped off by a sporty, decorated grip cap. These extra good looks make it a standout over other shotguns.

Frankly, the newness ends there. We didn't do a thing to the *inside* of the 870. (No need to... it's the most reliable pump action made!) Look what you get: Double action bars (most pumps have just one) that prevent twisting and binding, insure smooth-gliding action. A receiver machined from solid steel. A breech block that locks into a hardened barrel extension for longer life... constant head space. And extra barrels you can change in seconds... in the field... without tools.

If you are among the nearly 1,000,000 satisfied Model 870 owners, you don't need a new pump shotgun... If you're not—see the new de luxe Model 870 "Wingmaster" today. You can't find better performance and better looks at a better price. 5 shots. From $94.95*.

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

SQUEEZE PLAY

We've been waiting for a sensible successor to the absurd 50-mile hike for physical fitness to come along. The best thing that has come to our attention is the 5-second hug, advocated by Dr. David Misner, head of the physical fitness department of George Williams College. Nothing like it for toning up a man's flabby chest muscles. A good man may in time achieve a fantastic 10-second hug, say in graduated increments of one-second per hug, until he attains the chest expansion of a weightlifter. Who wants bar-bells when there's a huggee around? Ostensibly, the target of the 5-second hug is wives, left crushed with delight that persists glowingly through the day. But we don't see why a secretary wouldn't do as well. Frequent, repeated exercise — that's the ticket for physical fitness!

DIVORCE DISCRIMINATION

Innocent persons who believe that men and women think exactly alike about marriage must have been shocked to their senses by reactions to New York Governor Rockefeller's divorce and remarriage. Some men may have lackadaisically tut-tutted Rocky's new Happyness, but very few turned purple with rage. Not so the ladies. Samples of politicians' mail showed that the most shrill screams of "outrage!" came from women, predominantly in their 40's or older. This is to be expected. By and large, marriage is women's main line of trade and they are naturally alert to put down what they deem to be unfair trade practices. Thousands of wives can imagine themselves in the first Mrs. Rockefeller's place, their seniority rights threatened and their businesses headed toward receivership. Their indignation is not much different from that of men whose pension funds have been embezzled, or of executives whose stock options turn sour.

Oddly, the Rockefeller divorce bypassed home industry and took proper advantage of relatively humane divorce laws of the state of Nevada. New York laws, which the governor is sworn to uphold, virtually limit grounds for divorce to adultery. This compels miserable New York couples who can't finance a 6-week residence amidst the slot machines of Reno to wash their dirty linen in public, or to humiliating connivance in lies that unbind. Reform of divorce laws in backward states has high moral priorities. It seems to us that Rockefeller has a great chance to head up a campaign to remove disgraceful, punitive, shabby, vengeful, discriminatory, adultery-only divorce laws from the Empire State's statutes. Get on it, Rocky. Govern good—like a governor should.

ADVANCE AND RETREAT

Can pregnancy wreck show business unless producers lay down the law? A musical starring Carol Burnett has had to return $1 million in advance ticket sales because the star is expecting a baby. Who was it that found a million-dollar baby in the five-and-ten-cent store? Producers had better look him up and make a reasonable offer.

SENSIBLE SPEED

Abraham Lincoln had the answer to how fast should a man read. He said that a man's legs should be long enough to reach the ground. President Kennedy's reputed reading speed of 1,200 words a minute may make the average man feel that he is a very poor reader indeed. Nothing of the sort. So much is being made of mere speed reading that assimilation and reflection are losing out. At JFK's rate, he could read the Gettysburg Address (266 words) four times in one minute, and likewise the Ten Commandments (297 words). We doubt that Jack considers the Ten Commandments worth only 15 seconds of his time. Mere fast reading is child's play. We can read the Congressional Record at 45,000 words a minute and miss virtually nothing. On the other hand, a man who reads the present department in one minute isn't the man we hope he is. He won't even become incensed enough to write us a "Dear sir, you cur" letter.

BURIED FOR 5,000 YEARS

The other day we joined a group of press people who took a bus ride to Flushing Meadows where gaunt steel skeletons and monstrous pillars are shaping up New York's World's Fair of 1964. The immediate occasion was the tripping of a piledriver which hammered into the ground a casing, courtesy of Westinghouse Electric Corp., in which a Time Capsule containing records of our civilization will be buried 50 feet underground for the edification of archaeologists who presumably will dig it up 5,000 years from now —in 6939, to be exact. We were less excited by the puffing piledriver than by a stubby cylinder 10 feet due south of it, which houses another Time Capsule buried in 1938. Our heart belongs to the first Time Capsule, which contains a microfilmed magazine with imperishable words of our own, or at least words that will endure for five millenniums, which possibly exceeds the attention span of current readers.

The ceremony turned our thoughts back to September 23, 1938, when the first Time Capsule was embalmed. The civilization that it recorded was ridiculously naive . . . no hydrogen bomb, nor penicillin, nor astronauts, nor aerosol shave creams, nor awareness of population explosions, nor power steering. The new Time Capsule abundantly records our fantastic progress.

Returning home, we plucked from our library shelf a slim book called "The Time Capsule," one of 3,000 copies distributed in 1938 to libraries, museums, monasteries, convents, lamaseries, and other safe repositories. No monastery we, then or now. Our copy was presented to us by G. Edward Pendray, who had much to do with the conception and development of the capsule. Pendray, an eminent practitioner of the arts of public relations, was an early experimenter in rocketry, at a time when Robert Goddard was regarded as a hilarious crackpot. Pendray still holds the No. 1 membership card in the American Rocket Society, and clings to it tenaciously, on the prudent assumption that

(Continued on page 12)

You've heard about it!

The blade that lasts and lasts (for more shaves than you dreamed possible - each one a smoother, more comfortable shave)

Now it's here-

Schick Stainless Steel

in your choice of TWO GREAT BLADES:

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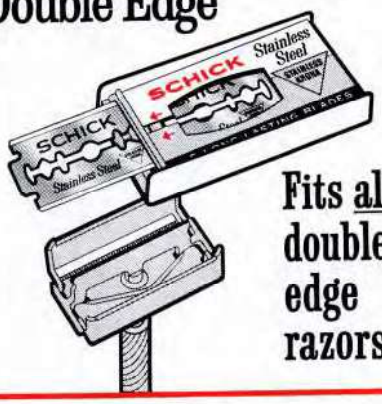


Fits all double-edge razors

Injector

Fits all Injector razors

SCHICK SAFETY RAZOR CO., DIVISION OF EVERSHARP, INC. *Schick Quality Around The World* Factories in Halmstad, Sweden; Toronto, Canada; and Milford, Conn.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)
he does not now know enough to be admitted to membership in that august organization which he helped, so to speak, to get off the pad.

Certain trepidations roused by rereading the book were personal, such as admonitions to executors of our estate (sic) to present the volume to a library for the good of posterity. Other tremblings may be shared by all. Our skeletons—potential Yoricks, all of us—just won't tell archaeologists of 6939 A. D. how we lived. Microfilmed printed matter can preserve the word, but English as she is spoke will have vanished, opinionated grammar teachers to the contrary. Thus, the book gives a "mouth map" of language sounds, and phonetic spellings, with which such locutions as "man, dig that chick" may be reconstructed to give insights into our culture.

Do not fret about "maen" and "wumjn." The Time Capsulers assume that "man and woman" will still be around in one shape or another.

WOMEN'S DIRTY DEAL

A strangely soggy copy of the Saturday Evening Post that dripped into our hands recently turned out to be soaked with tears shed for the plight of American womanhood by Taylor Caldwell, an eminent woman novelist. The designation as "the most overworked woman in the world," exploited by men with "a nasty little shell game called 'equality,'" struck us as being of the same order of fantasy as attributing sobriety to a lush, so we read the bill of particulars with interest. After properly deploring the setting-up of easily demolished straw women, Mrs. Caldwell proceeds to set up a straw man who is 100 percent slob. The oaf comes into a restaurant with four howling boys and a wife, snatches a menu from a waitress, sits alone at a table while his wife settles their delinquents at an adjacent one, and finally orders food for himself and the boys. The browbeaten wife has the gall to ask if she can have some chow, too. While eating, hubby and the boys shower abuse on the woman whose hands tremble as she tries to eat. Mrs. Caldwell whales the stuffing out of this straw man until the bistro is floating in kapok. The definitive cure for oafishness is euthanasia, but let us not confuse it with the battle between the sexes.

Mrs. Caldwell thinks women got into this pickle because men shrewdly gave them the vote, thus shedding male responsibilities, and demanding that women work at an outside job and be wives and mothers on the side. "Equality" long demanded by women is alleged to be a shell game imposed by pampered, petted and spoiled husbands. In no other country do women work so hard and get so little appreciation, we're told. The cure, says Mrs. Caldwell, is for women to demand the reverence to which they are entitled. But no sensible woman of our acquaintance, or anybody else's, wants to be revered as a goddess. No female can be a woman and a goddess simultaneously. Most wives will snicker when reading this fairy-tale description of themselves, but many will put on a hang-dog look if hubby gets home before the TV dinner is thawed out.

BRIGHT KID, BRIGHT ADULT

Is it a good thing to have a gifted child—or to have been one? On the whole, yes, according to what has happened to brilliant kids that Prof. Lewis M. Terman began to study 40 years ago. All the youngsters were in the upper 1 percent of their classes. Follow-up studies of 163 now middle-aged members of the gifted group show that most of them have done pretty well. Hardly any have become alcoholics, and their admission rate to mental hospitals has been a full one-half percent less than the general average. The average income for the men is $13,500 a year; for the women, $7,800. Gifted boys and girls tend to become conservative as they grow up; among them, Republicans outnumbered Democrats two to one. A total of 90 percent of the men and 93 percent of the women are married, but only a cynic would say that the percentages prove that gifted boys are smarter than gifted girls.

PADDED PLAYPENS

Abandon freedom, all ye players in the National Football League. Our last illusions that pro football, like pro baseball, is a sport rather than an industry have been done in. Industrial spying in the football trades has come of age with League Commissioner Pete Rozelle's appointment of James E. Hamilton, pictured here, formerly of the Los Angeles police force, to act as a roving watchdog keeping players under surveillance. The object is to protect players from contaminating contacts with "undesirable elements" (translation: gamblers) that the innocent boys may not recognize as the dastards they are. Hamilton, a sort of one-man Central Intelligence Agency, presumably will warn a player to skedaddle when approached by some cloak-and-dagger character known to have played poker on more than one occasion.

However, it will be very difficult to keep a beefy halfback from sidling into a hashery and sitting alongside a vile

person who unexpectedly mutters, "bet you can't fumble on the 40-yard line tomorrow," and picks up the player's 40-cent check. We are in favor of pure sports and pure foods, but we predict that players can't be kept indefinitely in padded playpens unless heed is taken of creative thinking like our own. In our experience, deadly temptations are best abolished by replacing them with temptations that dissipate energy and time more or less harmlessly. In every pro-football city there are centers that teach useful crafts, such as basket weaving and leather tooling, and after a few lessons a football player could carry raffia and cowhide in his tote bag into which despicable wagerers are forever stuffing $1,000 bills. Likewise, classical music concerts are continually being given, and these would be suitable for linemen's attendance after properly screening the bassoon players for a possible predilection for playing the horses. As an advance agent, Hamilton could pick free lectures given in small halls on topics such as "How You Can Tap Your Inner Resources to Spill Success Into Your Life," or more thought-provoking topics such as "Is Rigor Mortis the End?" which tend to induce sleep and bode well for a fullback's performance on the morrow. Creative opportunities are endless, and we want to be damn sure of them before we put down a bet.

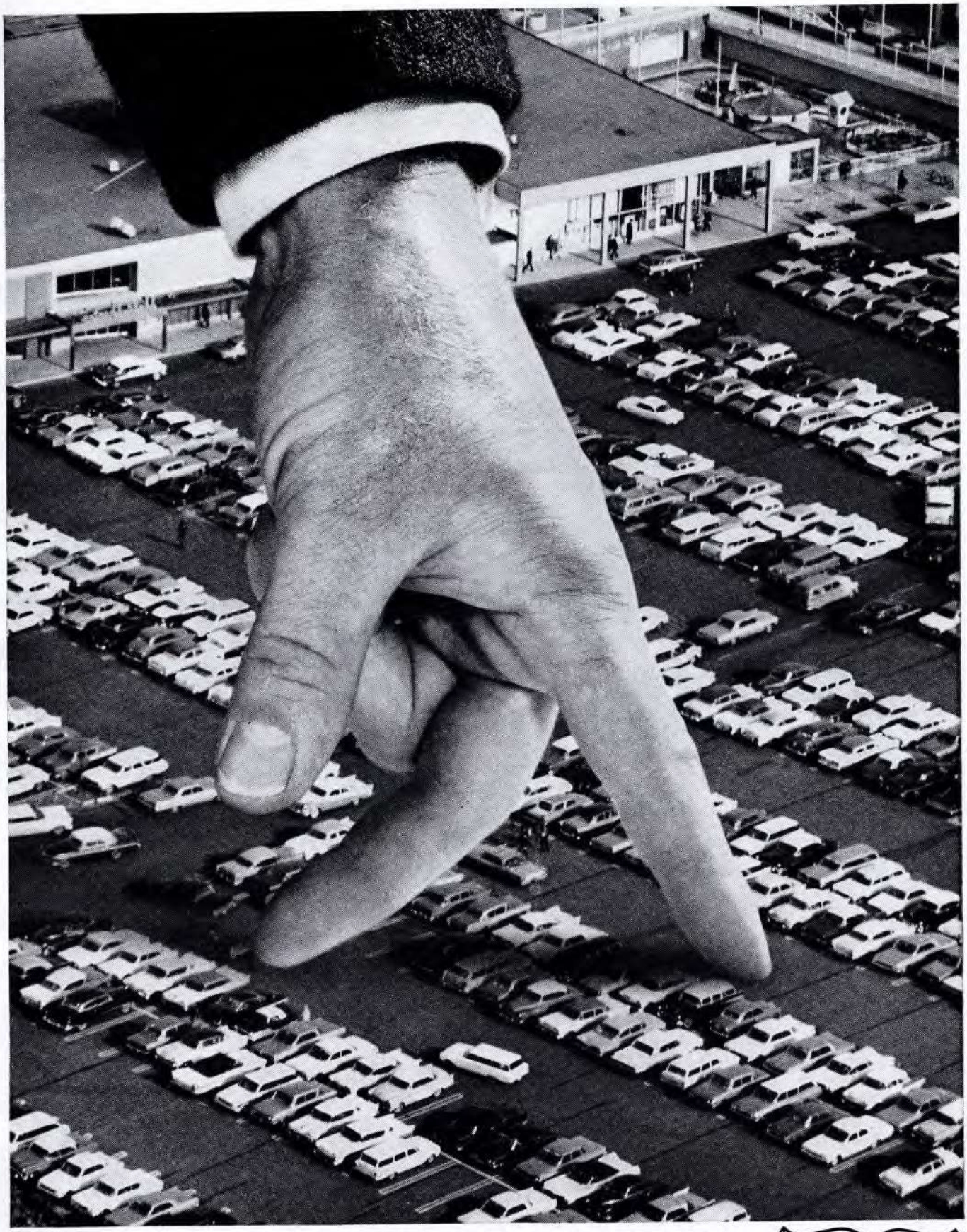
DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A porpoise delivers 10 times as much horsepower per pound of muscle as man.

A new apartment building in Dallas offers a bedroom suite with piped-in champagne.

The human brain has not increased in size in 50,000 years.

—THE EDITORS



Take the hopping out of shopping, let your fingers do the walking. A quick turn through the Yellow Pages tells you who sells what and where. Just look under Furniture, Electric Appliances, Lumber—or anything. Find it fast and easy when you **shop the Yellow Pages way!**

Yellow Pages

By Robert Ruark

"The

As an amateur artist Ruark was good enough to illustrate his "Horn of the Hunter"; see self-portrait (above). Rolls Royce (right), admitted status symbol, was #2 off the line. Princess Grace got #1.

Candid author says, "I could have been a

■ There's no doubt about it, I felt myself to be one hell of a fellow.

Here I was just past 40, and I had it made. I was home and dried. I had roved the world, and made it pay big. I had a vastly syndicated column, and I was my own boss. I had put my literary courage on the block for everybody to take a swing at, and had come up with a monumental bestseller in my first serious novel effort, a book about the Mau Mau uprising in Kenya called *Something of Value*. It made Book-of-the-Month first crack, and my agent had sold it to the movies for more hundreds of thousands than the combined Ruarks had ever made since we stopped painting our faces blue. I owned a paid-for, beautiful villa in Spain's Costa Brava, a town house in Barcelona, an English secretary, the best cook in Europe, a long-term magazine contract, a fine paperback deal, a hand-shot tiger on the wall, two of the heaviest elephant tusks ever extracted forcibly from an old bull, a couple of admiring dogs, and money in four banks. I had a closet full of fancy Italian clothes, and literally, a mink-trimmed jockstrap. Headwaiters in all the better saloons everywhere burnt incense when I came into sight.

And I had this Rolls-Royce, a lovely, gleaming new Silver Cloud. Prince Rainier gave Grace Kelly RXK-1 for a wedding present. Little Rob from North Carolina had RXK-2. It was the only new model Rolls-Royce in Spain, and none had arrived as yet in America.

I will not say I was unbearable. I was just plain Saturday-night-Texas rich, and I wanted to share it with the world. Not the riches—just me and my condition of vulgar affluence, not to mention my vast accomplishment as a white hunter, lover and big liver.

It is to be borne in mind here that I was a boy bootlegger and a boarding-house hustler to pay for my college education, and that I attended the University of North Carolina from 1931 to 1935, the most dismal depths of the big depression. I went through college on one shiny-seated suit and about two pairs of shoes, and when I got legally sprung, nobody wanted to hire a 19-year-old college graduate to do anything at all, for any wage whatsoever. I had been hungry, God knows, in college. Jobs had been various: country weekly, $10 a week; ordinary seaman, merchant marine, $10 a week; detail boy, *Washington Post*, $14 a week; copyboy, *Washington Star*, $12 a week; copyboy, *Washington News*, $15 a week. And about two years after Mrs. Roosevelt told me in Chapel Hill that the weight of the world rested squarely on my brave young shoulders, I was a sports writer at $25 a week.

Since I had hitch-hiked out of North Carolina, to enjoy a fraudulent stint with the WPA in Washington in 1935, I decided I wanted to go back to North Carolina in high style 20-odd years later. I had not been much of a John Held, Jr., swain in college; the income was not up to movies and soda pop and the other vital necessities of courtship, and anyhow, I was too young for the big girls. But I had enjoyed the friendship of quite a few tolerant, non-commercial lassies, and I was eager to verify my early judgment of women. I figured I had class even then, on one suit and no money at all.

Now I had this Rolls, and all these gorgeous clothes, and I had been a *Newsweek* cover story, and a *Life* profile and oh, my! The premiere of the movie that MGM had made from my book, all full of Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter, Sydney Poitier and other goodies, was just about to be sprung in New York.

So you know I just had to go to New York, wearing my fancy Brioni duds, and just as naturally such a stylish chap could not depend on local transportation in New York. A fine-feathered fellow such as myself had to take his brand spanking new Rolls Royce Silver Cloud, all bought and paid for, with him from Spain to New York to impress the peasants. Naturally.

Naturally we had a party for about 200 people upstairs at the Twenty-One Club, attended at least two special showings of *Something of Value* and took bows, and smirked, and drank too much with too many people, and then went off to Washington to peacock some more before the old home folks; and, finally, decided to carpetbag a bit and invade the Southern briar patches whence I had hitch-hiked so many years ago. I was going to stop off and check on the old girl friends, to see if they'd married well (and they had; each owned a strapping husband, lived close by the golf course, possessed two cars and had at least two sons playing fullback at Carolina or Duke) and then I was going to descend on my home-town, Wilmington, in a veritable fiery cloud of triumphant horses and chariots like Elijah, an earlier prophet.

I Was Going To Give The Locals A Break.

Well, sir, the Rolls and I swept triumphantly into the seaboard town in which I was unable to get a job even as a copyboy on the local paper, and my triumphs rode ahead of me, like a police escort. (Perhaps it *was* a police escort. At that moment I wouldn't have put it past me to have hired one.)

I pressed some calls on some people, and some nice folk from my misty past decided to throw me a cocktail party. It was an excellent party, full of uncut whisky and uncut Southern accents. Dressed in something extraordinarily tasty in the way of Italian silk, I was shimmering around the garden with a julep in my hand when I heard two soft Southern female voices floating like melted marshmallow from behind an oleander bush. It was Miss Sarah Sue Somebody talking to Miss Dimity Ann Somebody Else.

"I swear," Miss Sarah Sue was saying to Miss Dimity Ann,

Man I Know Best"

pimp or a gangster...." Instead, his typewriter made him a millionaire

"I swear to John, I don't believe a word of it!"

"What don't you believe a word of, sugah?" asks Miss Dimity Ann.

"Bobby, that's what I don't believe a word of. I don't care how good they say Bobby's doing; I don't care if he did have his picture on that magazine cover, right spang between Prince Philip and President Eisenhowuh, I don't care if he is a big book author and lives in Spain and all!"

"What don't you care, sweetness?"

"Well," said Miss Sarah Sue, vehemently. "He can't be doin' as good as everybody says, or he wouldn't have come back home after all these years *in that old beat-up Pierce Arrow!*"

Move over, Tom Wolfe, I said to myself. *It's true. You can't go home again.* Shortly thereafter I crated up the old beat-up Pierce—I mean I packed up the gleaming new Silver Cloud, and we caught the first boat back to Spain. No prophet, except possibly Elijah, achieves honor in his own home town.

Quite apart from not achieving honor, I was delighted to be coming back unfettered to Wilmington, North Carolina. I had dabbled in bootlegging in college, and I suppose I might even have been a pimp if the fee were sufficient to pay the college tuition. And certainly, decidedly, my first overt act on graduation from the University in 1936 was to embark on a life of crime, with my sheepskin still stuffed in a hip-pocket. My last clear memory of Wilmington was the spiteful buzz of .45 slugs past my ear, and the angry splat of softnosed bullets on the stalks as I fled from policemen through a cornfield. Jail contained me on my first night of graduation, not three hours after Mrs. Roosevelt had told us that the weight of the world rested heavily on our stout young shoulders.

In all fairness to the criminal—*me*—I was drunk.

I had achieved my load from eminently practical intent. Graduation exercises are usually extremely long, excessively windy. We were a big class, and the ceremonies were held in the football stadium. Each candidate for honorable expulsion was assigned a seat on an alphabetical basis.

It happened that my best friends—George Rowe, Nick Powell, Jim Queen, were ranged alongside Ruark. Being of an inventive turn, we had paid a sneaky visit to the stadium in the afternoon, and installed a crock commonly used for the manufacture of homebrew. This crock we filled with a delectable concoction of medical alcohol—Rowe was a medical student, and he probably drained it off a subject—and grapefruit juice. We then obtained lengths of tubing and stuck them in our pockets.

When the orators cranked up to fullest frenzy, we inserted the lengths of tubing into the crock, led the tubes under our scholar's gowns, and proceeded to get beautifully fried while Mrs. Roosevelt did her star turn and the lengthy business of parceling out diplomas occurred. Powell, now a distinguished lawyer, had an Oriental cast to his eyes and cheekbones. When he lurched up for his sheepskin, mortarboard askew and tassel hanging down his back, Nick looked like a young, drunk Chinaman.

We left Chapel Hill and headed home to Wilmington. About 2 a.m., in the outskirts of my home town, we ran out of gas. None of us had any money, but we had those loving tubes from which we had sucked sustenance. A brilliant thought occurred simultaneously to our grain-alcohol-activated young minds. We would find a car and siphon out some gas, as our first official act of enterprise in the wide world outside learning.

We walked right smack into a police plant.

We had no way of knowing that gasoline stealing had been prevalent in the neighborhood, and half the town's cops were staked out in the oleander bushes. Somebody cried *halt*, the gay graduates fled, and the cops opened fire. It sounded like a movie gang war. I was coursing through the corn field, with the slugs whizzing and splatting closer, when the thought occurred that Mrs. Roosevelt had really not intended me to start wearing the world's burdens on a back with a Colt .45 slug in it. I chickened out. I surrendered.

I was taken in handcuffs to the jailhouse, and slung into a cell. Next morning, on proper identification, my family's reputation for civic decency got me sprung, and the nice sergeant falsified the blotter. My friend Queen, I later learned, had chased a big dog out of his house and had spent the evening literally in the doghouse.

A bit of compassion on the part of the cops detoured me around a life of crime, and in a few days I started off in the newspaper business in a miserable little hamlet called Hamlet. As the dreary weeks wore on, I often bitterly regretted that I had not stuck to gasoline-stealing as a career.

It seems to me that this vignette, when joined to another, is more or less the story of what makes Robert run. I'm a chronic loser, even when I'm winning.

Along about 1940, I was as brash a coward as ever wrote sports (a subject about which I knew nothing, but it was the first job that paid more than $15 a week which anybody offered me). I was young, and stupid, and afraid that I would soon be joining the other 19 failures which a Mr. Rocky Riley, the sports editor, had sacked ahead of me in the last calendar year.

So I wrote tough. I knocked everything and everybody. I wore my hat in the office—Rocky wore his hat in the office—and I talked out of the corner of my mouth. Rocky talked out of the corner of *his* mouth. I wore wide-brimmed hats and an air of perpetual belligerence, which is to say I would brace the subject

of a rough piece with a copy of the first city edition in my hand, on the off-chance the victim wanted to make something out of it. This took a deal of cowardly courage, for what I wanted to do, after Riley hung one of his inflammatory headlines on the story, was to slink off to another state and cover garden parties.

There was a big, loudmouthed, sloppy-jowled South Carolina pitcher, an itinerant hard-ball thrower named Louis Norman Newsom, otherwise known as Buck or Bobo. Buck had been on and off the Washington Senators, and elsewhere, several times, but now he was having a dandy year, and was winning 13 straight for the Detroit Tigers, whom he was pitching to a pennant.

Buck had some sort of altercation with an old man in the Shoreham lobby, possibly while full of beer, the night before he was scheduled to pitch against Washington. As a hard-news sportswriter, I wrote a snotty piece about old Bobo.

When I got out to the ballpark, the first thing I heard was that Newsom was gunning for me; that he planned to eviscerate me after rending me hip from thigh.

This was an unpleasing thing to hear, because Mr. Newsom, in excellent physical condition at the time, stood six two or three and weighed a hard 230 pounds. Hiding my cowardice, I decided to go gunning for Newsom, just like Gary Cooper. I went into the Tiger dressing room, and there was old Bobo dressing for the game and drinking a coke.

I walked over to his locker and said:

"I hear you're looking for me, Buck," exactly like something out of a TV Western.

Buck looked up and spoke in rotund tones. You could have heard him in Hartsville, South Carolina. They learn to cuss early in Hartsville, South Carolina, long before they whup their fathers.

"Why you this, that and those!" said Mr. Newsom, touching briefly on an Oedipus relationship with my mother, and equipping my entire family escutcheon with canine quarterings.

A big guy from a rival paper, whom I didn't particularly worship, was leaning on the door jamb, taking in all the profanity, and laughing his head off. Ordinarily I'd have said something like: "Oh, for Christ's sake come off it, Bobo, you old bastard," and that would have been the end of it. But the newspaperman's laughter, translated into a need for violence. My stomach contracted.

So I hauled off and poked Newsom in the jaw with my best punch, and I swear he didn't even drop the coke he was drinking! That cured me immediately of any delusions of being Joe Louis, but a merry scramble followed, in which everybody fell over benches, happily two fine gentlemen named Hank Greenberg and Birdie Tebbets, rather more civilized than the average Southern ballplayer, eventually saved me from being devoured by the Tigers, who did not take kindly to people who slung punches at Newsom, who was leading them toward the first light in many a dark year.

That afternoon, Bobo, bless him and God rest his beer-sodden soul, was superb. He pitched a one-hitter, won the game 1-0, and personally struck the triple on which he scored his only run.

I dutifully recorded that triumph for the sports final, and was picking up my portable when a disgruntled Washington fan—a gambler, I think—stopped in front of me at my pew in the open-to-the-public press box.

"Why don't you take a punch at some of *our* bums once in a while, Ruark?" he snarled.

Then he picked up my portable and hit me over the head with it.

It seems to me, in retrospect, that I have been hit over the head with a typewriter ever since.

The man I know best might be called the most humbly - grateful - arrogantly - brave - cowardly - laughingly - sad - introverted-extrovert I ever encountered. He is a timid swashbuckler, a hail-fellow who is frightened of nearly all human encounters, a former dashing newspaperman who had to force himself to interview people, a wishful devilish dog with women who is sweatingly unsure of himself on the brink of any fresh encounter with a female under the age of 70.

He is at this writing a balding 47 years old, with an extra 20 years of hard living on his battered chassis. His arteries have already begun to harden, and his liver is dejected, if not downright disconsolate. He looks fat but thinks of himself as thin. Since childhood he has always embraced himself with an aura of self-importance. The man I know best conveys an impression of toughness, boldness, brashness. Inside he is a writhing mass of timidities, softnesses and insecurities.

TAXAX
HOW DO YOU VOTE ?

(SEE PAGE 41)

He is not a handsome man. His forehead is too high, his frontal bones too prominent, his nose too big and crooked. His ears are large and outflanged, and he has always, even when physically thin after illness, owned a double chin. He has practically no eyelashes, and a beard which shows greenish gray. His mustache, which he has worn since his teens, is invariably ragged and sort of multicolored. His shoulders are too wide, too square, and his neck grows oddly from them, making the best of tailoring appear to have been hurled at him in a fit of rage. No suit he wears ever appears to be pressed.

Yet the man I know best *feels* handsome, to such point that he is often adjudged handsome by women, who invariably hate him by reputation, like him on sight, and sometimes love him later. He prefers the society of women to the company of men. He can turn his charm on or off at whim if the audience is worth the effort. In this respect our man is pure phony, because when he is completely sincere he is apt to labor his points, and earnestness drips off him like sweat.

The man I know best talks too much, but with the partial justification that he *has* got a tremendous backlog of things to talk about. He gives the impression of being a phony until a check actually reveals that he has done the things he has said he's done.

The man I know best is a phony in the sense that an actor is a phony; Peter O'Toole is not really Lawrence of Arabia, but he makes you believe momentarily that he *is* Lawrence of Arabia. But the man I know best is a completely valid, truthful man in a sense of achievement. What he says he will do he will do within the limits of Kismet.

The man I know best conveys a first impression of falseness because his conversation is larded with unlikely names, places and achievements. It will develop that over a period of nearly 30 years as a professional writer, his life has been intertwined with these names, places and achievements. But this first appearance of shooting-a-line works adversely on a man who might mention Bernard Baruch, Bing Crosby, Winston Churchill, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, Glenn McCarthy, Tom Mboya, Tallulah Bankhead, the Duke of Edinburgh, Mae West, Richard Nixon, Lillian Gish, Ava Gardner, Joe DiMaggio, Lucky Luciano, Toots Shor, J. Edgar Hoover, Carol Burnett, Dick Gregory, Ann Sheridan, Spyros Skouras, Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, Dinah Shore, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Joe Louis and Joe E. Lewis, Richard Burton, John Huston, Clint Murchison, Cardinal Spellman, a wild lion named Meggie, Carmen Franco, Jimmy Stewart and Joe Bushkin in the same context with the savage tribes of New Guinea; the outback of Australia; tiger shooting in India; being mauled by a leopard; owning a castle in Spain; living out of a flat in London; having a working knowledge of two leper colonies; making the Book-of-the-Month Club with two of his last three novels; setting an all-time high for a movie sale; being kicked out of Kenya for his last novel; chasing Luciano out of the hemisphere and temporarily busting up the international drug traffic; helping Frank Sinatra lose his voice; entertaining the Duke of Windsor in his Spanish home; of using a two-million air-mile placque for a paperweight; of having spent three years in all theaters of war as gunnery officer, press censor and finally, outranking a Fleet Admiral of the British Navy in matters of security; of having averaged four columns a week for the past 17 years for a syndication that hovers around 180 newspapers; of having written over 600 magazine pieces for slick magazines since the end of World War II; of having helped frustrate a revolution in Venezuela; of having earned a couple of million dollars with two fingers on a typewriter; of having written 10 books, most of which were best sellers; of having sold his first original unpublished screenplay for $100,000, and having been in thick bush after dan-

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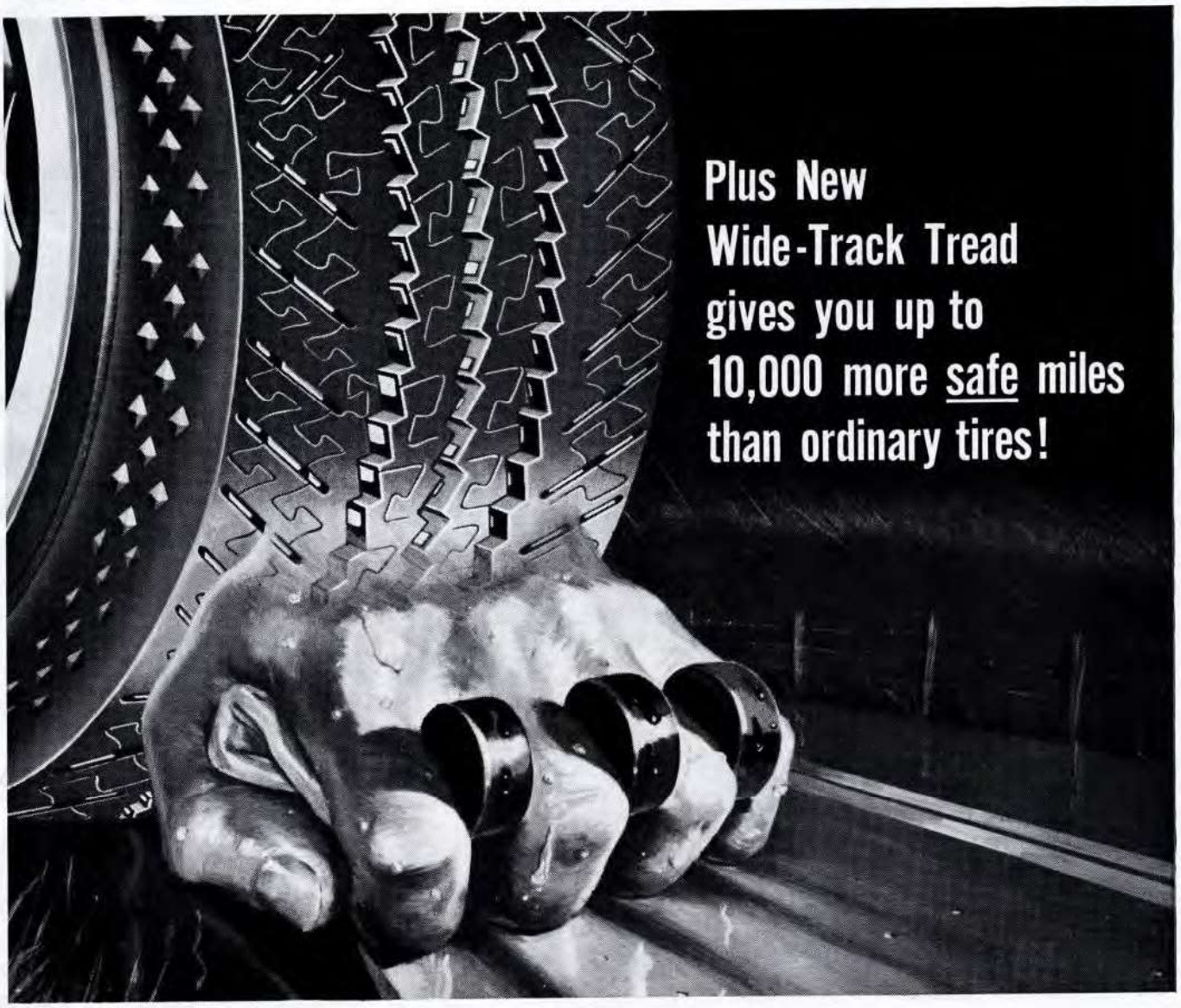

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SHULTON

gerous animals ranging from Mau Mau gangsters to sick Cape buffalo to wounded leopards.

This multiplicity of living has its wryly amusing moments. Twice the man I know best has been accused of not being himself. Once was in Hong Kong, at the Peninsula Hotel, I was having a drink with a former Hong Kong police chief, when a decidedly colonial type, his guardee mustaches mingling with the hairs in his beaky nose, stopped off at the table, and was introduced to me.

Beaky Nose sat down and stared at me through his monocle. "Ruark . . . Ruark . . . odd name, that," he growled in a chest tone which could only date back to Poona, 1902. "You'd not by any chance be any remote connection to that johnnie who wrote that book, would you? Something—*Something of Value* or some such name. To do with the Mau Mau in Kenya. Bloody, *bloody* book."

"Why yes, sir," said I. "In point of fact, I'm the johnnie who wrote that bloody, bloody book."

Beaky Nose speared me with a basilisk stare, and rose hurriedly from the table, knocking over his pink gin. He addressed my host.

"I must warn you," he said, "this man's an imposter. It's well known that the Ruark who wrote *Something of Value* is a retired major from the Indian Army who is now raising tea in Limuru in Kenya. Good *day*, sah!" And off he stalked. My host looked at me and shrugged. I laughed, because a short time before something similar had occurred in Sydney, Australia.

I was nursing a small warm Scotch in the guest's lounge of the Hotel Australia on Castlereigh Street in Sydney, waiting for some appointment or other, when a chap across the way seemed to be trying to stare me into the floor. The unblinking gaze finally rasped my nerves, so I got up and walked over to the man.

"Something wrong with my necktie?" I asked. "My fly open? Or what? What's all this in aid of?"

"Oh," he stammered. "Oh, I *am* frightfully sorry. But for a moment I thought you might be Robert Ruark. But that's obviously impossible, isn't it, because the Ruark I know lives in Nairobi. He's a white hunter, or something to do with the Game Department."

Oh, boy, I thought wearily. *Wilmington, North Carolina, we done come a far piece from home.*

The man I know best is no free-loader. What I have always sought in commercial facility is the maximum of service, an easy friendship with the owner, and the right to raise hell if anything goes wrong. You can only do this by paying your own way. I have used the Twenty-One Club literally as a country store for the best part of 20 years, and have never been insulted by a proffered subsidy.

Perhaps I carry this sensitivity too far. On the publicity which I have given East Africa, over the last dozen years, in column, magazine, book and movie, you could almost call me the father of the postwar safari trade in Kenya and Tanganyika. It was popularly supposed that either I was riding free with the safari firms or that I actually had a piece of the safari business, since my best friend in Kenya ran one of the two best outfits. In point of bitter fact, Harry Selby's and Jack Block's account books will show that I paid the top going rates for my pleasant research, even though it is customary to deliver freebies to the outdoor writers of prestige magazines. I didn't want any bloody freebie. It would have stolen my vested interest in a country I love and robbed my trophies of dignity.

I will lend money to friends, but I never feel quite the same about them after, and when I borrow I borrow from banks, and pay interest. I also have the hard horrors of being houseguest. I love to have company in my own home, but to be at the mercy of the host's whim gives me an acute rash. Perhaps it is selfish of me, but as the late editor, John Sorrells, once said: "I stay in hotels because I like to break wind out loud."

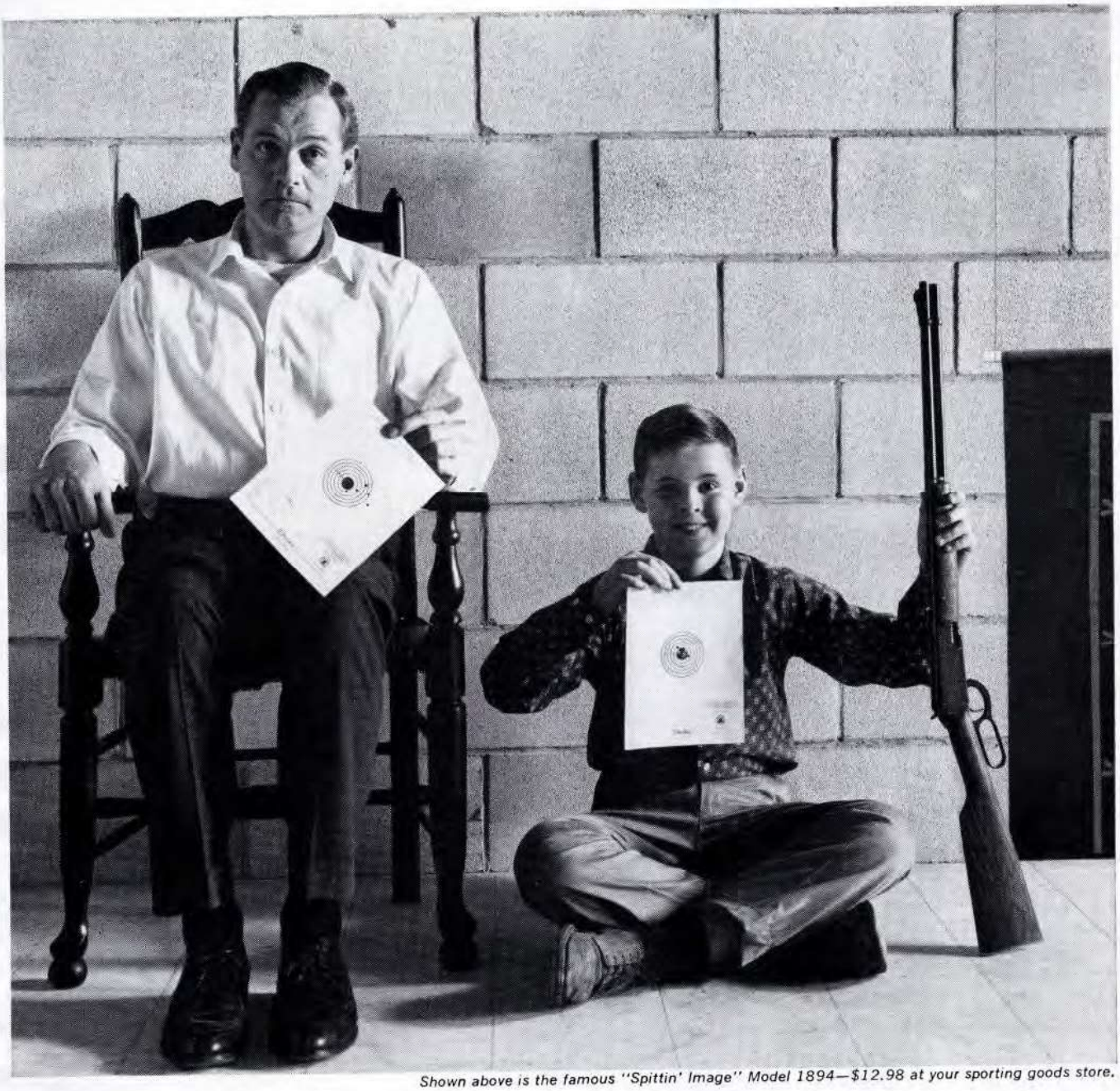
As a little fat kid I used to cry as I fought, and was generally sick to my stomach later. And I fought a lot. I had to. I was a Junior, and as a result was called Bobby. Except for Grandma, who called me "Rosebud." My middle name was Chester, and "Chester" is hilarious in the South. Also I was a bookish brat, with a massively overdeveloped imagination. Laboring under those weighty imposts, you *had* to fight to stay level with the louts who read only at gunpoint and who much preferred the barbarities of the athletic fields to a walk in the woods with a slim volume or possibly a shotgun.

I suspect I got to be a loner very early, because I really did not *like* the society of children. I don't think I was ever anything but an adult as a child. I didn't give a damn for ordinary sports—possibly because I was clumsy and slow, but mostly because I never liked to do anything with a herd. I was always several years ahead of myself in school, because of an improbable IQ, something called "achievement tests," and the schools' habit of skipping smart children upward. With the hard-muscled, pimply members of the mob, I was just a little fat kid who was too bright with the books. I was reading Shakespeare for fun at 10, and this is no way to become popular with a bunch of young thugs who liked to tin-can dogs and turpentine cats when they were not breaking windows or beating up colored kids.

So I fought from necessity in the schoolyards, at recess. I fought my way home from school. But be damned if I was going to spend every afternoon fighting for fun. We lived well out of town, where there was always the sound of quail sweetly calling, and the rustle of rabbits in the brush. In the summers I either went to Southport, a little seaport hamlet, to stay with my maternal grandparents, or else we had a cottage on Wrightsville Sound. Quite easily and naturally I got into the book-bird-dog-and-boat business, and became a hardened recluse well before I sprouted pubic hair.

My imagination—having fed on Dickens, Melville, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Ernest Thompson-Seton—often left me feeling like a hero of high adventure stories.

The only trouble was that nobody else



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knew how good I was. To the rest of the world I was that same fat kid with the cowlick who didn't like to play baseball seven days a week. Sometimes, today, when I read certain book reviews or scan the column mail, I get the feeling that the rest of the world still hasn't got the message, and that I am still the little fat kid with the cowlick.

This feeling of insecurity has led to all sorts of unnecessary, nonsensical excesses. I did not really want to shoot my first lion, and I was terrified when I braced him, close aboard, my second day on my first safari. I was even more terrified of my first Cape buffalo, staring at me eyeball to eyeball. Each time, after I shot the animals competently, I went behind a bush and was just as competently sick to my stomach.

Nothing in the war terrified me so much as walking up to my first elephant, and I was reasonably terrified during the war. But to skulk around flimsy bushes with seven tons of screeching fury heading in your direction at a fast gallop—*well*. I look at the tusks in front of the fireplace now and I know I couldn't have run from that elephant. I know I killed it, but I still don't believe I did it, any more than I believe that Harry Selby and I once charged a herd of stampeding buffalo, because there was nothing else to do, and stopped the stampede long enough to shoot the lead bull.

It is really a terrible thing to be chronically frightened, to such a point that you must constantly prove that you're not. One lives with the feeling that no matter what you've done, what you've got, that some day the whole world will get wise to your weakness and come to take everything away. I have been living with the idea of getting fired ever since I got my first real job, and in the back of my mind was always the thought: "Well, I can always go back to sea"; or, "I can sell the Spanish place"; or, "I can go back to reading copy."

It is not mock humility which makes me say I never understood why people pay money to read what I write. I know they do. For years after I first came to New York to take over the old Heywood Broun column spot, I would sneak a peek at the *World-Telegram's* split page, to see if my picture were at the top. If the half-column cut was there, I heaved a sigh of relief, because I always half-suspected they wouldn't run the piece that day. On the few days they *didn't* use the piece, I was dumbly desolate, and would wonder if my luck had finally run out on me.

This distrust of fortune—and I am as superstitious as any Kikuyu witchdoctor living in a welter of ancestral ghosts—must have come from the early formative years of privation. We were deeply bitten by the depression; the family fell apart, old traditions went out the window, the pianos were sold, and my immediate family never recovered. I barged off to college, on my own, as a knickerbockered child of 15, and on my first night in the dormitory, my roommate an athlete, went stark raving mad and tried to kill me. I got rescued by some jockstrap-scholarship athletes down the hall, just as this muscular nut decided he was Abraham and I was Isaac. He was a divinity student and a basketball player, and I have cared very little for either religion or basketball since. (I wrote this episode in a novel called *Poor No More*, and everybody commented on the fertility of my imagination.)

This was quite a bruising experience for a 15-year-old with no money, but was little more upsetting than the next roommate they foisted on me in dear old Grimes Dormitory. This was a rich and pampered esthete who was the most fantastic liar I ever encountered. A nutty athlete and a rich pansy, consecutively, were a bit much for the kid from Wilmington.

College was a four-year nightmare of financial embarrassment and real frustration. I was about three years younger than anybody in my class. My folks were described, bitterly, as "bad pay," and I was in hock to everybody. I was taken into a fraternity on the cuff, a sort of poor relation, and that bothered me. I could neither dress nor spend in the same league with the good brethren, and believe me, in 1932 nobody had much money. My roommate was rich on an allowance of $10 a month, which was exactly $10 more than I had. I think that phase of my life is basically responsible for my overeagerness in check-grabbing; for an insistence on more than adequate supply of everything from clothes to whisky; for the Rolls-Royce in the backyard, and for almost a psychopathic set against being given *anything*, even a compliment.

Conversely I don't mind criticism, nor am I unduly annoyed by bad reviews of books or insulting mail. I am basically a lazy man, but am only really happy when I'm working much too hard, just to see if I can.

Once, on the word of my agent, Harold Matson, I tore up a whole book and burned it. Matson, no man to Bowdlerize an honest opinion, had remarked of this enormous volume (of which I was quite proud) as follows: *"It seems to me you may have written an elaborate treatment of a book you may have had in mind to write some day."* It was like getting kicked in the stomach by a particularly well-coordinated mule, but I was actually relieved. I had felt a little peculiar about the book myself and didn't know why. The British publisher, who had already accepted the copy, had jumped the gun and set it in type. He cabled, wailing: "But what will we do with all this type?" and we cabled back, succinctly: "Melt it."

I actually felt a great relief when I heaved 400,000 clean words into the fireplace, and set out to rewrite the whole opus awful. I found the hair-shirt bearable, the masochism comforting, and the work went well. When I had the next 400,000 words, and my boy took a slow read and said: "Now that's more like it." I felt as if I'd just been knighted.

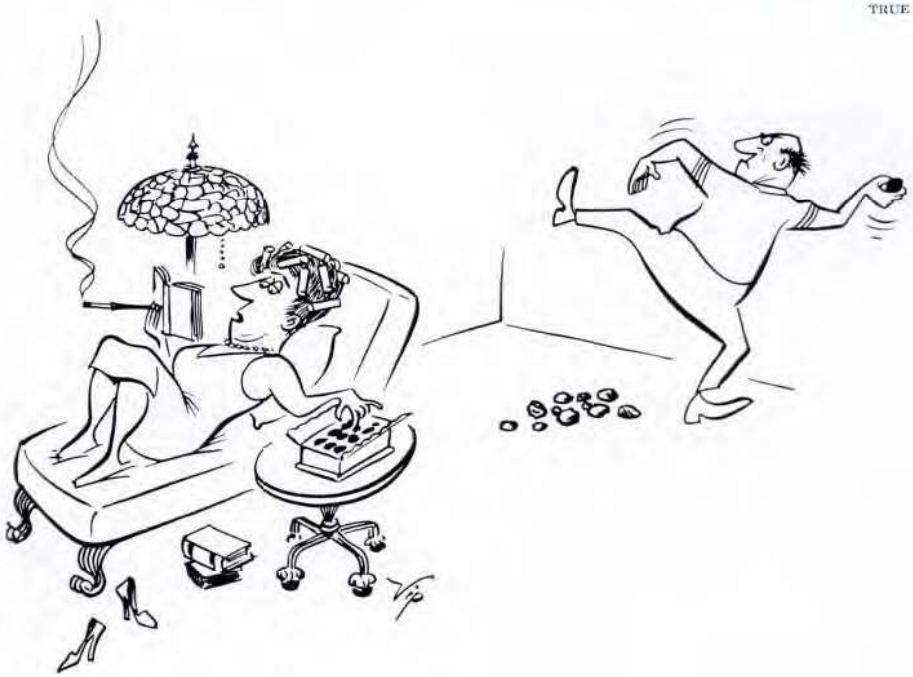
If you want a real nest of worms for the psychiatrists to untwist, I am as gregarious a recluse as you're ever likely to meet.

With people of my own seeking, I don't mind a mob, and in Spain we not infrequently have 25 people for lunch. But I hate to *do* anything with anybody in a mass movement, even something so simple as deciding who will share a cab in order to get from a restaurant to a theater. Cocktail parties drive me to real drink, after I pry myself loose from them. I wouldn't take a vacation trip with my best friends, if it involved more than two people—and I have had my last safari of more than one gun.

I revel, I literally wallow, in loneliness, which is pretty Irish of me. Give me a fire, the prospect of walls lined with books, some recordings on the machine, a sufficiency of whisky in the bar, perhaps a moon outside and nobody at all to talk to, and I could weep with sad happiness. This possibly explains an overdeveloped

[*Continued on page* 24]

TRUE



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[*Continued from page 20*]
love of bush and sea. Space without people is my idea of the ultimate in luxury. I can sit for hours alone in a leopard blind, or ride a Somali pony for 30 miles in rocky elephant country, and be completely diverted by my own thoughts and the small sights and sounds around me. Somewhere here there is again the conscious reversion to early poverty—whether surrounded by a multitude of books or a profusion of wild animals, there crops up the idea that *I'm doing it and the other people aren't.*

The jump from reporter to columnist is not a long one; from the very earliest days I had heeded an old-fashioned tenet, as advanced by Somerset Maugham, to write my pieces with a beginning, a middle and an end. As a matter of fact, Phillips Russell, the biographer who taught creative writing at the University of North Carolina for a great many years, once saved for me a sophomore theme I wrote at the milky age of 17, which in word-count and balance was a perfect foreshadowing of my future column form. A columnist is not much more than a reporter with a point of view, and to the attitude one adds a touch of special flavor—if possible, one's own flavor, even if it's a touch garlicky.

And you get started with a gimmick. Mine was a simple gimmick. I came out of the war looking for an easy way to make a living, and maybe some largish money as well. I already had a fair pre-war record of magazine sales. During the war, as a journeyman Naval officer on sea-and-island duty, I had more or less provided my poker money by writing pieces for *Collier's, The Post,* and *Liberty.* I had no agent, but I had plenty of material, and a kind friend had once drawn me a picture of what a magazine piece looks like, skeletally, and I had no trouble selling blind.

But this was piecework, and piecework was not what I sought. The Scripps-Howard-United Feature axis had lost a whole constellation of top writers—Broun dead, Ray Clapper killed at Kwajalein, Gen. Hugh Johnson dead, Ernie Pyle killed at Ie Shima in the last days of the war, Pegler gone across the street to Hearst, Mrs. Roosevelt not so hot since the President's death—hell, there were enough vacant holes in the papers to accommodate a covey of aspiring pigeons.

At sea and on some of the dreary rocks on which I'd been stuck, while working variously for the Navy, the Marines and the B-29's, I had very little to do but think, and nothing at all to drink to distract me from thinking. That kind of detached thinking was something I'd been cultivating since the early kid days in the merchant marine, when you stood a straight eight-hour night watch, with nothing to do on the focs'le head or in the wheelhouse *but* think. I thought me some fine thoughts, and finally came up with an idea: I would be out of the war, if somebody didn't kill me, at 30. World War II had come along and knocked me for a loop at the young but well-callused age of 26. Now it looked very much as if I would outlast the war and shortly be confronted with the problems of the peace. About 12 million ex-GIs would be in the same boat.

That seemed to be the germ. I would speak for this broad spread of humanity and for their wives, parents, and children—not as lofty as Lippmann, not as gossipy as Winchell, not as bosom-conscious as Wilson, not as angry as Pegler. I would be a cosmic columnist—a belt-level journalist—and anything that made me mad, glad or sad was bound to react on a vast belt-level audience. That was the gimmick, and a glorious gimmick it was. It only needed a few things: a fast kick-off, and then a succession of follow-up attention-getters, and somebody would be coming around with a fat contract for syndication.

People still refer to that first piece as "The column you did on women's clothes." It was *not* a column on women's clothes at all, but a piece on naked sex, with a twist. Here you have 12 million Johns overseas, just waiting to get home to 12 million Marys. The script calls for Mary to meet John on the dock. They fall into each other's arms, the camera pans to the sunset, and everybody lives happily ever after.

I switched the script. Mary, bereft of John, had been dressing for other women for the last four years. She had nine-inch nails, wore Dolman sleeves, flat-heeled shoes, and hauled her hair either into an Iroquois Indian topknot with a rubber band around it, or let it flop in a net like a sack of mud. She wore purple lipstick and looked like the wrath of God.

The piece I wrote was simple. I allowed John one look at Mary, in her godawful get-up, and then had him recoil in horror, and say something like: "Christ Almighty, take me back to Funafuti, because I've seen handsomer headdresses on cannibals!"

Man, it did the trick. I hit all of the front pages of our chain, and the argument was taken up on the front pages of papers *not* in our chain. I had insulted American womanhood most grievously. I was in business.

Then I uncovered a missing cruiser called the *Indianapolis,* which the Navy had forgotten to mention had been lost, with the ensuing deaths of 880 men, and had almost sole custody of one of the hairiest court-martials in military history. (I acquired that copyrighted story largely by accident. But it's a pretty good court-martial story when the losing Jap submarine skipper is imported to testify against the victorious cruiser skipper. It's even better when the late James Forrestal, then Secnav, has to call in a recently graduated Naval officer, now a reporter—*me*—to brief his own people on what exactly happened. The Navy should lose a cruiser on its way to Leyte from Guam, and then forget to mention it?)

Very shortly I was syndicated. Very shortly I came out against motherhood, southern cooking, and dogs. Very shortly I ran into a summit meeting of the mob in Havana, again by accident, and did bad things to Lucky Luciano's future plans for operating the narcotics business from Cuba. I also caused a considerable amount of embarrassment in Thomas E. Dewey's office, because Dewey, due to circumstances never satisfactorily explained, had sprung Charlie Lucky from a long rap up the river. That was more or less the same year that, rambling around Leghorn in Italy looking for some pieces, I ran into a series of happy accidents that resulted in the removal of Lt. Gen. John C. H. (Courthouse) Lee from his job as chief of American Armed Forces in Europe, and which stayed noisily on the front pages for weeks. That time the Army laid on aircraft so that the opposition press and news services could cover *me.*

These good stories only really happen when you're young, with strong arches, and the digestive processes of a goat. In those days I could use gin as a substitute for slumber and still write 15 columns in a brisk afternoon at the portable. (Actually, on the second phase of the Lee story, I wrote 16 long ones at a sitting. I had a lot I wanted to say.) The Lee story was the best I shall ever cover. I had his own staff locked up, and access to all the hot papers he tried to hide. I had more unpaid spies than the CIA, and was the complete authority on the story. It made an amusing piece for TRUE called *The Bitter Tea of General Lee.*

It was a wondrous time of lucky reporting. When Farouk tumbled I spent a week with the new boy Mohammed Naguib, scared stiff that somebody was going to hand me a bomb. The same week I found a new pyramid with Dr. Ahmed Fakhry, Egypt's leading archeologist. He said I had a lucky look, and if I would come along, we would find the thing he'd been looking for for years. Jane Payne and I found it, with some assistance from Dr. Fakhry, and it just so happened I had a photographer with me.

A mere couple of weeks later I was mixed up with the first of the Mau Mau killings, in Kenya, and again I just happened to have a photographer with me. I still get a funny feeling when I flip through the scrapbooks and see a *Life* cover with "Robert Ruark Among The Mau Mau" as its only cover plug, and me wearing a great pistol in a mountain outpost called *Campi ya Simba*—"Lion's Camp."

There's no point in a detailed rundown of all the places and people, but a few years of this kind of raw meat made powerful grist for the novel mill. I had done a few books; nothing much. A funny, youngish, nose-thumbing travesty on the historical novel, called *Grenadine Etching,* and a very unfunny sequel. Then there had been a couple of collections of essays, and then quite a good non-fiction book, I thought, on my first safari to Africa, and *Horn of the Hunter* is still my pet effort, for I was beginning

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to graduate from the fact and commencing to feel the form. This was the beginning of a long love affair with Africa. I also illustrated this one, a very slight talent I didn't know I had until a dicky liver put me on the wagon and I needed something to do with my hands.

But after two trips to Africa I was hooked on Africa, and I also had a novel on my back.

Writing it was taking a big chance. The column was still going well—although I had quit working formally for Scripps-Howard and was now doing the pieces only three times a week for United Feature Syndicate—and I could write for any good slick magazine in the country with a miniscule fear of rejection. I was settled and happy in Spain, with the new house, and taking on a fresh giant, in the novel shape, was really a fool's decision. I didn't know anything about novel writing, and there was the possibility I would live unhappily ever after if it fell on its face.

God smiled. I made no major mistakes in that one, *Something of Value*, and it certainly didn't fall on its face. It got knocked for being too bloody, but that was well before the average reader dined on a steady diet of gore from the Congo. Today it's largely regarded as authoritative history.

Then I tackled another one about the home country, *Poor No More*, and made every mistake there was, doubled and redoubled. But you learn. In the last one, again set in Africa, I didn't make many mistakes. But in *Uhuru*, this time, I didn't make the mistakes *on purpose*. You learn even more as you go—and I had to cut 165,000 words out of *Uhuru* before I discovered that I had a stupid way of saying I was going to do something, then doing it, and then telling you that I'd done it.

I'm still at loss to say what makes a book sell, any more than I know the basics behind a fact that you can make love to a woman you may have known only 10 minutes on the one hand, and not reap so much as a smile after working on another one for 10 years. Last year, before the newspaper strike, the *New York Times* Book Section polled a flock of best sellers from 1962, under the simple question: "What makes your book popular with the people?" And I had to confess I hadn't the faintest.

But most of the good books I ever read, from Mark Twain to Hemingway in modern times and going all the way back to Beowulf, told me "how it was." To tell the reader how it is, or was, with a minimum of flapdoodle, has been my principal aim, and up to now it would seem that I have been abnormally lucky.

I have been lucky, as well, in having a magnificent place to work in, and good people to help me. I work out of a big house on the beach of the Spanish Mediterranean, and the house is a 14-year-old boy's dream of what a house should be. It rambles all over the real estate, and any time I run out of book space, we just knock out another wall. The house is pocked with fireplaces—I am a steam-heat hater—and I indulge my firebug tendencies to the extreme extent of how much wood we have on hand.

This is the House that Jack Built—everything in it harks back to the personal past. There are maybe 2,000 books I treasure, including the Encyclopedia Britannica and my father's set of Kipling, more records than I can ever play, and about 10 typewriters, in case we need spares. The phone seldom rings, because the Palamós exchange is rather torpid about calls, and for nine glorious months a year there is nobody here but me, the help, the dogs and the seagulls. The tourists are long gone, and a man can park in front of the post office once more without being mowed down by a Volkswagen.

The heads on the wall I shot. The pictures on the wall I either painted or discovered under happy circumstance. My desk is as big as an elephant's coffin, and the chairs and divans are comfortable. The ashtrays are large, and the bar convenient. I was blessed with a talented interior decorator for a wife, and she has managed to endow this robber's cave with high style, although God knows how she managed it when one tiger takes up a whole wall in the living room and two Cape buffalo lower over the fireplace in the office. A leopard is draped springing-fashion over the lady's bed, and some say that alone would induce nightmares. It could have been a zoological garden and has turned out to be the kind of joint flossy magazines take pictures of.

The whole house is geared to keeping the writer happy, because "the money tree," as the cook calls the typewriter, needs constant pruning. The house is two complete houses—one half belonging to the guests and the other half off-limits to everybody but me and a slave named Alan Ritchie I've had chained to *his* typewriter for the last 10 years. Alan, a white-haired, placid ex-sergeant of British infantry, is a rare thing. He is a secretary-major domo who actually does *not* want to be a writer himself. He also does not afflict me with unnecessary chores in order to impress me with his own importance, and he is the only person in the world who can read my handwriting.

Between us, over the years, we have cooked up quite an assembly line in the confection of books. I am convinced that, with the average writer, more time is spent doing useless chores in order to make excuses *not* to write than is ever spent in the writing. I have tried working on my own, on a big job, and it's torture.

The other great waste of a writer's

TRUE

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time apart from conversation and drink is the necessity to cope with correspondence, go to the post office, collect the cook from the store, replenish the booze, send the cable, draw money from the bank, get the spare tire vulcanized, take the dog to the vet, meet the plane, answer the phone, make the reservations, argue with the gardener, lick the stamps—an endless round of time-eating detail.

With Sergeant Ritchie I have toppled this roadblock. I merely allow *him* to do all these things, while I hit the typewriter for half-a-day and punish the pencil for the other half. I can dictate enough correspondence in two hours to keep Ritchie busy for two days. If it were left to me, it would take two weeks—or more likely, I just wouldn't answer the letters.

Between us, I would say that when we are going good on a book, Ritchie and I produce about 140 hours a week of solid toil, or 10 hours a day each over a seven-day week. I have been a lusty drinker since I was 16, and I can write drunk if necessary. I have written columns and articles with a load on more than once, from accidental necessity, but on books or any big project I work dead sober. I find that complete sobriety allows you to get up reasonably early in the morning, feeling refreshed and eager to pick up the plow again, whereas if you stone yourself into slumber it takes you half-a-day and several snorts to shrug off the morning meemies. When possible I like to pull 5,000 words out of the machine before lunch, and not hitting the pre-lunch Martinis also obviates the necessity of that deadly Spanish disease, the siesta. It takes a good two hours to recover from a sodden siesta, and by that time it's the cocktail hour again and the day is shot to hell.

The snobs, the boozers, and the literary talkers rank equally among my choicest hates. I loathe the striking of off-stage attitudes in writers, to where, as in the sad late years of Hemingway, the myth obscures the man, and the writer goes away altogether. It is fatal to believe your own press clippings, especially if you are a fur-bearing author. In the case of Ernest, he finally spoke in unknown tongues and his last effort, that bullfight thing he did for *Life*, was excruciatingly embarrassing for anyone who had known the man and loved the work. It was at best, a pitiful parody of the style which had made Hemingway famous.

I was a reasonably good friend and a great admirer of Ernest Hemingway, whom I never called "Papa," "Ernie," or "Hem." We corresponded occasionally, and once got notably drunk in Pamplona 10 years ago, and had a lot of mutual friends. We were both embarrassed by the title "poor man's Hemingway" that somebody once hung on me—possibly because we resembled each other physically, and certainly because my life had followed a similar pattern.

It used to bother me—at least, annoy me—until one day, well taken in wine, Hemingway said: "Look, kid. Screw 'em all. You've been a better reporter, been in better wars, seen more bullfights, shot more big game, know more about Africa, lived longer in Spain, seen more of the world, and made a hell of a lot more money, and you're 20 years younger than me. You'll probably write more books, although I doubt if any will be as good as my best or as bad as my worst. Screw this second-hand Hemingway crap. We use the same alphabet. It's a different world and it's your time at bat. I had mine. Just remember one thing: Write what you know, as true as you can, and screw the critics. If they knew anything they wouldn't be critics. If you've got balls you'll always find somebody who hasn't got balls eager to cut you loose from yours."

That was about the last time I worried about being a "poor man's Hemingway," just as I quit worrying about being a "poor man's Pegler," in the early column days. There are times when I feel like a poor man's Ruark, but that's my own fault.

It would be a lie to say that one writer is never guilty of stealing—well, absorbing—the works of another. Hemingway taught me a great many things, including his copyright trick. That trick is, roughly, that if you furbish one fingernail to a high shine, the reader will assume that you are master of hand and arm as well. The art of delicate detail, as applied to one portion of a sentence or scene, makes a detailed audit of the whole unnecessary. In short, if you write about a bullfighter wetting the edges of his muleta, and then stamping it in the sand to give it weight, you do not have to devote a chapter to how hard the wind was blowing that day.

I have always stolen as much as I could. The venerable Mr. Maugham, by his own written admission, is one of the worst writers in the world, with no feel for language and a positive devotion to the cliché. But Willie Maugham chose simplicity of style and structure, and thereby won the title of the world's champion storyteller for the past 50 years. Maugham is a self-admitted cornball in an age of impression. He always worked on stage, and in three acts, with a neat bow at the end of the package. I stole heavily from Maugham.

For sheer cream of gentle craft, with complete mastery of sympathy, humor, story-telling ability, love and understanding of mankind—and with an oddly diverging fascination for freaks and horrors—I still replenish my quiver by reading Steinbeck. It soothes me, and gives me faith in my own ability to perform some future task, even if I have to steal a little to get me over the rough spots. John's output has latterly been ragged but on the body of it all he's the most deserving Nobel-winner we've produced.

I don't think there are any exceptionally good postwar writers. If J. D. Salinger married Carson McCullers, I would not be a member of the wedding. I don't think that being either black, homosexual, or a combination of both necessarily makes a writer, nor do I think that the repeated use of four-letter words makes a war story stand up realistically. I weary of the word "shit" being used in lieu of commas. James Jones is a one-note war writer, and Norman Mailer a clown on stage as well as off. I would rather not think of Allen Drury; it makes my ears ring.

Ultimately we will have to get around to the man I know best. What about Ruark? Is he a good writer?

I honestly don't know. He's a competent professional; we know that on the record. He's a good reporter—also a matter of record. He knows a lot of words, and he's been to a lot of places and seen a lot of things. He will not write about what he doesn't know, nor does he cloak himself in a lot of cheap mysticism. He is, certainly, not a literary poseur or a dilettante writer. He is not a philosopher, full of hidden intentions and three-dot indications of deeper meaning to saddle the reader with the burden of understanding. He suffers from being a white, non-homosexual Gentile who has been successful in other fields of writing apart from the novel form.

He does not write crap. He may write unpleasant truths, but the crap content is non-existent. He works hard, and he tries to gain on the craft, one book at a time. He would like to be a better writer, and he does not want to become the kind of myth which obscures the man, merely on account of the kind of life he's led. And, some day, he would like to see Ruark the man separated from Ruark the columnist and Ruark the magazine writer from Ruark the novelist in at least one review of a book. I am tired of having books evaluated in terms of whether or not the reviewer objects to the last column I wrote on Adlai Stevenson, or whether the reviewer disapproves of shooting for sport. That, I realize, is asking a great deal of book reviewers, a poozly lot at best.

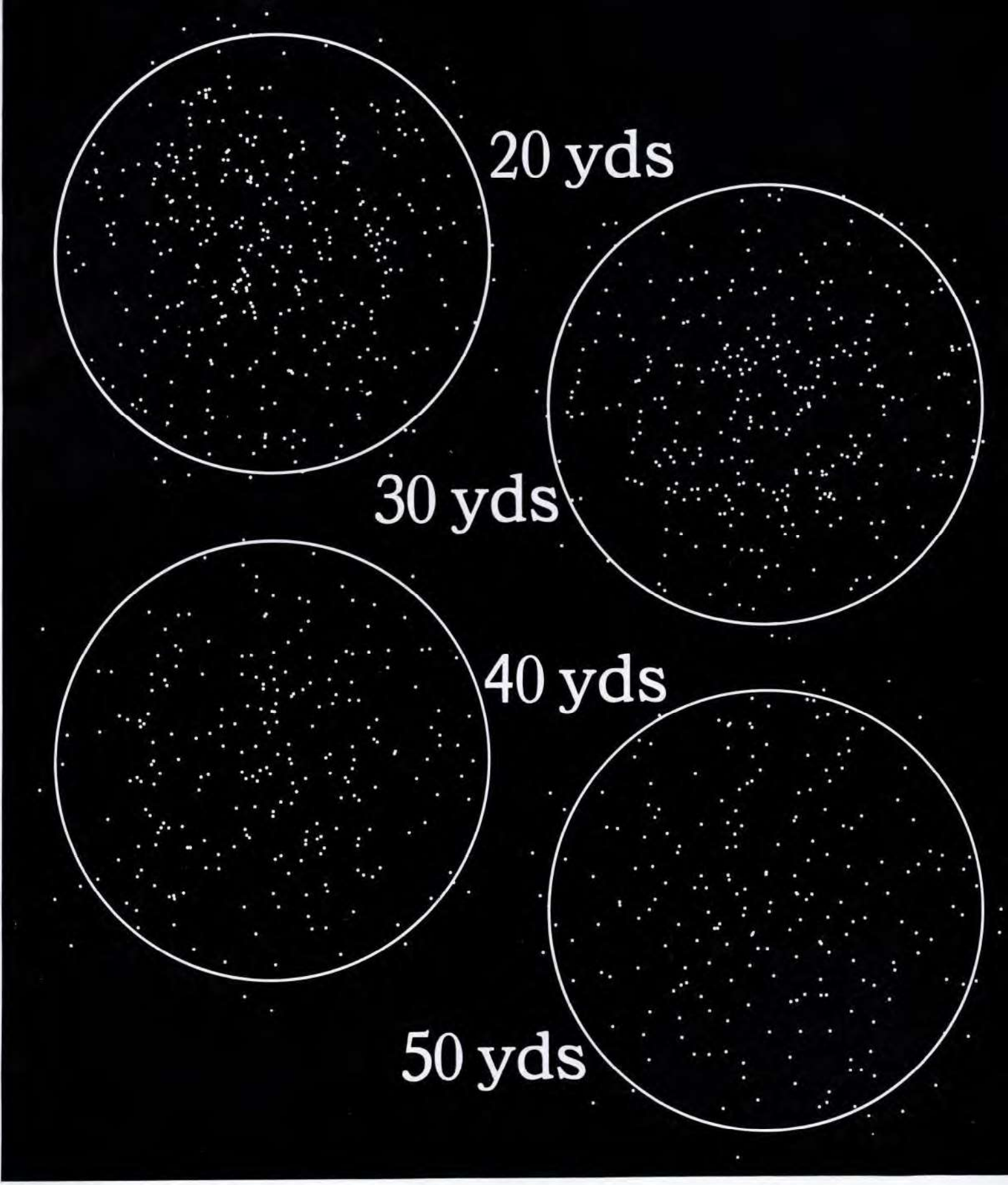
I would have to say that the man I know best is *not*—at least not yet—a good writer. But I would also have to say that the man I know best is about as good a writer as we have around in the current flock, and a sight better, over the long pull, than a great many who think they're marvelous. We have no great writers today, but we are certainly heavy on literary lightweights with delusions of grandeur. One thing we may say in favor of the man I know best: He works hard at his trade, in research and at the machine, and one day, with luck, he may even improve himself in his chosen profession. In the meantime he vastly enjoys its fruits, and is grateful to God and man for allowing him to practice the business of writing for a living. If things had worked otherwise, The Man I Know Best might have been a pimp, a process server, or a politician, three trades to which I attach equal nobility of aim.

—Robert Ruark

Coming . . .

The incredible evidence that RUSSIA IS WAGING WEATHER WAR ON THE WORLD. Read this intriguing theory . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE



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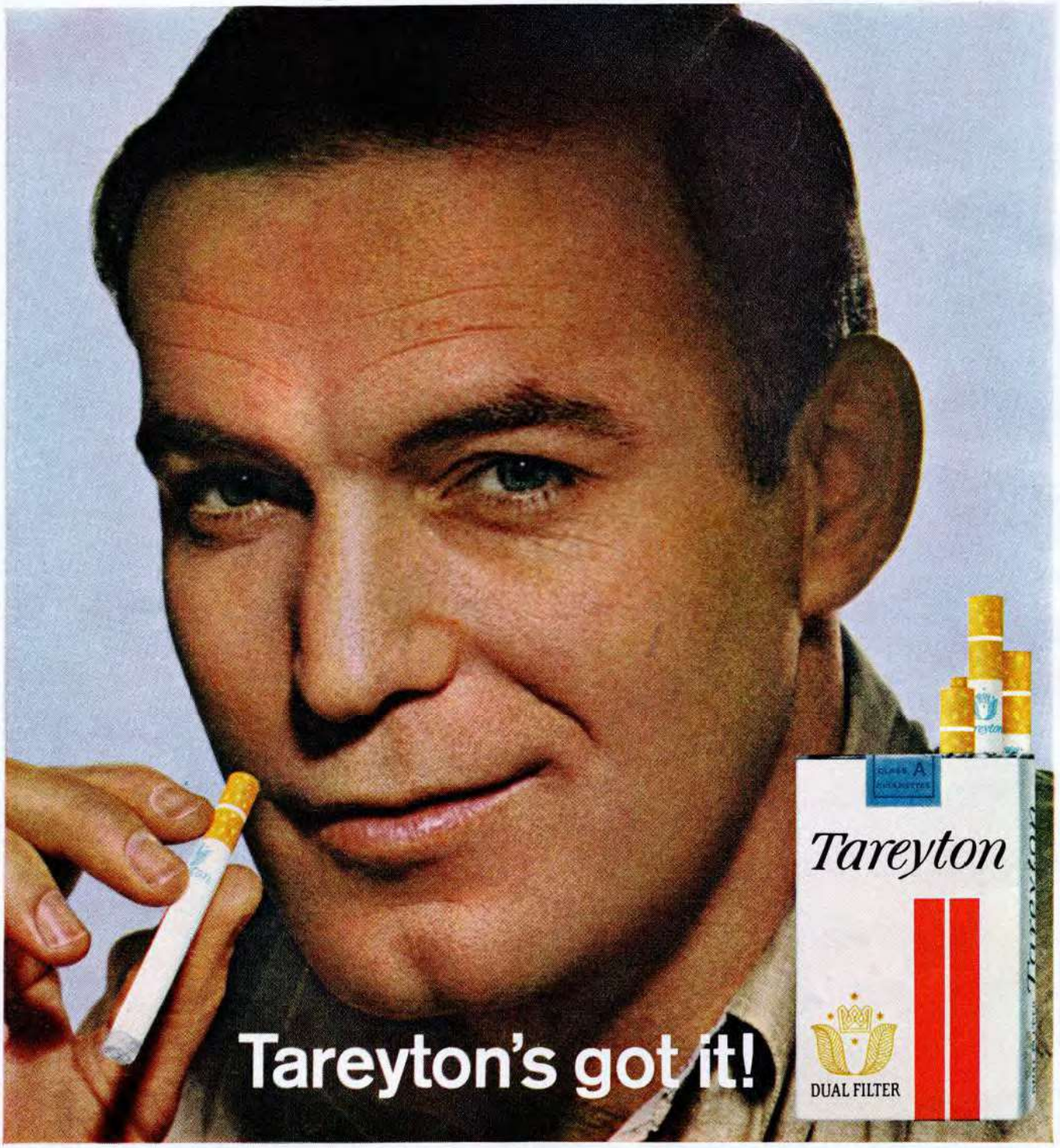

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TRUE
SEPTEMBER

By ROBERT KRAUSS

Fifteen men drifted for 43 days in an open lifeboat, covered 3,000 miles—and all survived. The skipper outcaptained Bligh and their incredible journey ranks with the great sea epics of all time

ORDEAL BY FIRE AND FAMINE

■ At 4 p.m. on June 15, 1866, 15 living skeletons were carried ashore by native Hawaiians from an open boat on a tiny point of black lava called Laupahoehoe in what is now the 50th state. None of the men were able to walk. They were horribly ragged and sunburned. For more than six weeks they had lived on a few ounces of food and less than a pint of water a day. They had sailed over 3,000 miles in a crowded lifeboat 21 feet long through violent storms and brutal tropic heat. It was a voyage that ranks with the great sea epics of all time.

It also marked the tragic end of the *Hornet*, one of America's fastest, most romantic clipper ships. The story of that tragedy and the fantastic voyage that followed blazed across the nation in newspaper headlines from California to New York. By a strange coincidence, the young reporter who wrote this amazing story later became one of America's most beloved authors, Mark Twain. James Norman Hall, co-author of *Mutiny On*

ORDEAL BY FIRE AND FAMINE

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

The Bounty, later termed the voyage "fully as heroic as that performed by Captain Bligh and the Bounty's men (set adrift in mid-Pacific after the mutiny) and in some respects even more remarkable."

Yet, for all its bizarre qualities, the saga of the *Hornet* is essentially a simple story of one man who refused to give up. He was Josiah Mitchell of Freeport, Maine, age 53, an intelligent, warm-hearted, unassuming sea captain who weighed less than 100 pounds when the Hawaiians carried him to safety.

The voyage began 13 years after the *Hornet* won her spurs on the gruelling, 15,000-mile Cape Horn run. She had beaten the *Flying Cloud* by a scant 40 minutes after racing neck and neck from New York to San Francisco. But the years of twisting and plunging under a tremendous pressure of sail had taken their toll. Captain Mitchell, when he boarded her in New York, in January, 1866, found his ship in bad repair. In his calm, methodical way, Mitchell set about getting the *Hornet* in trim. By the time they reached the equator on the Pacific side after a remarkably fast passage, his men were saying, "The old man's a *sailor!*"

No one had the slightest premonition of disaster the next morning, May 3, as the *Hornet* heeled gently to a mild breeze from the southeast. At 7 a.m. first mate Sam Hardy of Chatham, Massachusetts, went below with two seamen to draw varnish from the barrel. Hardy was an experienced officer who sometimes chaffed at Captain Mitchell's attention to detail. At the moment, he felt insulted because the captain had suggested he bring the varnish barrel on deck where it was safer.

Instead, Hardy knocked the bung out of the barrel in a dark corner between decks by the light of an open kerosene lantern. As he was filling a can with varnish, it caught fire. Hardy dropped the can. In his confusion, he forgot to put the bung back into the hole. A moment later burning varnish was sending fingers of flame under bales of rope, between barrels of kerosene and cases of candles—which comprised the cargo—into the sail locker.

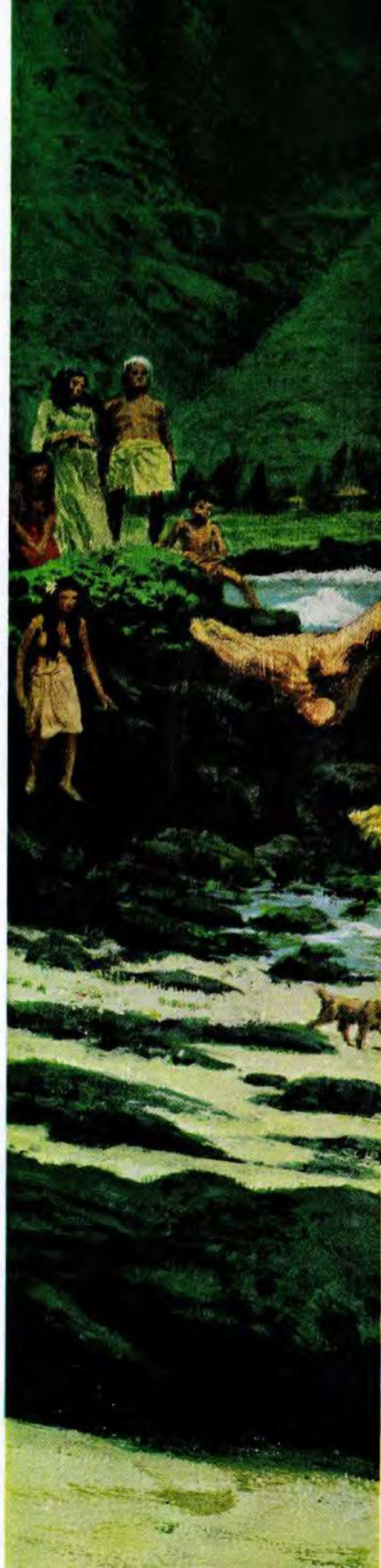
All three hatches were off to ventilate the ship. When Captain Mitchell came on deck, roused by the frantic alarm, smoke was already billowing from the after hatch. Then there was a muffled "wooosh!" and a sheet of flame shot up out of the main hatch in the center of the ship.

Mitchell immediately ordered the starboard watch to lower the boats while the larboard watch fought the fire. But the men were so rattled they stove an eyebolt through the bottom of the longboat as they lowered away. Meanwhile, the fire was spreading up into the sails and the flames had cut off the passageways to all provisions stored below.

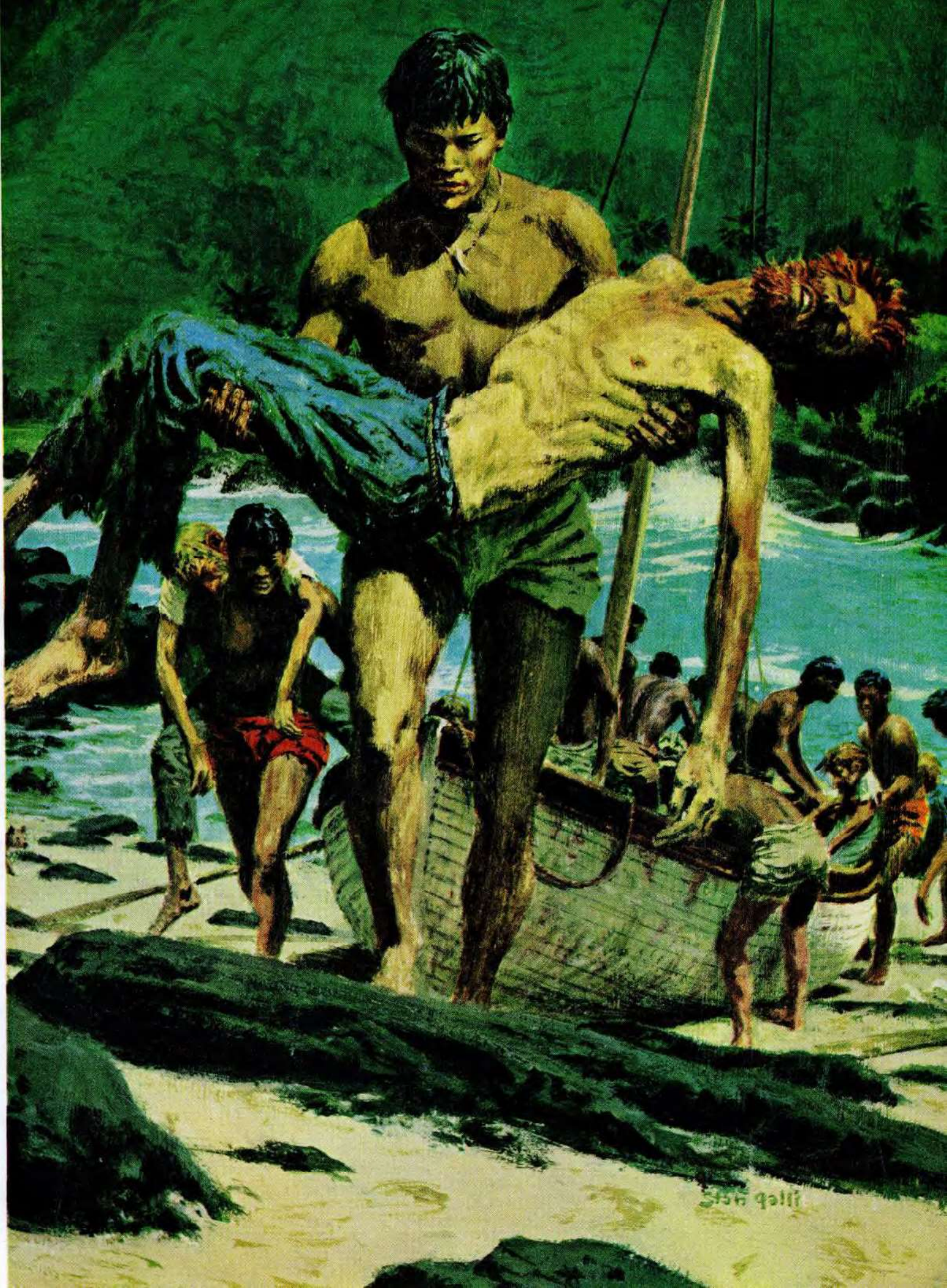
Working frantically, Mitchell and his men salvaged the food and water in the cook house on deck and in the captain's cabin; four hams, seven pieces of salt pork, a large box of raisins, about 100 pounds of bread, 12 tins of assorted meats and soups, six buckets of raw potatoes, a keg with four pounds of butter in it, 12 gallons of water in a scuttlebutt and four one-gallon demijohns full of water, and a case of tobacco. The captain saved the ship's chronometers, compasses, quadrants, several copies of Bowditch's *Navigator* and his leather-bound diary. The men tossed an old studding sail lying on deck, a main royal, other scraps of canvas and loose coils of rope into the boats which were all equipped with portable masts.

Within half an hour the ship's rigging was blazing and the deck was getting warm underfoot. "Abandon ship!" Mitchell bellowed. It was a wild scramble; three men on the sick list who still wore their undershirts; the third mate who hadn't had time to put on his shoes; two passengers, Samuel and Henry Ferguson of Stamford, Connecticut; a rooster that had escaped from his pen on deck and flapped wildly over the side into the longboat. Finally Mitchell swung himself over.

Thirty-one men and the rooster left the ship in three boats, two 16-foot yawls and the longboat which leaked badly in spite of a blanket stuffed into the hole. All three boats were dangerously overloaded. "We'll stay around the ship," Mitchell shouted. "That smoke can be seen for nearly 100 miles. With luck we'll be sighted before nightfall." [*Continued on page* 111]



Hawaiians bore the emaciated crewmen ashore at Laupahoehoe.



Haberdashery for Heroes

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY BILL MASON

NORWAY Dating from 1847, Order of St. Olaf, given only five times in recent history was named for a last great Viking.

DENMARK Eisenhower was given Order of the Elephant, begun in 1693 and restricted to kings and the heads of states.

RUSSIA Coveted order above, which belonged to member of Imperial family, is Order of the Red Eagle, begun in 1705.

ICELAND Brought out in 1921, Order of the Falcon is modern. Grand Cross, shown above, is highest of four classes.

SPAIN Order of Seafarers was created in 1866 for men who distinguished themselves at sea. It carries symbolic anchors.

RUSSIA Peter the Great founded the Order of St. Andreas in 1698. Recipients were also made army Lieutenant General.

The opulent ribbons and jewels shown on these pages are some of the most outstanding symbols of glory and honor in the Oslo University Museum. There are more than 100,000 coins and decorations from the entire globe in this largest collection in the world. Leaders and kings have long rewarded their warriors and each other with symbols of meritorious service. In the 12th century, the great orders of knightly fraternities were formed—each with its insignia. As nations and royalty proliferated, so did orders. Today a European nobleman ablaze with the ribbons, badges and medals of a lifetime of service literally carries history on his chest.

SERBIA Order of the White Eagle, established in 1882, was principal honor of the tiny country now part of Yugoslavia.

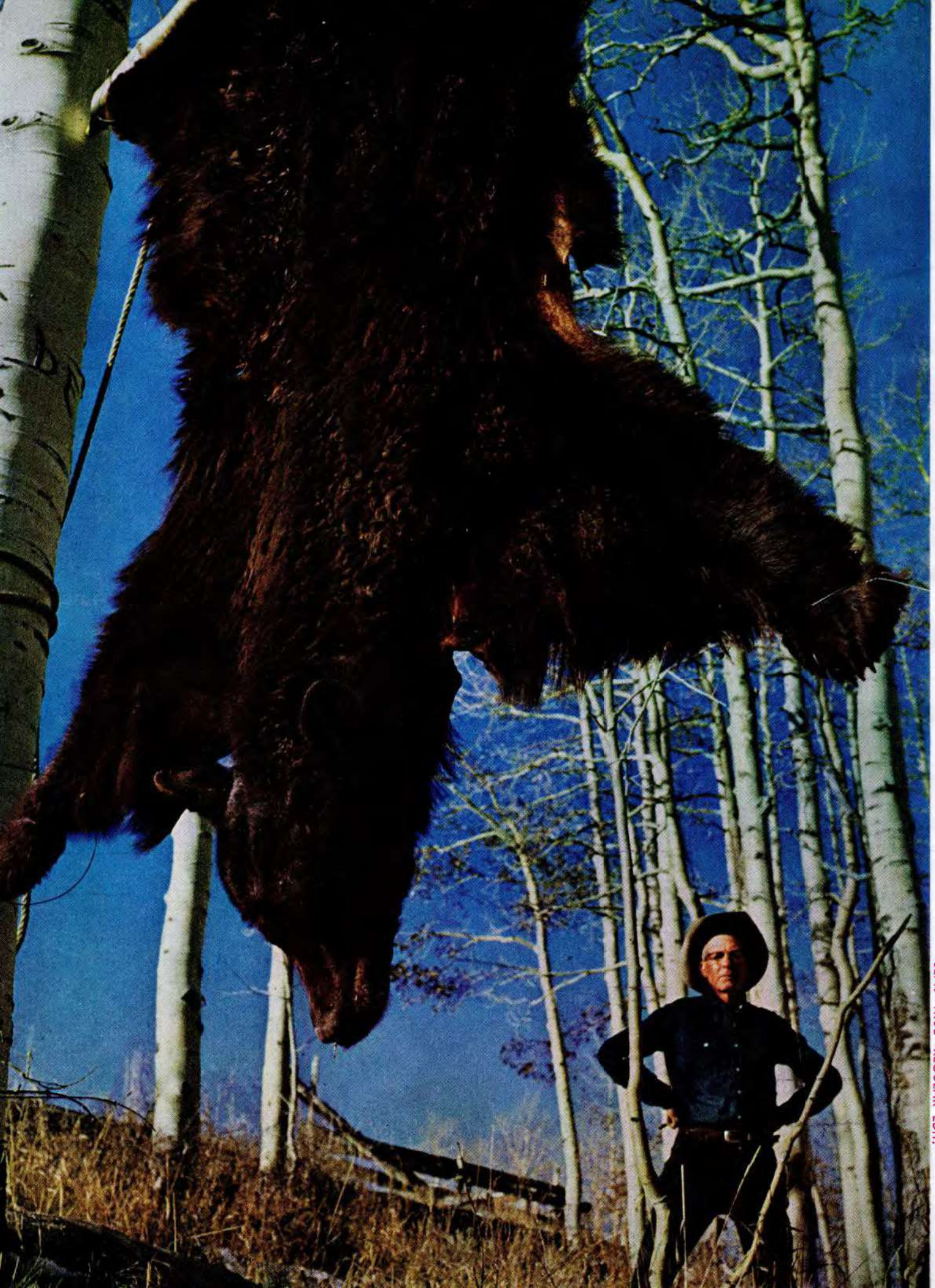
AUSTRIA Order of the Iron Crown, founded in 1809 by Napoleon, was refounded by Austrian Emperor Francis I, 1816.

ENGLAND Order of the Garter, dating from 14th century, is world's most illustrious. Award above belonged to Louis XVIII.

ITALY Two 15th century hospital orders became the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, given later for public service.

FRANCE Legion of Honor, highest French order, was established by Napoleon in 1805. Award above was to Amundsen.

SWEDEN Only modern holder of top degree of Order of the Sword, begun in 1748 for valor, was Finland's Mannerheim.



SEPT.—TRUE—REGULAR EDIT.

DEVIL BEAR OF HELL'S HOLE

Down into the awesome canyon they staggered after the big bear, never guessing it would have to be shot face to face with a pistol

By ERWIN A. BAUER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

UTAH

■ No bear hunt I ever made got off to a more dramatic start. The door of the cabin burst open to reveal the icicle-hung figure of Willis Butolph, a government lion hunter. "Damn bear like to get me froze to death," he growled, bits of ice and snow falling from his clothes as he made for the open fire.

Until this moment I had come to Bud and Waldo Wilcox's ranch in northern Utah for a deer hunt. But as the story of the bear unfolded I soon found myself putting this plan aside.

"I've been hunting over on Mike Himonas' ranch," the lion hunter told us. "As you know, he lost 300 lambs this summer to a bear, maybe a couple of bears. This morning a big one killed a heifer and I found his track heading this way. But I lost it in the snow near your south fence.

"Now, I've got a hunch," Willis continued, "that the bear will come back to the kill tonight and bed down nearby during the storm. Anyway, first thing in the morning I'll find out. He's one hell of a big bear."

Nobody mentioned deer hunting after that.

Budge Wilcox remarked that bears had given him plenty of headaches during nearly half a century of ranching. He recalled an autumn 40 years ago when a huge bear had practically terrorized the region.

"He'd even invade a corral to kill a colt and drag it away," Budge said. "Regular bear traps couldn't hold him and poison didn't even make him sick."

The old rancher pitched another log on the fire and continued. "Eventually I had to ride into the Union Pacific shops in Salt Lake City where railroad blacksmiths made me a pair of traps with 30-inch jaws. It took two men with a jack to set them, but early the next spring we finally caught our killer."

"What you needed," Willis commented, "was a pack of good dogs. Traps are a waste of time with some bears I've seen. Once I found where a big old black dragged two traps—chains, anchor logs and all—to his den in a Mokie house."

Mokies were four-foot-tall cliff dwellers who lived in this part of Utah about 20 centuries ago. Cowpokes and prospectors still find their remains and cliff houses in remote places. Black bears and lions often use the cliff houses for their own dens.

"That bear chewed off his own feet—and the traps—right on the spot."

Hound-dog men seldom take kindly to trapping and Willis Butolph was no exception. Cut from the same rough cloth as the almost legendary bear hunter, Ben Lilly, who had hunted nearby, Willis felt that even a cattle-killing bear deserved a better fate than a chunk of hardware on his feet. Chasing was the only "honorable" way.

Butolph is among the last of his leathery, red-necked breed. If he hasn't chased more bears than anyone else alive today in his 30 to 40 years of hunting, he'll certainly rank somewhere near the top. The last thing I remember when turning in that night was his colorful account of how he followed a bear for five days and nights with just one hound, living off the land as he went.

Daylight was still only a promise when everyone on the ranch was stirring. And with a minimum of preliminaries we climbed aboard Don Wilcox's Jeep and were under way with the seven hounds harnessed in pairs and loping close behind.

"Got to work off the edge," Willis remarked, "before we put 'em on a hot track."

The dogs aren't the kind of hounds you see in calendar paintings. They were bred to trail lions or bears and to fight when necessary. Their ears were chewed to ribbons and all showed plenty of evidence of battle.

Willis led us directly to the kill. Although a blanket of snow now covered most of the carcass, we could see that the entrails were only recently eaten away. As Willis had hoped, the bear *had* returned during the night and gorged. That

Rancher Budge Wilcox and huge black-bear hide. Hunters followed animal for two days.

Roaring bear attacks dogs in canyon bottom after falling wounded out of a big tree.

was an extra-good break. But best of all, the bear's tracks etched deep in the snow were almost steaming fresh. On all fours Willis squatted down to study them.

"They could be only a few minutes old," he said. "With luck we'll have that bugger up a tree before he gets halfway down to the canyon."

With that Willis unleashed the hounds. There was no hesitation, no casting about. One by one they gave tongue and vanished into the clouds. For several minutes we stood and listened to the savage symphony of the pack in full cry. Even on that cold and bitter morning it was enough to raise the hair on the back of your neck. It sounded as if the barking dogs were running right up the bear's back.

"Yes, sir," Willis smiled, as the music faded into the distance, "we'll be looking up a tree at that bear's behind before we know it."

But instead of a short, fast hunt, we started on a wild and woolly marathon which no one was prepared for and which none of us will ever forget.

At times it was a frantic footrace and sometimes it seemed almost suicidal, clawing and clutching for fingerholds on canyon walls. And it didn't end until two days later. . . .

For a quarter mile we followed the trail in snow which was wet and waist deep in the drifts. Just the same, Willis led at a half trot, hallooing all the way. Even when I couldn't hear the dogs, I could hear Willis. The rest of us plodded and stumbled after him until we reached the rim of the 10,000-foot-high Tavaputs flat. Here the land fell away suddenly and we plunged down a steep slope and into a dense fog. We must have looked like eerie ghosts disappearing and reappearing again in a misty, silent movie.

Then all at once the pack was running several trails at once. In one small clearing we presently found the tracks of three bears: one small, one medium size and one tremendous. The dogs were running all three.

"What do you do in a case like this?" I asked.

"You keep following Willis."

Butolph wasn't greatly upset by the dogs' behavior. He just uncovered his bald head, listened for a few minutes, then he poked around in the snow on hands and knees. Finally he stood up again.

"Nig's close to one of those bears," he said. "As near as I can

Bear and dogs took to creek, where Willis Butolph shot face to face with .22 handgun.

tell, he's a-riding the critter right down the North Fork and the others will join him."

You could safely say that Willis Butolph has one of the toughest jobs in the West and not just because he's a professional hunter. Rather it's because his territory includes some of the most remote and impenetrable portions of Utah, a state full of such badlands. Butolph hasn't even seen most of his territory and that's easy to explain because *nobody* has ever seen it except from the air. Much of the country is all but impassable to both men and horses.

Whenever a sheep or cattle killer turns up Willis has to go after it in this unknown country pretty much as the lions and bears do, by feel and by instinct, in the blast-furnace heat of August or in a blizzard.

This rugged country is ideal for the survival of bears because when foraging for natural foods is poor, they can stay fat on spring lambs and heifers which are easy to bushwhack on the high plateau grasslands. Once ranchers get after them, they can practically dissolve into the deep corridors and canyons surrounding the Tavaputs plateau. And in addition, few big-game animals are better able to cope with men and civilization than black bears. Whereas grizzlies were doomed wherever they came in contact with men and their livestock, it's practically impossible to ever kill a wily blackie without resorting to traps, poison bait or a pack of hounds. And only a few of the best hounds are equal to the task.

We kept descending, deeper and deeper into an awesome canyon. Eventually we even passed out of the snow belt.

"Where does this come out?" I asked Budge Wilcox when we stopped once for a breather.

"Hell's Hole. The bottom is about 2,000 feet below where we started and dead-ends into Desolation Canyon, a dangerous part of the Green River."

I swallowed hard because I knew Desolation Canyon. I'd flown over it in a rescue plane the summer before and had seen its wild rapids and cataracts. More boatmen are drowned in that water than ever negotiate it—which meant we'd have to climb out the same way we came in.

Then a freak gust of wind brought the sound of several dogs far below.

"That biggest bear's headed for Hell's Hole," Willis said, "I'd bet my last penny on it. But the [*Continued on page* 78]

NEW HAMPSHIRE AXES TAXES WITH LEGAL LOTTERY

An Exclusive Interview With Governor John W. King, the Man Who Took the First Bold Step to Reduce the Burden of Taxation.

TRUE's Plan, Called Taxax, is Described on the Facing Page

In May, Gov. John W. King of New Hampshire signed into law a state sweepstakes—the first legal lottery in the U.S. since 1894. New Hampshire's new sweepstakes has been strongly criticized on two grounds: that it is immoral and that it will attract organized crime. In an exclusive tape recorded interview with TRUE, plain-spoken Governor King tells how the sweepstakes will work and why he favors this form of legalized gambling.

TRUE: Is it, in your opinion, a basic human instinct for people to want to gamble?

GOV. KING: Definitely.

TRUE: And the laws which oppose it are too strict?

GOV. KING: Yes, indeed. I remember an incident way back when Mayor LaGuardia of New York stationed a couple of policemen at somebody's home because they were playing poker. Well, I think that was ridiculous and if that is the law I think it should be loosened. But as far as organized gambling goes, as distinct from when the state operates it, I am 100 percent against it and in New Hampshire we will do everything we can to oppose it.

TRUE: As you know, Governor King, sweepstakes bills have been under consideration in the legislatures of several states. Why do you suppose New Hampshire was the first state to pass a lottery bill?

GOV. KING: The people of New Hampshire probably have a little more guts than you've got in many states. We weren't afraid to be first. Although we are classed as very conservative, at the same time we're liberal. We're liberal, for instance, in civil liberties. And when we put people in important positions we don't care whether they are Protestants, Catholics or Jews. We've got a good clean record here. We don't parade our virtues but we've got them.

TRUE: So you people are proud of your independent spirit?

GOV. KING: Yes. And we have a legislature that is close to the people. I think other legislatures are inclined to have greater numbers of professional people, doctors, and lawyers and businessmen, people who would be more likely to oppose a sweepstakes and favor a sales tax instead.

TRUE: And you are vigorously against a sales tax?

GOV. KING: Of course. I would veto any sales tax. Sales tax takes a bite, a big financial bite, from people with large families and low incomes. There's no doubt about it. It's a very unfair tax. A lottery is a much better way to raise money. Particularly in a state with a low wage scale like ours.

TRUE: Have you been surprised at all the attention New Hampshire has gotten by passing this law?

GOV. KING: I have been surprised.

TRUE: How do you account for it?

GOV. KING: Well, I think it's principally because the average fellow in the street—and he's no different if he lives in Washington, New York or San Francisco—likes the idea. I've had mail from all over the country, so much that we can't keep up with it.

TRUE: How is the mail running?

GOV. KING: I would say 99.5 percent in favor.

TRUE: Why, do you think?

GOV. KING: The average fellow thinks this is the right thing to do. Everybody likes to make a small wager and this is something that's not [*Continued on page 97*]

TRUE'S TAXAX PLAN

Ax Taxes with Legal Wagering

TRUE believes several billion dollars could be axed from taxes if Americans were given their right to wager legally under government control.

TRUE believes the billions of untaxed dollars from illegal wagering now going to the underworld should go into federal and state treasuries where they rightfully belong.

TRUE believes it is morally wrong to brand off-track betting a criminal act when placing a bet is lawful at the track.

TRUE believes a man's inclination to "take a chance" is natural and human and, therefore, irrepressible by law.

TRUE believes it is high time our citizens stand up and be counted on the subject of wagering.

TRUE, therefore, urges national and statewide referendums to determine the will of the people on the following propositions. That there should be:

- A NATIONAL LOTTERY *with tax-free prizes to winners.*
- OFF-TRACK BETTING *with pay-offs at track odds.*
- MONTE CARLO-TYPE CASINOS *with state-controlled franchises.*

WHERE DO YOU STAND?

For convenience in reply, this ballot can be pasted on a postcard for answering. Or, better still, enclose it with a note expressing your views.

TRUE WANTS YOUR OPINION. Fill out this ballot and mail it today!

Do you favor a **NATIONAL LOTTERY?**	YES ☐	NO ☐
Do you favor **OFF-TRACK BETTING?**	YES ☐	NO ☐
Do you favor **MONTE CARLO-TYPE CASINOS?**	YES ☐	NO ☐

Send your ballot today to

TRUE'S TAXAX PLAN,
BOX 1035,
GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

RING THE BELL on Archive.org

By EARL UBELL and STUART H. LOORY

MEDICINE'S NEW COLD WAR AGAINST ULCERS

Modern medicine has taken a firm and icy grip on one of man's oldest gripes—ulcers. The new technique: freeze 'em and forget 'em

■ A cool balloon has created a sensation in surgical suites across America. Without danger, the icy new medical tool can quell the fires of a peptic ulcer. In a single one-hour treatment, it gives most patients long-lasting relief at the very least. Doctors believe it may even cure.

When we say "cool," we mean cold—close to 42 degrees below the freezing point of water. The cool balloon slides into your stomach and slowly fills with super-cold alcohol. It's like swallowing a pitcher of ice cubes all at once. The deep-freeze treatment stops your stomach's production of acid. In turn, that heals the ulcers, the raw sores in the first loop of the intestine, the duodenum. Until cooling came along, the ulcer victim faced major surgery: cutting a nerve in the belly or taking out part of the stomach wall or even the whole stomach.

Short of such drastic measures, the peptic ulcer sufferer tried to control his distress with drugs and diet. He carried three to five different types of pills—antacids, barbiturates and sometimes tranquilizers. He lived on a whisky-free, coffee-less, bland table d'hote featuring milk and cream.

Yet for this big price (assuming he really loved the good life), the ulcered man bought small insurance against counterattack. Ulcer pain—some say a pain second only to a heart attack—could strike during a company staff meeting, on a fishing trip, at the theater or even while arguing with his wife.

How the balloon has changed things! True, doctors want to wait three to five years to make sure that the treatment lasts. True, the first freeze may not give immediate relief. And some patients have been "re-frozen" as many as four times to get results.

But let's look at the medical statistics collected by Dr. Owen Wangensteen, Professor and Chief of Surgery at the University of Minnesota Medical School. Dr. Wangensteen

and his associates invented stomach freezing for ulcers.

The figures show that 83 percent of the duodenal ulcer patients treated with the cool balloon feel no more pain of ulcer or any of the other symptoms. The X-rays show that in most of these patients healing has occurred.

How long relief will last nobody knows for sure. Most patients find the pain gone for at least three months. Immediately after the one-hour painless freeze, and an overnight hospital stay, 50 percent of the patients start eating anything right away. Three weeks later most of the others join them in their culinary hearts' desires. Within six months almost all who find relief can then sip Martinis, bourbon, Scotch, or some favorite, forbidden libation.

Actually, events have moved so rapidly that hard medical statistics are hard to come by. The treatment has spread with a speed unparalleled even by the introduction of penicillin. Five months after Dr. Wangensteen announced the

ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO VAN EERSEL

method in May 1962, 100 surgeons polled at their national meeting admitted having freezing machines. A safe guess puts the number of stomachs frozen each month in the hundreds. By now, you're probably a short train ride away from a qualified surgeon who can freeze your stomach. Every big city has a dozen men competent to perform the freeze.

Just look at how the cool balloon changed the life of Jack Fitzpatrick, a 33-year-old public relations man working in the technical, scientific information field. He is but one of the estimated one million persons who develop an ulcer in any single year. It kills more than 10,000 persons annually . . . more men than women.

Jack Fitzpatrick told us his story as he waited for the doctors and nurses to set up the cool balloon. He sank his brown hair against the pillow in an airy room in a hospital in New York and remembered how he first noticed the ulcer signs five years ago. When he awoke in the morning, gnawing gripped his stomach . . . although the ulcer was really in his duodenum. Then the heartburn: it seared him when something roused his anger. Twice that little crater of flesh—looking, if you could see it, like a dried apricot—bled and he lived with the fear of perforation and hemorrhage.

Both bleedings struck early in the morning. The aftermath: two weeks of hospital bed rest. Last year (1962), as he stood before a mirror preparing to shave, nausea swept through him bringing him to the point of black-out. This time he spent six weeks at home trying by diet and determination to get the ulcer to heal.

When the ulcer hung on, Fitzpatrick's doctor gave him the verdict: the stomach operation or the freeze. By that time, word had gotten out about the Wangensteen discovery. Fitzpatrick decided to try it.

At his bedside, in a scene taking place today in dozens of hospitals, a young surgery resident lashed a funny-looking balloon to a plastic pipe with some fine black silk thread. Since any surgeon could do it, the resident doesn't want his name emphasized. Let's call that young physician Dr. Jones.

The public relations man had already gargled with a quarter cupful of syrupy pink anesthetic known as hexylcain. It numbed his throat and upper part of his gullet. The sense of having a gut left him. He was not entirely unconcerned about the frankfurter-sized package Dr. Jones would soon shove down his throat.

"My throat feels dry," Fitzpatrick said, "how about some bourbon and ginger ale?"

"It'll be six months before you have that kind of goodies," the nurse told him.

Dr. Jones stood over him. The physician had tested and re-tested the balloon and found it airtight. The nurse had wheeled a stainless steel refrigerator next to the bed and inside the box the alcohol temperature dropped slowly. A film of frost covered the outlet valve.

The nurse brought Fitzpatrick a printed form to sign—which Dr. Jones explained: "This just means you understand this treatment is still experimental—that we don't guarantee the results. Of course, any treatment has risk. Some patients have developed gastric ulcers, some have experienced bleeding. You may feel some discomfort for a week or two."

Although by now hundreds of stomachs have been frozen hard as rocks, Dr. Jones told Fitzpatrick he was still a medical pioneer.

Medicine doesn't know everything about the technique. At first the Minnesota team actually gave some of their patients ulcers of the stomach with the treatment. They did it by allowing the alcohol to enter the balloon in the stomach in a way that super-cooled one particular spot. Those patients needed major surgery. Now, instead of allowing the icy alcohol to squirt like water out of an ordinary spigot, they have a nozzle that brings the fluid out as from a garden hose spray.

All this was behind the low pressure warning Dr. Jones gave Fitzpatrick although by now those early problems have been solved. Most doctors agree that the procedure has little risk—far less risk than an operation on the stomach.

"Now just try to get this started." The doctor inserted the balloon into his patient's mouth. "Don't bite it; don't let your teeth touch it. Swallow, swallow, swallow; just relax, just breathe easily. . . . Does it feel like it's touching bottom down there?"

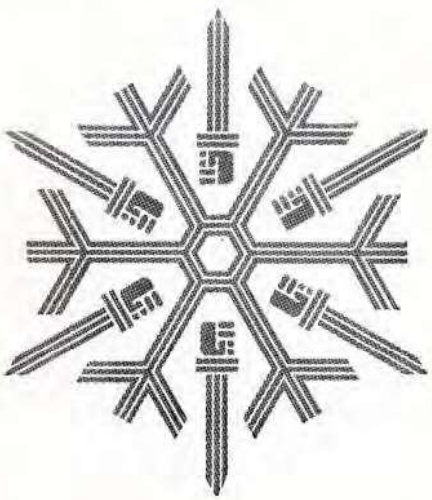
"Uh huh," the patient grunted.

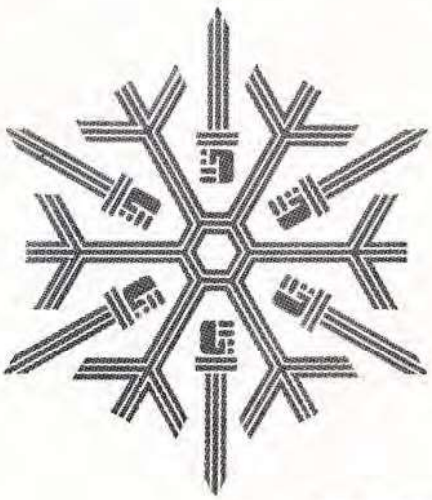
Dr. Jones pressed the lever on the cooling machine and said: "Tell me when you feel full or if you feel any cramps."

The pump started up and the super-cool alcohol—which freezes at a lower temperature than water—ran down the tube and into Fitzpatrick's stomach. His hour had begun. He picked up a magazine. The doctor checked the dials, jotted down the figures, observing the inflow and outflow temperatures every few minutes. The fluid was 1° Fahrenheit.

Whoever would have thought a couple of years ago that you could freeze Jack Fitzpatrick's ulcer into submission? Doctors still don't know why digestive juices erode the living stomach wall (gastric ulcers) or more frequently pour into the upper part of the intestines the duodenum just below the stomach to eat the living tissue.

They do know that ulcer victims have abnormally high levels of hydrochloric acid in their stomachs. Normally, the acid combines with pepsin, [*Continued on page* 70]





what is this pig-faced monster doing?

Turn Page

he's drinking hot blood, that's what!

Vampire bats are real. And just like it says in all the horror stories, they are frightful creatures that

■ In June, 1951, a Mexican farmer named Panfilo Castro living in the little village of Platanito, Sinaloa, was awakened by the terrified screams of his children. Castro sprang from his bed in time to see a dark shape dart out the open doorway of the hovel. Striking a light, Castro found his wife and children bleeding from a series of small but deep gashes. Almost at the same time he heard the family of his neighbor, Zavala, begin to scream. Castro rushed to his friends' help just as a dark form fluttered out of the hut's entrance. Castro seized the creature and crushed it. ■ Blood squirted in all directions and Castro found himself holding the body of a bloated vampire bat. A few weeks later not only Castro but three of his children and one of the Zavala children were all dead of derriengue—a type of rabies spread by infected bats. ■ On November 28, 1953, a salesman was having a few drinks at a bar in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A bat fluttered in through the open window and seized the salesman by the thumb, biting it to the bone. The bartender tore the creature off and stamped it to death. The bat was rabid and only quick use of the Pasteur treatment saved the man's life. ■ These were dismissed as isolated incidents but the next year three people *[Continued on page 80]*

gorge on gore. If you don't believe this, ask Dan Mannix. He tried to make house pets out of them

By DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY RICK STAFFORD

HE UNLOCKED NATURE'S FORT KNOX

After years of searching, Antone Stander's 8,000-mile trek was over. He had unearthed the treasure held in the Yukon's icy grip. It was the most fantastic gold strike of all time

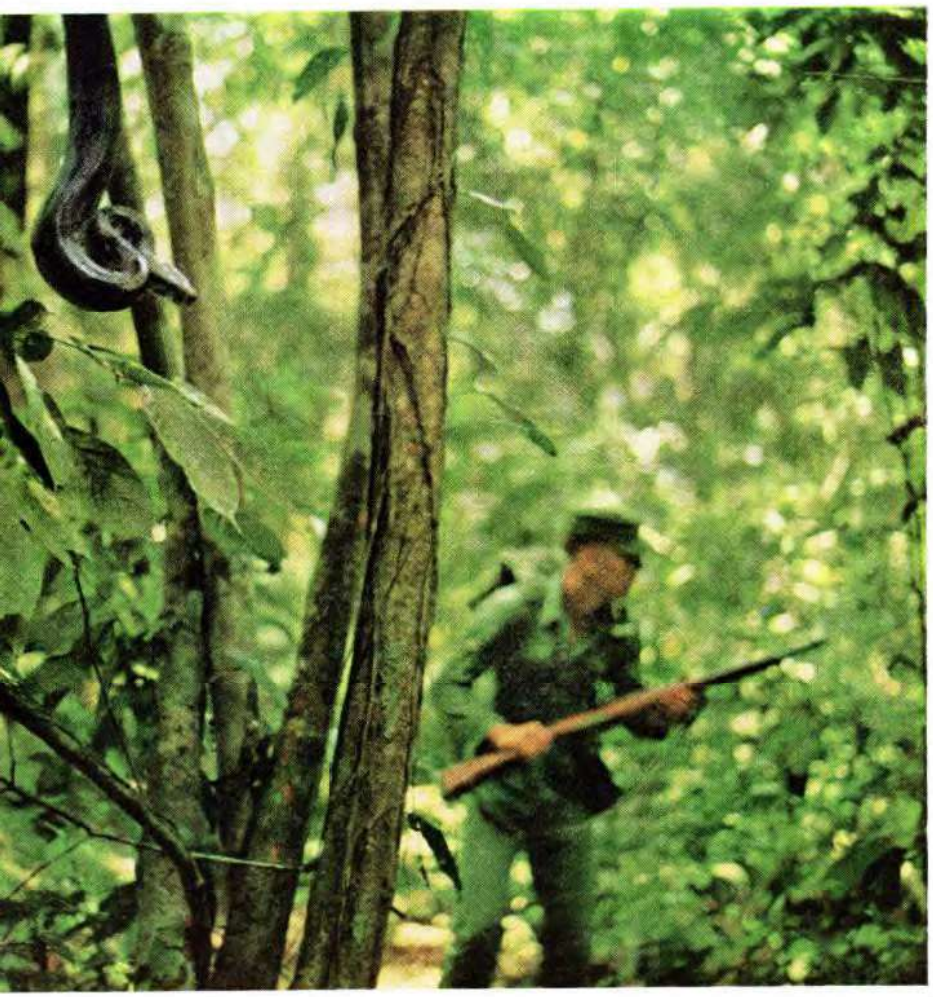
BY ALFRED ELIOT GAUMER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB ABBETT

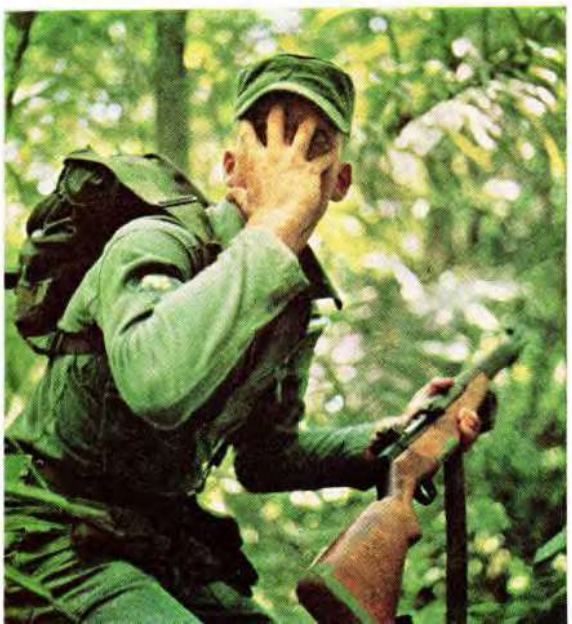
■ The morning of September 1, 1896, broke ominously cold and gray over the Yukon. There was a threat of a blizzard in the making and the moosebirds along Bonanza Creek chittered restlessly in the stunted spruce blanketing the hillsides.

Five prospectors, camping together along the creek, drank only tea for breakfast that morning for they could no longer indulge in the luxury of three meals a day if they were to have sufficient food to get back to Forty Mile, the nearest frontier post in 2,000 miles of trackless, sub-Arctic wilderness. The fate and fortune of those five men hung that day on the thin thread of one man's dogged determination. The man was Antone Stander and his rightful place in history, although little known, is secure; for Antone Stander was the man who discovered Eldorado. [*Continued on page* **83**]

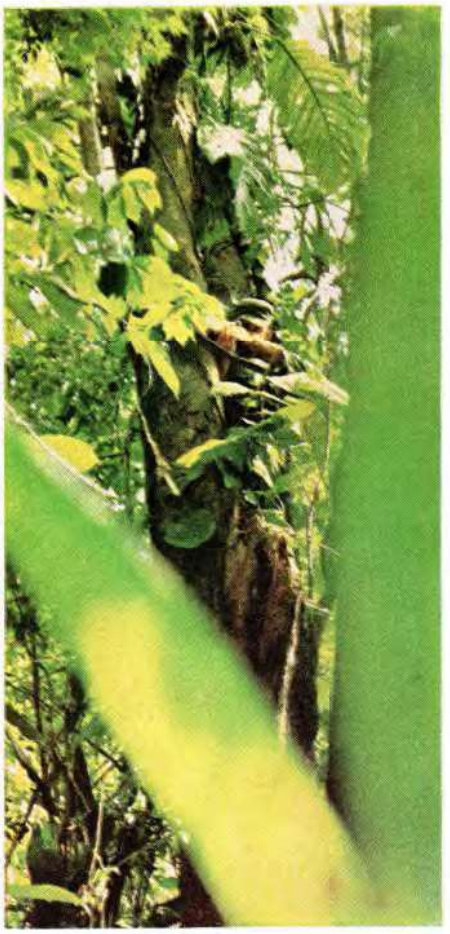
Photographed for TRUE by Sid Latham



Soldier (above) moves carefully down a jungle trail watched with interest by boa in tree. Sp4 John Archer was introduced to jungle wild life at center's zoo to dispel soldier's natural fear of reptiles. He can concentrate on looking and listening for possible ambush. Patrols go single file. Archer is security scout for his following unit on jungle patrol.



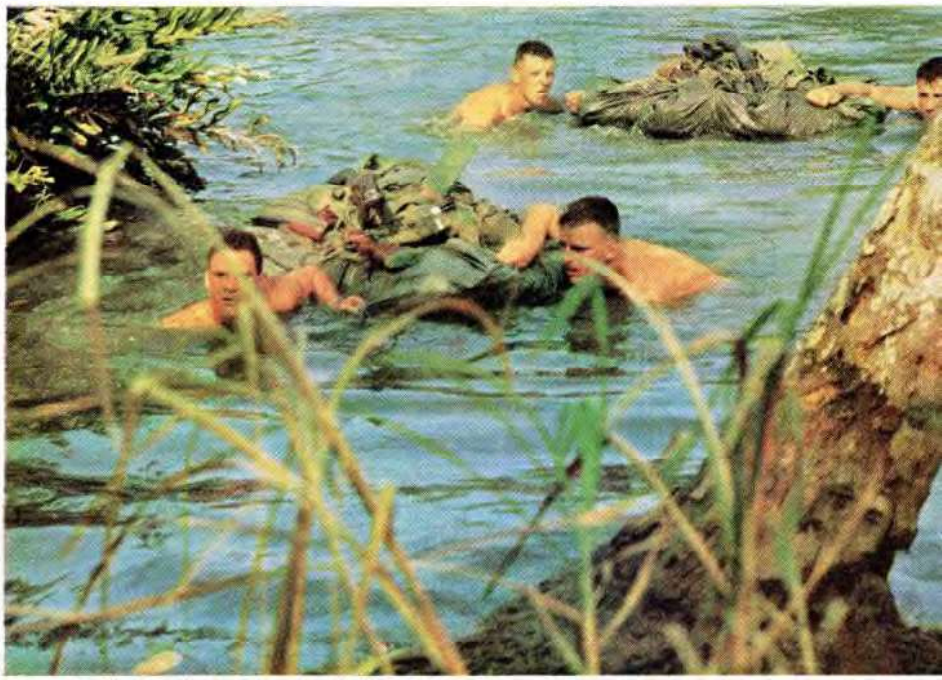
Sniper (below) hidden in tree is almost perfectly camouflaged in deep foliage and uneven jungle light. His observation post covers the trail of oncoming patrol. Near him is another observation-listening post—sound is important for information about enemy movements. This sniper is waiting to pick off the forward scout and to give the signal to the aggressor force for an ambush.



Scout detects the sniper and gives the hand-over-face warning of an ambush (left) to the patrol behind him. Units caught in ambush are expected to take cover instantly while returning maximum fire and, if possible, to simultaneously assault. Return fire reduces casualties and rattles the enemy.

Tarzan Training For Tough GI's

Five years after the end of World War II, the hard lessons learned in the jungles of the south Pacific had been almost forgotten. As brush-fire actions increased, experienced jungle fighters were obviously needed. At the U. S. Army Jungle Warfare Training Center at Fort Sherman, Canal Zone, a dozen classes of officers and noncoms are put through a rugged and realistic training every year. The course is so demanding of physical fitness, resourcefulness and endurance that only a third of the students succeed in winning the respected Jungle Expert patch.



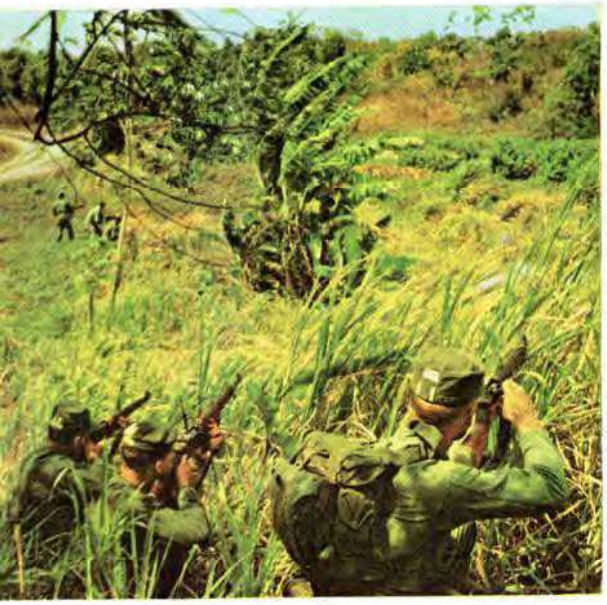
Rugged jungle terrain requires mastery of several methods of travel. Soldiers above are rappeling down a cliff face. Jungle warfare students are taught to build a shelter, using only materials found in the jungle, given instruction about jungle living, then sent to live in a jungle bivouac for a week. Next part of training teaches skills necessary to move, communicate and fight in the jungle. Rock-climbing is easier going than slogging through muddy valleys.

Poncho-brush rafts (above) carry three trainees across 500-foot wide Chagres River. Rafts are made by stuffing two ponchos with brush and buttoning together to make seaworthy and maneuverable rafts. They keep gear dry and swimmers afloat. Trainees also learn to make and use single and double strand rope bridges and the suspension traverse. Jungles are often crossed by swift streams and wide rivers. Efficient and rapid stream-crossing is necessary skill for military movement.

Jungle fighters learn to navigate with compass and chart (left) through thick vegetation and unmapped terrain. They also must learn new techniques for combat. Targets may be nearly invisible or they may suddenly appear at pointblank range. Radio communication is essential to keep units together but terrain and luxuriant jungle growth may cut down on its effectiveness. Expedient antennas must be devised to maintain the vital radio contacts.

Moving away from enemy smoke screen, trainees at left wade through shallow stream, alert for ambush are tested and graded on course. The Jungle Expert patch requires 80% average.

Enemy has set fire to high grass (right) in attempt to cut off unit. Instruction in unit operations follows individual survival skills. Squad-size reconnaissance and ambush patrols join for the platoon combat patrols that are the final training phase.



Direct contact is made with enemy at supply road (left). Final week-long raid problem, conducted at company level, begins with early morning assault on well-defended beach, a long-range penetration and establishment of patrol base in enemy-held territory and a night river crossing by infiltration.

Attack on aggressor position (below) and destruction of enemy camp is apparently end of raid problem. However, as weary company relaxes, supplies are dropped by air with message that impending offensive action is cancelled and unit must divide into fire teams to fight enemy and jungle back to beach for evacuation by landing craft.

HELP STAMP OUT BIRDS!

Your wife may keep one in a gilded cage and your kids may save bread crumbs for them in winter; poets may gush over their gargling songs and the ASPCA may set their broken wings by the thousands—but the fact remains, gentleman, that with the exception of ducks on the wing or a turkey on the platter, birds are for the birds

■ The sturdy folk who migrated to this country from Europe in the 18th and 19th centuries were escaping many things. Among the irritations they left behind, the one that springs to mind first is religious persecution. But there were others, and not least among them were starlings. Starlings were a plague of Europe. The New World was free of them. Nowhere in this fair land did a single starling perch in a tree, keep youngsters awake at dusk with its loud singing, drown out band concerts, or empty its bowels on the populace below.

Then Eugene Schieffelin came along. Schieffelin was a bird watcher. This in itself was all right. Ours is a free country; and every man, provided he doesn't step on somebody else's toes, may pursue happiness in his own nutty fashion. But Schieffelin was also a meddler. And when a man is both bird watcher and meddler, the combination can be disastrous.

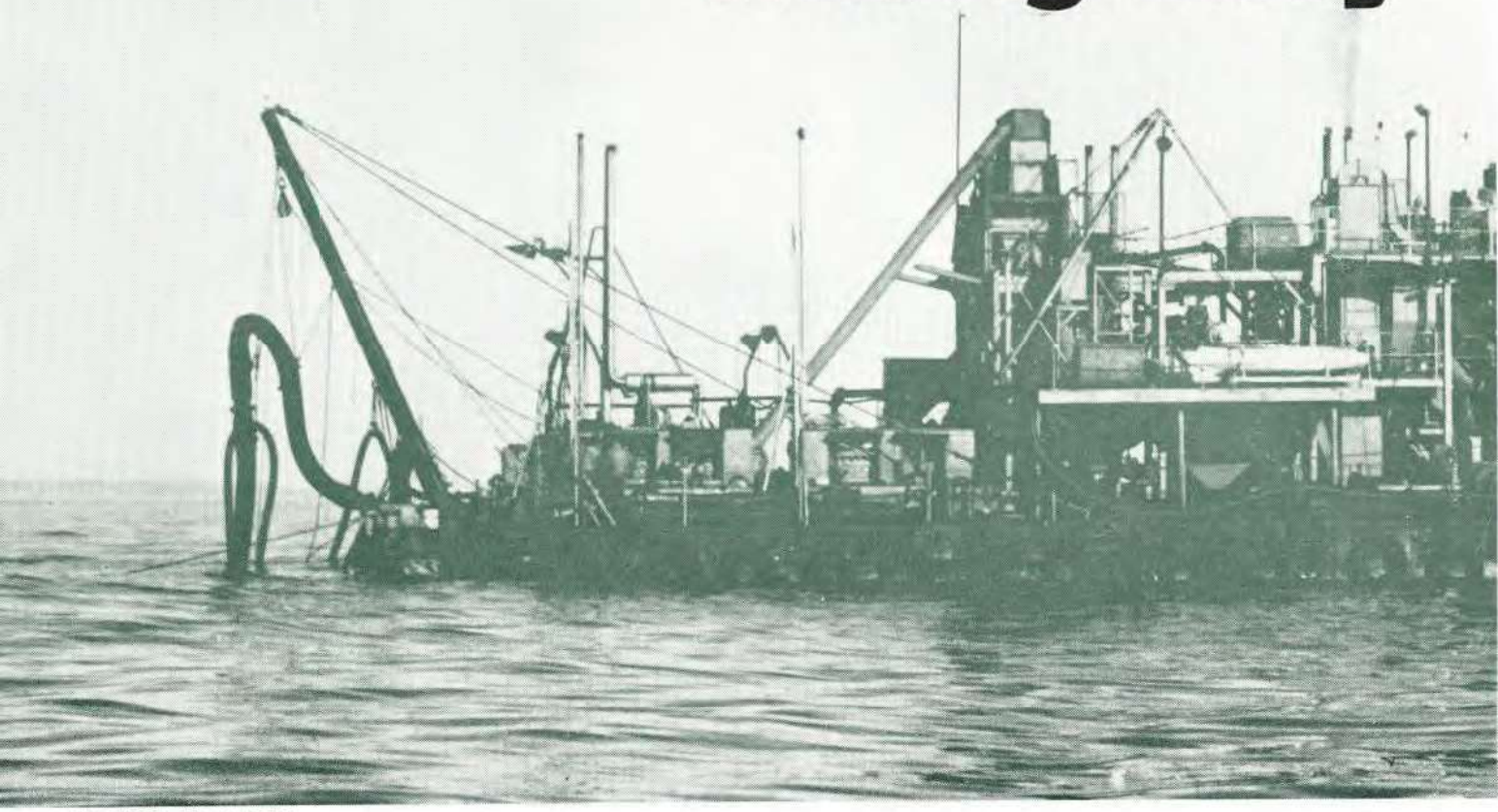
To Schieffelin, the thought of an entire continent without starlings was [*Continued on page* 74]

By MAX GUNTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

Four years ago, a former Texas oil-field roughneck and a retired British Naval officer teamed up in a far-out gamble that has paid off beyond their wildest dreams:

They Make $3,000,000 a Month Mining Davy



BY RUEL McDANIEL

■ Six hundred miles north of Capetown, South Africa, at the mouth of the Orange River, a cluttered, broad-beamed barge lies moored, hung round with dangling hoses and rubber-tire fenders. To the untutored eye, it has the look of idleness and languor. For the last 14 months, however, Barge 77, as it is called, has been the offshore headquarters of an incredibly successful scheme to haul from the ocean floor thousands of carats of diamonds a day—more than three million dollars worth a month—thereby altering the entire balance of the world diamond market, and earning princely fortunes for the pair of adventurers who operate it.

By 1965, according to sound estimates, the project will be producing 30,000 carats a day. In layman's terms, that's $1,200,000 worth of diamonds a *day*—every day!

Barge 77, and a brand new sister vessel that was built in Beaumont, Texas, and steamed to South Africa under its own power, comprise the only successful attempt ever made to mine diamonds from the ocean on a mass scale—a breakthrough that may one day increase the world's diamond supply by 50 percent.

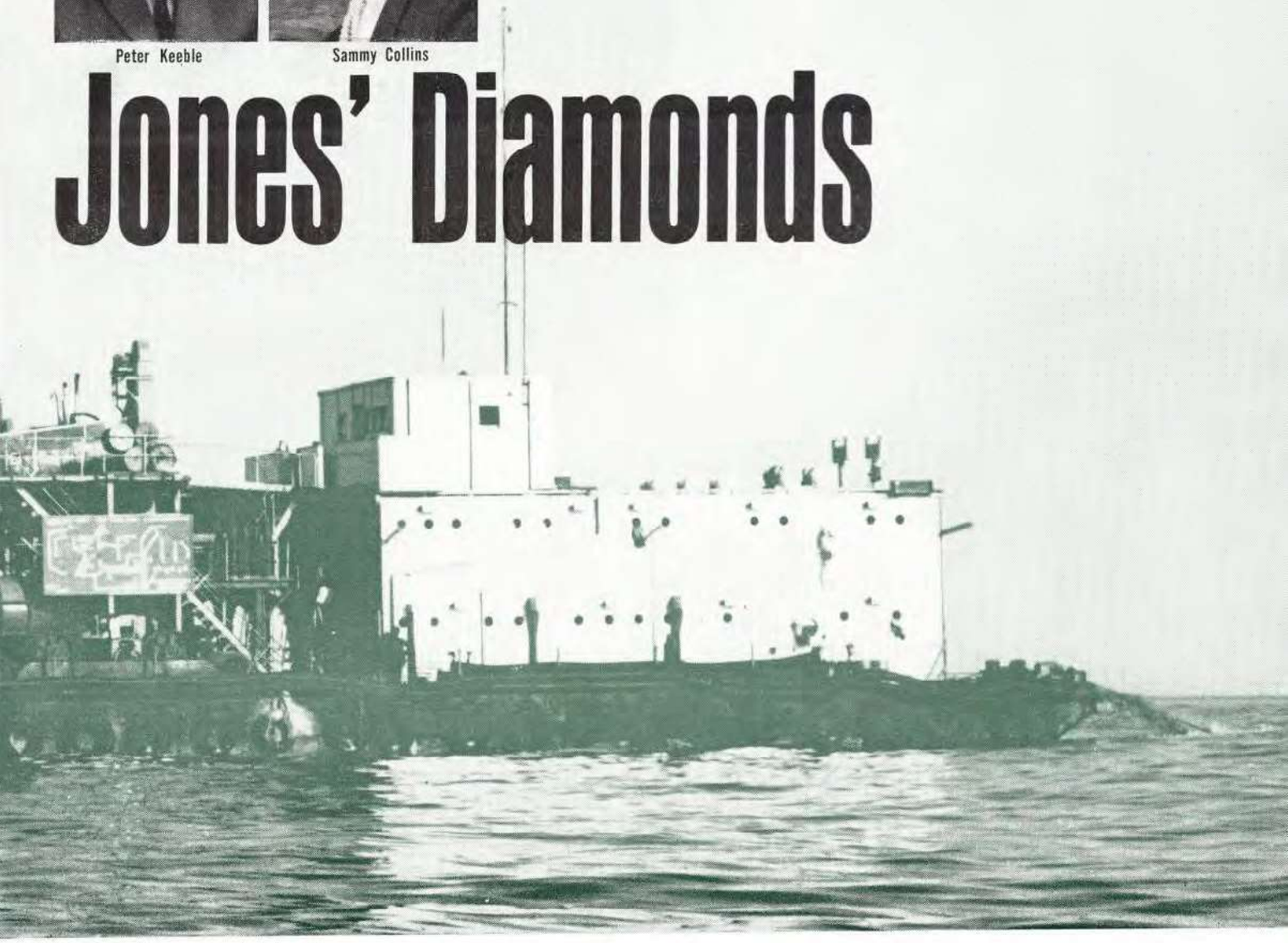
This amazing venture is a tangible result of the 25-year-old dream of a retired British Naval officer, and the daring and vision of a Texas oilfield roughneck.

Peter Keeble was a young mining engineer in 1937 who had moved to Africa after a stint in the British Merchant Navy and

Peter Keeble

Sammy Collins

Jones' Diamonds



This huge ocean-going barge sucks gem-bearing sand up from the sea floor and processes the rich material on its deck.

an itinerant career with construction outfits in Russia and India. He observed that a few scattered mining companies had found diamonds in the waters offshore from Africa—not in sufficient quantity, however, to arouse commercial interest. Besides, everyone was convinced that those diamonds had been washed from the inland mountains downstream into the ocean.

But Keeble wondered if the gems might have been formed just where they were found, fashioned over millions of years through carbonization, as a result of extreme heat and pressure. It was a possibility, and would mean, if true, that immensely rich new mine fields were waiting, a few dozen fathoms under the sea for entrepreneurs with ingenuity enough to tap them.

In a quiet attempt to prove his theory, Keeble made several hard-hat dives in the offshore waters. He brought back tobacco tins full of sand, gravel—and diamonds, which he had assayed in Capetown. The gems were of high quality; they convinced Keeble that his suppositions were indeed correct.

He visited several times with A. B. Blumberg, a major stockholder in various mining operations and one of the wealthiest men in South Africa. The financier listened attentively but was unmoved. "Granted that your theory is right," he said, "how can the diamonds be dredged up? It's been tried before. Those who tried gave it up as a poor investment."

The reaction was the same wherever [*Continued on page* 115]

THE CASE OF

THE CANDID CAMERA CROOKS

CRIME HAS VERY FEW NEW WRINKLES — BUT THESE INGENIOUS ROBBERS WERE SURE THEY HAD FOUND ONE

By **WILBUR CROSS** with **VIRGIL BALL**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT MORRIS CUNNINGHAM

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

■ Acting Lt. Richard Thoren swung lazily around in his chair and studied the wall clock: 7 a.m. He yawned, and tried not to think of the long morning stretching before him. It would be wearisome, he supposed; the monotony relieved only by a few minor traffic accidents and the predictable quota of drunks parading through police headquarters. Outside, it was raining lightly.

A telephone rang nearby, and Detective Earl Stafford

A few hours after their scouting mission, the "inside-outside" burglars carefully examined the fruits of their labor.

answered it. After a moment, Stafford replaced the receiver and said: "A burglary, Lieutenant. Somebody broke into the Loblaw Supermarket over on East Second Street."

Thoren nodded and got up. "I'll go with you," he said. He supposed the burglary, like so many supermarket crimes, was the work of small-time thieves or drifters who had forced a rear door and stolen a few armfuls of steaks, and maybe some beer.

Stafford wheeled the patrol car artfully down the streets of Jamestown that June morning in 1958. Thoren had long since ceased being excited or impressed with the siren and flashing red light that parted traffic for him at such times. He rode with Stafford in silence.

Loblaw's was a typical shopping-center supermarket, shaped like a beer-case, with chrome and neon lights and a large expanse of front window. [*Continued on page* 100]

By MYRON COPE

■ It is necessary to state as soon as possible here, and in his own words, heretofore not uttered for public consumption, exactly how Paul Franklin Dietzel, ex-pool room loafer, ex-butcher, ex-bomber pilot, got where he is.

Where he is is in a peach of a job.

He is head football coach of the U.S. Military Academy, and he has brought to the place a snap-crackle-pop atmosphere unknown there during the tenure of his obscure predecessor, Dale Hall. But Dietzel's existence is bugged by the fact that he has been called an ingrate and a liar by the people of Louisiana, whose state university he departed last year, begging release from an $18,500 contract in order to assume this post of greater attractiveness. Vociferously Christian, fond of relating athletics to religion and ethics (and even to the Cold War struggle), Dietzel strives to lend guidance to our future military leaders while unkind voices call him a Bayou Judas.

Coaches who dislike him call him Billy Graham. He is also variously known as Pure Paul, Pious Paul, Pepsodent Paul and Apostle Paul.

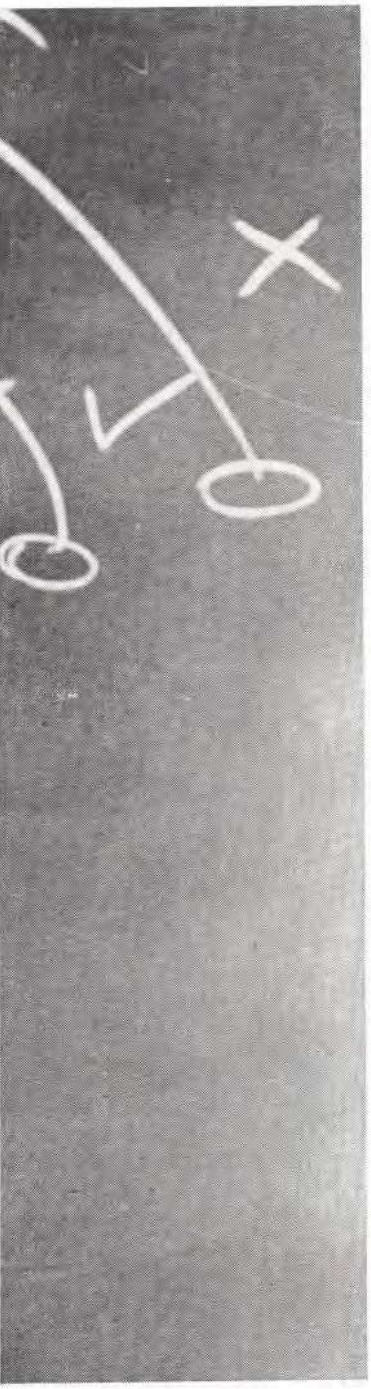
"Our team is getting ready to play Colorado in the Orange Bowl in 1961," Dietzel explained, transporting himself mentally from behind his huge, impeccably kept L-shaped desk to the campus of Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge. "Everything's rosy, just wonderful. Christmas is coming. Everything couldn't be better. I'm at breakfast and I open the paper and there it is, the headline—DALE HALL FIRED.

"I just dropped the paper down in front of Anne, and pointed to the headline. We didn't say a word. [*Continued on page* 104]

Army's coach is a fast man with a blackboard and colored chalk. He's an All-American poster painter and slogan writer, too.

Down in Louisiana they're skeptical of Paul Dietzel's claims to virtue. Meanwhile, up at West Point he's busy instilling ethics and patriotism into football players stolen from other schools

APOSTLE PAUL, ARMY'S GLADDEST HAND



Arriving at West Point, Dietzel greets Army football players with his best Pepsodent smile.

When things don't go well on the field . . .

Paul kicks a well-pressed leg in anger.

Stocks may plunge
and diamonds may not remain
anyone's best friend,
but old guns
keep on spiraling in value.
An avid collector tells about...

THE INVESTMENT YOU CAN HANG ON THE WALL

By RUSSELL BARNETT AITKEN

■ There isn't a collector alive—whether he saves stamps, coins, old penny banks or antique weapons—who doesn't dream of the day when he'll stumble upon some rare treasure and buy it for a song. Most incurable of all these optimists is the gun nut.

About 15 years ago I heard a story about one, a traveling salesman who in his wanderings made a practice of combing antique shops for bargains. One day, prowling the side streets of a sleepy Midwest dorp, he suddenly went on point like a bird dog puppy in a country henhouse.

In the window of a dusty shop he spotted a dozen old pistols, 11 of which were not much better than junk. The 12th, he realized with a gulp, was a Paterson Colt—the rare revolver which Samuel Colt had patented in England in 1835 and began manufacturing in New Jersey the following year.

Pressing his eager nose against the windowpane, he studied the piece at close range. It was the McCoy, all right, the .36 caliber "Texas" model with almost all the finish intact.

Drooling, he entered the store. The shopkeeper, a mild little man, advanced through a maze of dilapidated furniture.

The gun collector played it smart. He examined and priced several knickknacks in which he had no interest whatever. Finally, as he was leaving, he pretended to discover the pistols in the window. Carefully avoiding the Colt, he picked up a foreign military percussion in fair shape.

"How much?" he asked.

The shopkeeper squinted at the hieroglyphics on the tag. "To you," he said, "as a new customer, twenty dollars."

"I'll take it," said the gun nut, getting ready for the kill. Taking out his wallet he reached for the old Colt. "This is an odd-looking gun," he added. "If the price is right I'll take it, too."

The little dealer looked him straight in the eye. "Okay," he said. "I tell you what I do. For you, as a brand-new customer, I sell the Peterson Colt at a special price—one thousand dollars, *cash*."

It was the exact top value of that particular weapon that year and the gun collector, outfoxed, left the store in a huff.

As subsequent events have proved, he outfoxed himself. The same Paterson today, a decade and a half later, might have brought him the $3,200 for which one sold recently in Connecticut, or even the $4,000 asked for one in Manhattan in 1962. The $1,000 he didn't spend, left in a savings bank for the same period of time, would have earned him a bit over $350, whereas the Colt might eventually have tripled or quadrupled his money.

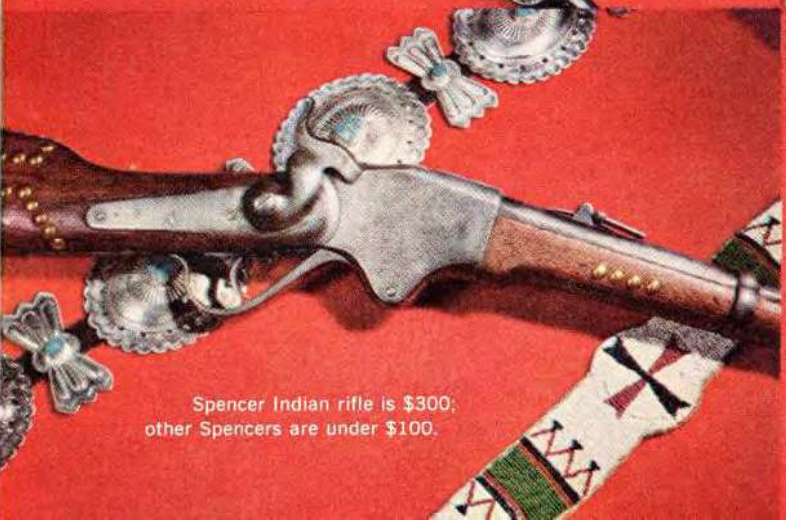
These Patersons are the Rembrandts of American arms, having become status symbols

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

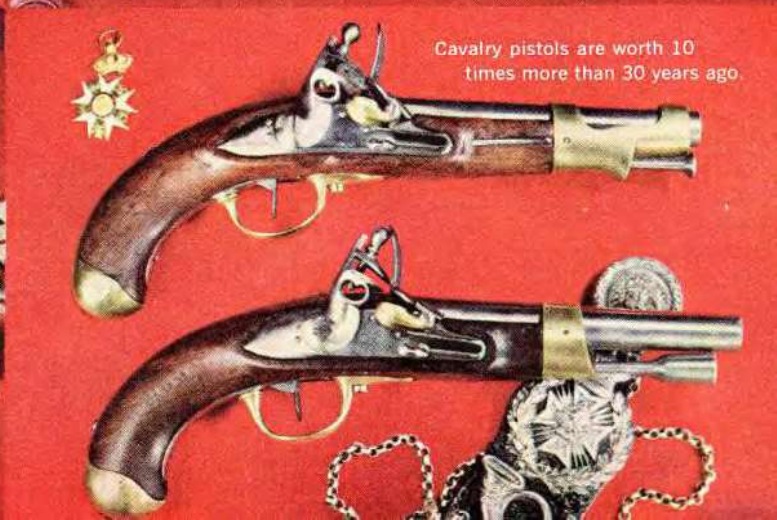
LePage presentation pistols have increased in value almost 20 times in 25 years.

Scottish steel belt pistols cost $250 in 30's; $750 now.

Wheellock carbine, at $2,500 and rising, is in demand.



Spencer Indian rifle is $300; other Spencers are under $100.



Cavalry pistols are worth 10 times more than 30 years ago.

German wheellock pistol grip with ivory inlay was made in 1575. Value has increased from $225 to $1,400 in 30 years.

like Picassos, private planes and custom-built sport cars. A couple of years ago in London I was discussing their phenomenal price rise with Keith Neal, the great English collector. He told me that he'd just been offered a cased pair of Patersons in mint condition with all accessories—extra cylinders, correct flask, screwdriver and nipple wrench and bullet mold with sprue-cutter. The price tag? A walloping $20,000!

And Colt prices have zoomed upward ever since then.

Small wonder that hardheaded businessmen have started collecting fine antique arms as investments, selecting them as carefully as they would a portfolio of stocks and bonds. At a casual glance it would seem that America has gone gun crazy.

Fantastic sums are being paid for rusty old Colt revolvers which, 40 years ago, would have gone begging at $10 apiece. Winchester repeating rifles of the 1870s, long a drug on the market, are bringing a lot of money today, one specimen being currently offered at $6,500. Fancy flintlock "Kentucky" rifles have sold for more than $1,000 and even the tiny Deringer percussion pistol, if authentic, is good for a couple of hundred.

Who is indulging in this expensive, skyrocketing fad? People from all walks of life, that's who. Publishers, noting this trend, have brought out lavishly illustrated new books about old guns which are helping to kindle the flame, and there are even special magazines for gun fanciers.

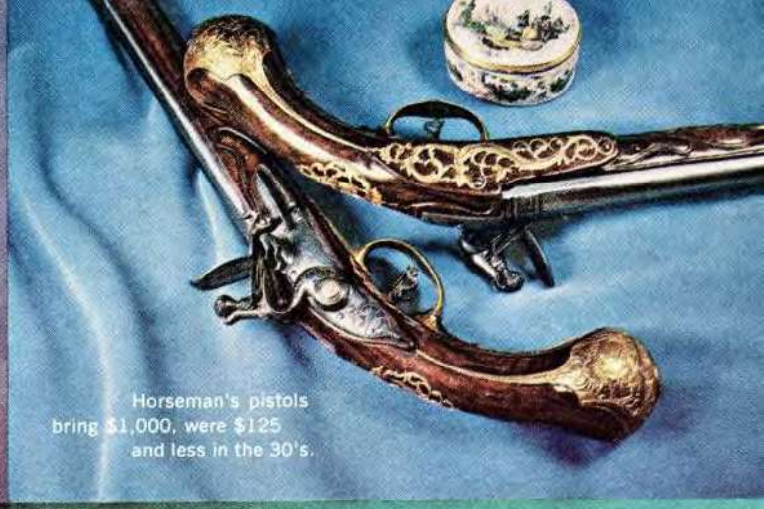
Originally, most collectors started buying old weapons because of an intangible aura of adventure surrounding them, because they belonged to some famous personage, or because they admired the superb craftsmanship of the ones fashioned by fabulous gunsmiths of the 17th, 18th or 19th centuries.

The basic wood and steel that make up an antique weapon may be worth no more than $3 or $4. But who made it, or engraved it, who made the barrel or—very important—who *used* it—might add several thousand dollars to its intrinsic worth to make it a true blue-chip gun. Four factors enter into establishing the value: demand, supply, condition of the piece and its personal history.

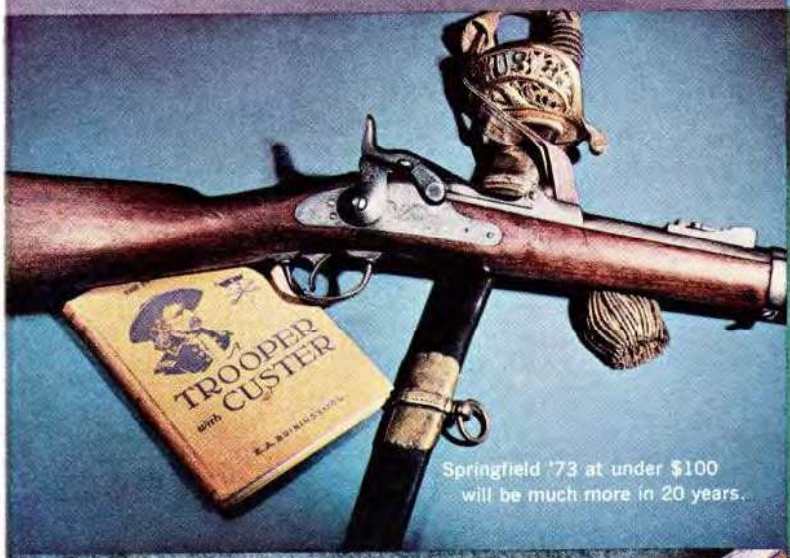
What are the top blue-chip guns today? Most early Colt revolvers and certain vintage Winchester rifles are red-hot items, swept along in the current big boom in Americana which also has boosted the prices of art works by Frederic Remington and Charles Russell.

Enthusiasm for these weapons of the Old West can be laid in large part at Hollywood's door, having been stirred up by highly touted Western epics such as *The Outlaw*, *Duel in the Sun*, *High Noon*, *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*. Another very potent factor has been the nationwide impact of immensely popular TV Serials like *Gunsmoke*, *Wyatt Earp*, *Rifleman*, *Lawman* and *Colt .45*. All [*Continued on page* 89]

Inlaid wheellock rifle was
$60 – 30 years ago – now $1,250.



Horseman's pistols
bring $1,000, were $125
and less in the 30's.



Springfield '73 at under $100
will be much more in 20 years.

Kentucky double-barreled
flintlock pistol
is about $2,500.

Gold-mounted
flintlock pistols,
in 1930 $150,
are now $1,650.

Factory-engraved Henry costs
$1,200; others are much less.

Fowling piece was $40, has
gone to $600 in 25 years.

Brescian flintlocks
were $200 in 30's,
are now worth $2,250.

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

The nicest kind of money to have around the house, among all the forms of currency that mankind has used, undoubtedly was the Irish *cumal*. It was not only the highest denomination in ancient Ireland's monetary system but was a useful thing in itself, for the *cumal* was a slave girl. One *cumal* could be exchanged for 3 cows—if you preferred cows—or, for small change, 72 sheep, or 216 *screpalls* (a *screpall* was a third of a sheep, equal to 3 *pinginns*), or 648 *pinginns*, which were bits of silver. The usefulness of the *cumal* lay in grinding grain, weaving, cooking, and other things that probably comforted aging bachelors who could afford to hoard this form of currency. Its existence reflected a social condition so common in Celtic times that St. Patrick—himself once sold as a slave—could complain that to pay for safe conduct through western Ireland he "had given away not less than the price of 15 humans." The *cumal* continued to be a medium of exchange until well into the Middle Ages. Before then its name had become a standard, things being priced in fractions of a *cumal* in silver. Ireland also imported English slaves, male and female—the latter usually guaranteed pregnant by traders—until a church council in 1171 condemned the whole system. Slavery gradually ceased and Norman-English coins replaced the old Irish values. *By E. C. Rochette, Iola, Wis.*

To knife a wolf, Arctic natives learned long ago not to try wielding the weapon by hand. They invented two remarkable ways of inducing the animal to knife itself. A primitive but direct method, developed in northeast Asia and Alaska, used a sharp-pointed stone blade fixed across one end of a wood club; the other end was gripped by a loop of strong sinew twisted tight between two stakes. The knife end, held down by a catch and released by the wolf pulling at bait placed on the other side, flew over and stabbed him with great force. When traders brought steel blades to the Arctic a century ago, Eskimos turned the keen edges against wolves in a new way. They smeared the cutting edge of the knife with animal blood or fat and buried it in frozen snow, leaving the edge protruding where a wolf marauding outside igloo or village would find it. The wolf, licking greedily, cut its tongue. Blood flowed; the irresistible taste tempted the wolf to lap more avidly, causing more cuts. Feasting on its own ebbing life fluid, the wolf soon weakened and died of its self-inflicted knifing. *By Jerry Gahagan, Jersey City, N. J.*

Every schoolboy knows that the Battle of Quebec, in which the British ousted the French from America, changed the course of history. Unknown today is the fact that it also changed the course of art. Painters portraying battle scenes, up to then, always clothed the participants in Greek or Roman attire, no matter what the date of the battle, to represent war's traditional grandeur. When Benjamin West, an esteemed but plain-thinking Quaker artist, exhibited his *Death of General Wolfe* in 1771, London was nonplussed to see the dying hero of Quebec and his officers in ordinary army uniforms. It looked improper, somehow. A leading painter, James Barry, grimly declared it an outrage, that he would redress by depicting its noble subject with the utmost classic purity. Londoners flocked to see Barry's improved *Death of General Wolfe*—and they broke into giggles. All the Quebec warriors were in the nude. After that, the traditional style was as dead as the lamented general, historical art turned realistic—and Washington could cross the Delaware, in the famous painting, in greatcoat and felt hat instead of a Roman toga and laurel wreath. *By James Wise, Dallas, Tex.*

The most unpopular American living in Europe today is the muskrat. Though Europeans have nothing against its nationality, they'd like to expel it as an undesirable alien. They have little hope, however, of doing so. Three females and two males were imported from America in 1905 by a Bohemian prince to stock a pond. When the resulting European-grown fur turned out to be of uncommercial grade, it was too late to stop a population explosion. With rat pairs producing six to eight young three to five times yearly, they bred and spread along central Europe's waterways. World War I gave them undisturbed years to colonize Germany, Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and climb 2,800 feet into the Swiss Alps. By 1930, when Britain became infested by rats from a Scotch fur farm, an estimated 100 million muskrats on the Continent were perforating canal banks, undermining highway and rail culverts, weakening earthen dikes and dams, and nibbling crops. Today, governments try to reduce their damage at the expense of maintaining full-time expert trappers. But the muskrats have literally dug in and are holding on, and nothing seems likely to dislodge them. *By Harold L. Walton, Utica, N. Y.*

Full-flowing beards gave doctors an air of majestic wisdom, around the turn of the century, that awed patients—and the doctors knew it. They didn't give up beards willingly when the germ theory of disease showed them to be unsanitary. What eradicated medical hairiness was sheer inconvenience. Whenever they did surgery, they had to tie up their beards in small flannel bags, which was not only comic but such a nuisance that the medical profession soon became clean-shaven.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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the basic weekend wardrobe (postgrad)

Whether your weekend calendar calls for an early cocktail date in the city, or a leisurely afternoon in the country, here's the newest look in fall fashions. The busy man on the move will appreciate a diversified wardrobe—designed for any occasion—that begins, at right, with an ascot gray, silk and sharkskin suit by Eagle Clothes, $95; shirt by Van Heusen, $5; shoes by International Shoe Co., St. Louis, $12.95; Countess Mara sports shirt, $22.50; slacks, the Trimcuts, by Levi Sportswear, $7.98; Tred-Flex shoes by Bostonian, $23.95.

Single button, twin vents, sports jacket, at left, by Walnut Hill, $55; Doug Sanders slacks by Silver, 50% Vicron by Beaunit, $13; V-Taper single cuff shirt by Van Heusen, $5; genuine, hand sewn Moccasins, Super Flex by Walk-Over, $16.95; pewter green sweater, at immediate left, by Catalina, $18.95; shirt by Van Heusen, $5; Island Tropical slacks by Asher, $14.95; shoes, The Challengers, by Bostonian, $19.95. The lady, of course, is wearing a bracelet of rare and precious diamonds. Guess which gentleman gave it to her?

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN WYNN

the basic weekend wardrobe (undergrad)

If your weekend windup is a retreat from the classroom, here's the latest in campus-styled attire that rates an "A" for "Anytime." You'll be smartly dressed for all occasions—from hitting the books to catching the big game—if your Friday-night-to-Monday wardrobe includes, at right, a three-button Claywood suit by Eagle Clothes, $90; a single cuff shirt with Van Ward collar by Van Heusen, $5; Aristocraft shoes by Johnston & Murphy, $29.95; casual pullover shirt by Dee Sportswear, $5.95; sand-colored Levi's, The Californians, $4.98. And, incidentally, you don't have to be a football hero to win the prettiest girl on campus . . . but it helps.

Wool flannel blazer, at left, by Mavest, $35; shirt by Van Heusen, $5; slacks by Asher, $14.95; shoes by Walk-Over, $16.95; kid mohair sweater, at immediate left, by Brioni of Rome (imported by Cezar Ltd., N.Y.), $65; slacks by Jack Winter Slacks, 50% Vicron by Beaunit, $10.95; shoes, Phi Bates, $18.95. All ties, courtesy The Men's Tie Foundation. Product source and further information concerning items featured on these pages can be obtained by writing: Merchandise Editor, True Magazine, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Medicine's New Cold War Against Ulcers

[*Continued from page* 44]

a digestive juice, to break down food—meats in particular. With the stomach empty, the acid-pepsin combination can damage living tissue. It can cut through a big blood vessel to cause hemorrhage. It can penetrate the intestinal or stomach wall, emptying the contents into the abdominal cavity. That brings on peritonitis, the inflammation of the cavity's lining. Sometimes cancer develops in the red lips of the ulcer.

What causes the overflow of acid? Physicians believe the vagus nerve controls acid flow. They think the vagus responds to emotional pressures—to the rigors of modern living, to the strain of keeping up with the neighbors, to the sweat of the rat race.

So surgeons used to cut the vagus nerve to break the emotional circuit. Or they would remove part of the stomach to eliminate some of the acid generating cells. Internists would prescribe bland diets to prevent stomach irritation, the kind that generates acid. They would tell their patients to eat in nibbles all day long to give the acid and pepsin something to work on besides living intestine.

Yet none of these efforts guaranteed relief. No physician knew this better than Dr. Owen Wangensteen, who heads one of the great departments of surgery in the United States. Dr. Wangensteen has been dealing with diseases of the stomach and intestines for more than a generation. It was he who first developed the so-called "second-look" operation for abdominal cancer.

Dr. Wangensteen, who will be 65 years old this year, came upon the idea of freezing the stomach for ulcers because of his studious approach to surgery. He is one of the few physicians in the United States who can boast a Ph.D. in surgery.

It was in the spring of 1958 when he was reading through the surgical literature that the idea first struck him. He knew that if you cool any chemical system the rate of chemical reaction drops. That goes for living tissue too since life is chemistry. It's the principle of a refrigerator to preserve food—bacteria can't work in the cold and neither do digestive enzymes.

Maybe, Dr. Wangensteen reasoned, a cold stomach would not produce as much acid. He began with an ingenious experiment involving spring frogs and big Louisiana bull frogs. He knew that a frog's body temperature rises and falls with the temperature of the water in which the frog swims. Technically, such animals are known as poikilothermic and in ordinary terms, cold-blooded.

First Dr. Wangensteen and his colleagues put a little spring frog down the gullet of a big bull frog. At room temperature, in four or five hours, the spring frog had been completely digested by the bull frog. "Only the eyes and bones of the little frog were left. The bull frog's digestive juices did a good job," was the report.

But when Dr. Wangensteen put a big bull frog in icy water and repeated the experiment for the same time the little frog came out springy and spry.

Next, he tried the same trick with frogs living in a dog's stomach. If the stomach was chilled, the frog survived; if not the digestive juices worked normally. The more they cooled the dog's stomach, the less acid appeared in the stomach.

After hundreds of tests on dogs, cats, frogs and rabbits, the Minnesota group tried cooling—not freezing—stomachs of human beings suffering from bleeding ulcers. Not only did they have hope of slowing acid production, but they knew from scientific reports that cooling living tissue often stopped bleeding. They cooled the stomach down to 59 degrees Fahrenheit. That stopped hemorrhage and even dropped the amount of acid in the stomach. But afterward the acid came back and often the lining of the stomach swelled with water.

Perhaps, Dr. Wangensteen wondered, chilling the stomach to an icicle might permanently change the acid-producing lining of the stomach. Again, more experiments on animals, freezing the lining of the stomach (gastric mucosa) to temperatures 20 and 30 degrees below zero.

"As the story unfolded," Dr. Wangensteen said, "it was quite a revelation to observe how well the gastric mucosa tolerated gastric freezing. From observations on intact stomachs and isolated gastric pouches, safety factors in length of time and extent of temperature depression were worked out for the dog's gastric mucosa."

The tests showed that the stomach lining of a dog could take temperatures of 13 degrees below zero Fahrenheit for an hour. Temperatures below this begin to destroy the lining completely so that it dies. At 13 degrees below zero, the stomach becomes as hard as a rock. The reason it doesn't suffer frostbite and die as a hand or an ear might is probably because the surrounding body temperature is not significantly decreased (it drops only one to two degrees) and rich nutritive mechanisms of blood supply are not knocked out by freezing the works from the inside out. As soon as the stomach begins to thaw, large quantities of blood surge into the stomach muscle. Medically, the technique is safe if temperature is maintained within prescribed limits for no more than one hour.

But the most important outcome of the animal experiments was the acid: it dropped to a low level and stayed down for weeks and months. This is what they wanted and in a few months they tried it on a human. Freezing worked; it dropped the acid level and gave relief of pain.

Actually Dr. Wangensteen headed this project which included dozens of doctors, nurses and technicians. A short listing would include men like Drs. Eugene F. Bernstein, Edward T. Peter, Henry Sosin, Arthur J. Madsen, Arthur S. McFee, Robert J. Goodale, Edward A. Allcock, Arnold J. Walder and Harlan Root, all of whom deserve major credit for the achievement.

At first, the Minnesota team had problems—the cooling caused stomach ulcers; sometimes they pulled up the balloon before it defrosted and ripped up bits of the stomach wall. Sometimes they overcooled certain spots in the stomach. But their first report of 146 patients with duodenal ulcers showed 83 percent with symptoms controlled. And they tried it on patients 26 to 82 years old.

All this was part of the background of the technique tried on Fitzpatrick, as he sat in a hospital bed that memorable day reading a magazine while cold alcohol chilled his stomach; his knees began to shiver uncontrollably.

"Feeling cold?" the doctor asked. "I'll get you a blanket." Some doctors start their patients lying on electric blankets.

By the end of the hour, Fitzpatrick could feel his stomach through his skin, cold and hard as stone. Dr. Jones stopped the alcohol and let the balloon warm sufficiently so that he could remove it. There was no pain.

Next came the really unpleasant part, the thing most patients don't like . . . measuring the acid in Fitzpatrick's stomach, by means of a tube inserted through the patient's nose down into the stomach. Before the freeze, the doctor had instructed Fitzpatrick: "Stay off your medicines." This sent his acid level up to 40—a number representing twice normal. After the operation, the acid level measured zero. He was cool and so was the ulcer. Two months later, Fitzpatrick had an X-ray examination. The ulcer had gone. He ate normally. But over the next six months the acid level rose slowly until the pain returned. Fitzpatrick had half a year free of pain. At this writing, the doctors are considering another freeze.

Fitzpatrick's experience parallels that of Jim McGee, who is an assistant manager at a hotel in New York. At 40, he has had the ulcer since he was in the Army in World War II. His job of dealing with hotel guests doesn't make things easier for his vagus nerve.

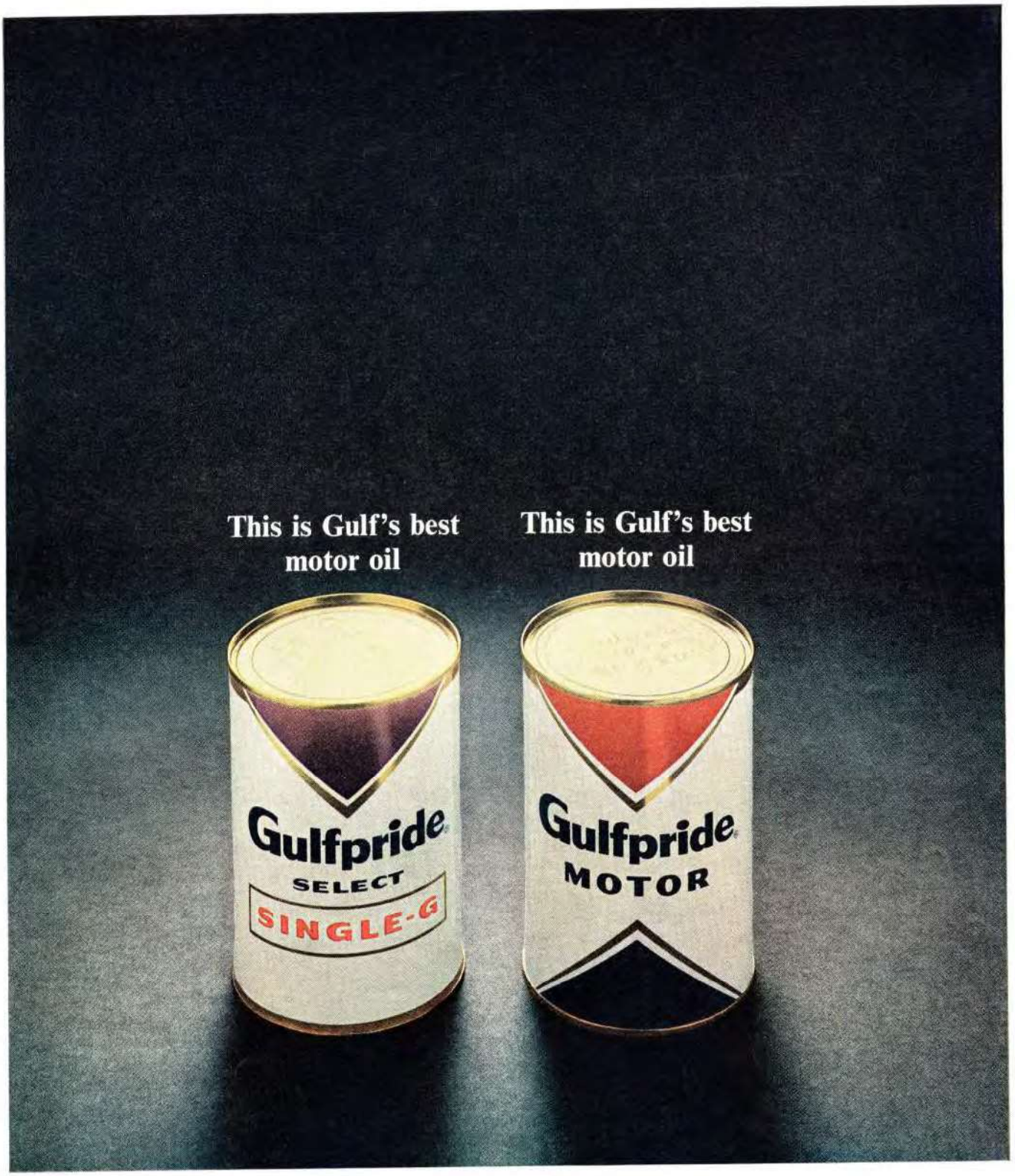
"I was suffering like a dog," McGee told us, "and when you're on the floor at the hotel, it's ghastly. I'd have a headache all day long. My skin would be white. . . I was probably losing blood. I was like a zombie.

"Nothing helped. I kept to a rigorous diet. I'm not a drinker. I don't smoke on the job. I even bled once during Lent when I was just living on mush. In the summer of 1962 I had a terrible pain. I thought the ulcer perforated."

For McGee, the tough part was the effect of his illness on his four children. Almost anytime he might have to go off his job and go to the hospital for three or four months. His only out was to have his stomach partially removed. But he had read about this cooling technique and decided to try it, although some doctors advised him against it.

The day after he had the freeze he left the hospital. "You know what I did?" McGee asks. "I went straight home and had a big plate of spaghetti. The first time in three years. I've been eating anything. Of course, I don't gorge myself on pizza. And Christmas—I know I shouldn't

[*Continued on page* 72]



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[*Continued from page 70*]
have done it, it wasn't six months—I took a drink."

McGee also had an X-ray two months after the freeze. No ulcer. He also had movies taken inside his stomach to see how the wall of the stomach behaved after freezing.

McGee doesn't know how long he will be a free man, but rather than experience the pain again—"it ran up and down my back, like horses running"—he is willing to have another freeze at the first sign of a returned ulcer. "I'd do it," he said, "if I had to take a freeze every month!"

By now hundreds of doctors, lawyers, school teachers, auto salesmen, housewives, corporation executives, and actors have had the luck of Fitzpatrick and McGee. But not everybody who gets the freeze wins the first time.

Army Capt. Ed Browne, a 32-year-old pilot, had the freeze, and although his stomach acid levels declined, the pain didn't go away. In fact, at this writing, Captain Browne is contemplating having another treatment to see if it will quell the ulcer. For him, ulcer control means more than the end of pain—it means his career. If a second freeze doesn't work, Captain Browne will have to have a portion of his stomach removed and that means he will be grounded.

Not everybody can have the freeze. At the moment, the doctors hesitate freezing the stomachs of persons who have what is known as pyloric obstruction. The pylorus is a circular muscle that acts as a gate between the lower end of the stomach and the duodenum. If this is shut down, the freeze cannot help and may even be dangerous.

Until recently, the Wangensteen group and others hesitated applying freezing to ulcers of the stomach itself. They were afraid that the ulcer might contain a cancer as is so frequently the case and they preferred to remove the afflicted portion of the stomach surgically.

But now the doctors try to make sure that the ulcer is non-cancerous, by waiting to see if the ulcer will heal with a bland diet. If it heals they apply the freezing alcohol-balloon to prevent the ulcer from returning. It appears to work in nine out of 10 cases.

It seems likely that the freezing technique will be extended to stomach (gastric) ulcers once the doctors can be sure that the ulcer does not hide a cancer. Again the same principle seems to apply: control of acid output by altering the acid-making cells of the stomach.

The doctors have not stopped at ulcers. They have tested the method with other ailments too. One is called esophagitis—inflammation of the food pipe. Sometimes this is a complication of ulcers. The victim brings up stomach fluid with acid and pepsin and enrages the food pipe tissue. In extreme cases, the food pipe can close and kill the patient, by asperation or inhalation of regurgitated material.

By freezing the stomach, the doctors prevent the acid from climbing up into the food pipe. Dr. Wangensteen has reported excellent results.

The Minnesota group has also tried freezing to eliminate the symptoms of hiatus hernia. In this condition a little bit of the stomach pokes its way through a weak spot in the diaphragm, the broad flat muscle that separates the chest from the abdomen. The major symptom is inflammation of the stomach. Again the cool balloon brings down the inflammation.

Finally, Dr. Stephen Wangensteen, the son of the Minnesota surgeon, has worked out a method for treating still another affliction called bleeding esophogeal varices. This is a complication of alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver. The freezing seems to stop the bleeding.

Esophogeal varices are like varicose veins of the legs. The veins inside the food pipe have become bulgy and knobby thanks to an increase of pressure. The pressure increase in turn arises from the cirrhosis or hardening of the liver. Blood has a difficult time going through the liver and is diverted to the food pipe blood vessels.

Sometimes the veins in the food pipe burst with the resultant bleeding. Dr. Wangensteen the younger, who is a resident at Columbia University, has tried freezing the food pipe and stopped the bleeding. Others have used cooling with similar results. More research will tell which is the most effective method.

Dr. Wangensteen the elder has opened up a whole new world of medicine with his cool balloon. The technique has spread with enormous rapidity and some mechanically minded doctors have constructed their own alcohol freezing machines.

Dr. Dave S. Swerdlew, a resident in surgery at Orange Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, built such a freezing machine for only $70, but has since built a more elegant model to control the temperature better. His gadget weighs about 27 pounds and can be carried by a sturdy nurse.

Despite all the enthusiasm a great deal of scientific research remains to be done. Nobody knows what the long-term effects of stomach freezing will be. "I think we have to wait three to five years for a thorough evaluation," Dr. Wangensteen the elder told us.

The American Gasteroenterological Association has issued a "go-slow" warning and has asked that only doctors capable of making a proper scientific evaluation should do the freeze. They point out that ulcers often heal when both the patient and doctor show enthusiasm and they want a strictly controlled experiment to prove that the freeze works.

From a basic science point of view, the stomach physiologists would like to know why freezing has a semi-permanent effect and possibly a permanent one. After all, if you cool or freeze a living system it should go back into operation as soon as you warm it up. This is demonstrated by the famous experiment of freezing goldfish solid with liquid air. When the fish are warmed, they begin to swim.

Warm-blood animals can be frozen provided the warming up process doesn't injure basic structures in the brain. Not long ago, an Oregon professor put mice into frozen hibernation only to find that they were "smarter" when they came out of it. They could run a maze much more easily with fewer mistakes than their non-frozen siblings.

Perhaps the lining of the stomach suffers a mild frostbite slightly injuring the acid producing cells there. But this is speculative. Many laboratories have applied themselves with all the modern tools of research to find the answers.

In the meantime, thousands of duodenal and stomach ulcer victims have found new lives, free of pain and are able to join the rest of us at the dinner table—thanks to the cool balloon.

—Earl Ubell & Stuart H. Loory

TRUE

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Help Stamp Out Birds!

[*Continued from page* 53]

unbearable. So he went to Europe and caught 60 of them. He brought them across the ocean. On a warm, sunny morning in 1890, he released the loathsome plague in New York City's Central Park. The following year he imported 40 more.

Almighty Providence, in seeing fit to spare this land from starlings, undoubtedly had good reasons. Perhaps the main reason was that, as one disgruntled New Jersey man suggested, "there were enough goddam birds here already." But this didn't occur to Eugene Schieffelin. Today Schieffelin's Plague has spread as far south as Florida, as far north as Canada, as far west as Texas and Kansas. It's still spreading, and in another decade will probably have reached the West Coast, thus blanketing the entire nation. Theoretically a starling population without natural enemies (and the New World starling has very few) could double every year. Thus Schieffelin's original hundred could have increased in the past 70 years to some 50-billion-trillion. There probably aren't that many, but there are quite enough to gum the wheels of civilization.

From Maine to Florida and from Texas to the Dakotas, there are towns where you can't sit outdoors on a summer evening without an umbrella. In Great Bend, Kansas, outdoor band concerts had to be abandoned because thousands of starlings out-screeched the music and bombarded the audience. In Mount Vernon, New York, Mayor Joe Vaccarella got so mad that he went out one evening and personally helped the police fire skyrockets and blast birdshot into the trees. In Maplewood, New Jersey, an enraged citizen hurled a jug of Martinis into a tree and brought the law down upon himself when the jug, smashing through the leaves, sailed out the other side of the tree and exploded in the street not far from a cruising police car. He explained that he'd been about to enjoy a peaceful drink with some friends when a starling discharged into the jug. The sympathetic cops told him to dry his tears, sweep the street and buy a pitcher with a lid.

All this is, perhaps, in a warped kind of way, funny—if you aren't directly involved with starlings yourself. But the humor of the situation, if any, disappeared on October 4, 1960, at Boston. On that tragic day an Electra airliner, flying over Boston Harbor, went through a flock of starlings and sucked several of the birds into the air intakes of its prop-jet engines. The engines suffocated and died, and the airliner, utterly helpless, slumped into a steepening dive and crashed in the harbor. Sixty-one people were killed.

The sorry saga of Schieffelin's Plague illustrates two things quite clearly. The first is that birds are a damned nuisance and, as our technological civilization advances, increasingly a danger. The second is that humankind had better realize this in a hurry and had better stop meddling with birds—stop feeding them, stop protecting them, stop encouraging them to hang around human habitations. It's high time we blew away the cloying mist of sentimentality that the Audubon Societies and the womenfolk have created for birds to hide in. Let's see birds as they really are: as, in fact, common pests.

Lest it be charged that this is a biased, rabble-rousing diatribe, let it be noted right here that at least some birds are good for at least something. The duck, quail and pheasant, for example, are fun to hunt and good to eat. The hawk and falcon are useful hunting partners—although the hunter can never assume that, like his dogs, they are his friends. (You don't have to keep a field dog in a muzzle and hood, nor wear a thick glove when you handle him.) Some birds also serve us by eating bugs; and it's probably true that without them we'd be thigh-deep in bugs, or perhaps a little deeper.

But let's keep all this in its proper perspective. Cows, sheep, rattlesnakes and rabbits are also good to eat; but we don't therefore put these creatures on a pedestal, nor form societies dedicated to their glorification. The same can be said for moles, lizards, frogs and spiders, which eat bugs.

TAXAX
HOW DO YOU VOTE?
(SEE PAGE 41)

No, the bird deserves no special goodwill from mankind. Your average bird, in fact, is considerably less desirable than the mouse in your attic, whose neck you cheerfully break in a steel trap. The mouse goes about his business quietly; he has an instinctive politeness not shared by the bird. The mouse, too, is a mammal; his sexual and child-rearing practices, dietary habits, body temperature and nervous system make him more a kindred spirit of man—if you want to get sentimental about it—than any bird. The bird, in truth, is a crazy offshoot of the reptile family with superheated blood, a supercharged nervous system and almost no brain. He is likely to be infested with lice and a-crawl with disease germs, all happily incubating in his hot underfeathers. His droppings will permanently discolor the paint on your car and, if left there, corrode the metal underneath. He neither likes you nor trusts you. But he'll take a meal from you, giving nothing in return, if you put it where he can get it without looking you in the eye.

This is the bird. Yet it is hard to think of any other creature that has inspired more oozy sentimentality, particularly among lady poets. "If I can . . . help one fainting robin / unto his nest again / I shall not live in vain," gurgled Emily Dickinson some 100 years ago, and things have grown steadily worse ever since. In cities such as New York and Los Angeles, where municipal authorities and building owners wage an endless, frustrating battle to get rid of pigeons, old ladies can be seen feeding the execrable birds in parks. Your wife probably feeds birds, and may even have a $12.95 feeding station outside the kitchen window. If she stopped to think about it she'd realize that, every time she gives a bird a free handout, she slakes his appetite and renders him too lazy to perform his single useful service, that of catching bugs. But even if you pointed this out to her, the thought would probably not strike home. She'd murmur something about our little feathered friends shivering in the weather. She'd quote Emily Dickinson.

This same illogical fondness for birds draws an estimated 300,000 people, mostly women, out into field and wood each weekend to watch birds through binoculars. (The total membership in bird societies is something like 3 million, but only a tenth are active watchers.) Once out among the birds, they coo and gasp as they focus on some mangy specimen grubbing a caterpillar out of the grass. The high point of the weekend is when someone warbles: "Look! A lesser spotted, half-rumped, nimble-headed lint picker!" All go mad with joy.

Why is this? No bird fancier has ever given me an explanation that I could swallow. Not long ago I buttonholed a Connecticut watcher and demanded honest reasons. She mentioned birds' bright colors. I discoursed briefly on the incomparably brighter colors of certain snakes. "Well," she said, "snakes bite." I pointed out that death by snakebite is one of mankind's very smallest worries. Death by jet-engine failure seems much more imminent. "Birds are small and fluffy," she countered. So are field mice, skunks, moles and monarch caterpillars. "You just don't like birds!" she said. She had, at last, made a statement that could be taken seriously. But I still didn't have the explanation I wanted.

The explanation becomes still more elusive when you consider that birds rank somewhere near the termite as destroyers of human property. Their raids on lawn seed and farm crops are cursed in every language on earth. In New Jersey last year, Rutgers University scientists guessed that crows alone cost the state's corn, strawberry, cherry and peach farmers as much as $4 million a year. In the end, this kind of thing comes out of your pocket when you go to the supermarket.

But it isn't only on farms that birds are a plague. Consider, for example, the pileated woodpecker. This flying jackhammer stands nearly two feet tall, spreads his wings some two and a half feet and has a look of indescribable malice. He's found through most of the northern half of the country. His favorite sport is to drill holes in telephone poles and watch them buckle. Phone companies generally figure on a life of 20 to 30 years for a good cedar or pine pole, but where the pileated woodpecker operates they're lucky to get five years. The Pennsylvania Power & Light Co., once guessed that this damnable bird costs it some $10,000 a year.

Still more serious are the ravages of birds on aircraft. In the mid-1950s the

"I just made the Dean's List—the one he keeps in that little black book."

Air Force, growing worried about an apparent steady increase in bird damage, made a survey to find out just how serious the problem was. The results startled even the Air Force. During a single half-year period, 401 military planes had been damaged by bird collisions—damaged seriously enough to require grounding for repairs. Forty-two of these cases were classified as major damage, in which the aircraft was no longer able to fly safely.

Jet engines are especially vulnerable to birds. Gulping great quantities of air to feed its howling combustion processes, a jet engine will also gulp whatever is in the air, including birds. At Castle Air Force Base in California, five B-52 bomber engines were disabled in a single month by horned larks. Pratt & Whitney, major engine builder, reported that 22 of its powerful J-57 jet engines had been disabled by bird ingestion during a two-year period. Fifteen of the 22 were totally disabled; they had to be rebuilt.

Sometimes the results are still worse. At Logan Airport in Boston, where the Electra two years ago was pulled down by starlings, an F-94B jet fighter ran into the same kind of trouble with seagulls. A gull flew into the air intake. The engine exploded, and the plane crashed in Boston Harbor. The pilot was badly burned. In another case, an F-84 pilot took a bird through his windshield, was stunned, lost control, crashed and died.

All indications are that accidents of this sort are going to come more often in the years ahead, as air traffic around the world grows thicker. The Federal Aviation Agency, the Civil Aeronautics Board, individual airlines and almost everybody else in the flying business are seriously worried about birds.

But if you want to hear some real, low-down bird-cussing, the outfit you ought to listen to is the United States Navy. Normally the Navy can take birds or leave them. Contrary to the tearful accusations of bird fanciers, it doesn't hate all feathered creatures as a matter of official policy. It goes its way; birds go theirs. There is one family of bird, however, whose name, when mentioned in Naval circles, causes the air to turn blue. This is the albatross of Midway Atoll.

The Navy is the official custodian of Midway—a job of great importance. Dead in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, halfway between the U. S. and Russia, the Midway Islands serve as a key link in the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line which will alert us if an enemy launches a missile attack on us. From Midway, on a 24-hour basis, Airborne Barrier Squadrons roam the mid-Pacific skies with sensitive detecting equipment. It's the Navy's assignment to keep these planes flying. The albatross is there to see that the Navy doesn't.

The Laysan and blackfooted albatross, the two species infesting Midway, are big birds. They weigh up to 12 pounds and have wingspreads up to eight feet. They have webbed feet, hooked beaks and expressions of sullen discontent. In the belief that Midway belongs to them, they won't move aside for anybody—not a man on the ground, nor a plane in the air. Great milling crowds of them flap gloomily around the runways. They smash into planes that are taking off and landing—collide with force enough to buckle radomes, disable engines, shatter windshields, cave in wings and snap antennae. In a busy year they cause up to $300,000 worth of damage. During the past fiscal year, says the Navy, they not only caused direct damage in six figures, but cost 1,486 man-hours of repair time and wiped out 718 precious hours of flying time.

Ever since the end of World War II, and particularly in the past seven years, the Navy has been trying to get this abominable bird to go away. Spearheading the attack has been the Natural Resources Management Staff of the Navy's Bureau of Yards & Docks, headed by Commander C. F. ("Chuck") Zirzow. The commander is a stocky, dark-haired, energetic man with remarkable self-control. He smiles even when he's talking about the albatross.

"The thing that worries us most," he told me, "is the possibility of a major crackup and loss of human life. By the grace of God, it hasn't happened yet. Pilots have kept their heads even when these big birds have smashed head-on through windshields. But we wonder how long our luck will last."

Coming . . .

Joe Levine is the

NEW BARNUM OF THE

SILVER SCREEN. Read Jimmy

Breslin's spirited profile . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

No such worry appears to disturb the nation's bird fanciers, who keep a steady stream of letters pouring into Washington to bellyache about the Navy's alleged ill-treatment of the albatross. But as one Navy pilot told me: "It's impossible to be cruel to an albatross. The albatross doesn't care."

That's the trouble with the albatross. Nothing bothers him. He has no natural enemies. Having no reason to fear any living thing, he doesn't.

In early anti-albatross operations after the war, Navy men flapped bedsheets at the birds, heaved rocks at them, jumped up and down on their eggs and wrote reports about them. None of this had any notable effect. In the mid-1950s the Navy went to the Interior Department's Fish & Wildlife Service and asked for scientific help. Year after year, teams of F&W biologists went to Midway and did their damnedest. "But the albatross," says biologist Philip DuMont, "is probably the most stubborn bird on the face of the earth."

First they tried smoke. They blanketed entire colonies of birds with choking clouds from daylight distress flares, wet woolen blankets and truck tires. The albatrosses looked somewhat disgruntled, but not one moved from his squatting place. Determined to make something happen, the biologists dragged one burning tire into the midst of five birds that were nesting in a chummy little group near a runway. The men were choking and gasping; tears were running from their eyes. But the albatrosses, all within six feet of the tire and all half-hidden in the noxious black fumes, sullenly stayed put.

Then the biologists tried noise. They had doubts about this, for they'd watched gooney birds (as the Midway albatrosses are quite properly nicknamed) tranquilly dozing in the midst of bazooka and rifle practice. "One black gooney," they noted in a report to Washington, "continued to sit on its egg 3½ feet in front of and a foot below the muzzle of a rifle." But they tried anyway. They tried carbide exploders, devices that automatically make an ear-splitting bang every few seconds. These devices had been used with great success against starlings in Holland. But, as predicted, the Midway albatrosses didn't mind the exploders at all.

The next gambit was to destroy the gooneys' eggs, in the hope of convincing them this wasn't a good place to nest. But all this accomplished, it turned out, was to free sitting birds to get up and soar over the runways. Then the biologists tried transporting birds to other islands; but the birds, painted pink and yellow for identification, were all back on Midway in a few weeks. One gooney, carried 8,200 miles to Whidby Island off Washington State, came back home in 10 days.

By this time the Navy was hopping mad. A new stratagem was proclaimed: slug the birds on the head. Teams of men went into selected areas near the runways and flattened every albatross in sight. After 4,617 man-hours of work with club and lead pipe, 36,307 albatrosses were guaranteed not to harass aircraft again.

It was a noble effort. The outraged howl of the bird societies could be heard clear to China. But there were just as many gooneys over the runways as before. What's more, said the F&W biologists, it probably would do no good even to kill every one of the half-million albatrosses on the atoll. The birds on the islands at any one time are only a fraction of the total population. Young gooneys, when they learn to fly, go off to sea and don't return for at least five and probably seven or more years. So to clear the islands permanently, you'd have to keep up a total massacre for seven years or longer. The Navy didn't have the heart or the manpower.

Then somebody came up with a new idea. Some 50 miles from Midway was a pleasant little atoll called Kure. It lacked only one thing to make it attractive to albatrosses. Thickly covered with bush, it had no big, flat, clear areas such as gooneys need for their lumbering takeoff. Maybe if there were such areas, the harassed gooneys would move there for peace and quiet.

A team of Seabees went into Kure's Green Island and bulldozed 16 50-foot runways. The Navy watched eagerly to see what would happen.

The first thing that happened was that a howl of rage came from the Coast

Guard, which had been planning to set up a loran station and airstrip on Green Island. But the Coast Guard needn't have worried. When an inspection team went to Green Island in 1960, one thing was quite apparent. Midway albatrosses like Midway. There was only one banded Midway gooney on Green Island.

Albatrosses are still smashing into aircraft over Midway. The problem is doubly irritating when you consider that, but for birdlovers, there might be no such problem at all. Back in the early 1900s, plume hunters were doing a pretty good job of wiping out the albatross. In 1909 alone, they harvested wing feathers from more than a quarter-million of the birds. But then President Theodore Roosevelt, pressured by lobby groups of bird fanciers, issued a proclamation making the entire Hawaiian Island Chain (including Midway) a U.S. reservation. Plume hunting was outlawed.

We can't stamp out the Audubon Societies, outlaw bird feeding or prevent old ladies from keeping pet canaries, but we can at least hope to keep this kind of silly sentimentality out of U.S. government activities. What is there about birds that turns a normally sensible, masculine government into a simpering old lady? Why, for example, is the government spending thousands of your dollars to protect the whooping crane? Do you care if this ungainly fowl becomes extinct? Do you lie awake at night, just wishing you could hear a whooping crane whoop?

Even hard-headed businessmen have been known to turn soft at the mention of birds. Some years ago a major greeting-card company, building a new printing plant, discovered that a robin was nesting among the steel girders. Construction was halted for two weeks while the miserable creature finished raising its young. Later a devastating hurricane roared through the area; but the printing plant, still in the steel-skeleton stage, presented no face to the winds and wasn't harmed. In a voice trembling with emotion, the company pointed out that the plant would have been wrecked if construction at the time hadn't been two weeks behind schedule. "A little robin saved us!" the company sobbed.

Perhaps a greeting-card outfit, perpetrator of sentimental verse, can be excused for this kind of thing on the grounds of apt publicity. But can you excuse a railroad? Last year in Canada's Northwest Territories, the Canadian National Railways drew plans to build a 300-mile northward line to tap rich mineral deposits near Great Slave Lake. "No! No!" shrieked the bird watchers. "That line will go right through the whooping cranes' nesting grounds!" So the government-owned railroad meekly re-drew its plans and looped the line around the nesting area, making it 100 miles longer and some $20 million more expensive. Sourly commented a banker: "Goddam touching."

What we need to spend money on is getting rid of birds, not protecting them. Instead of a National Bird Week, we need a National Birdshot Week. That the bird is man's enemy, like the rodent, is a plain fact. But it is a fact that we big-hearted Americans continue to ignore—until, as must always happen sooner or later, we find it out the hard way.

Take the tragic case of Riverhead, a peaceful community on New York's Long Island. For 10 years Riverhead had been infested by Schieffelin's Plague. Great hordes of starlings descended on the town on warm afternoons and settled in a row of sycamore trees lining Main Street. Patrons of the Main Street stores had to scurry through a snowstorm of droppings. Tradesmen and merchants demanded that something be done.

Town police tried a limited program of firing shotguns into the trees. But it was too limited: it killed a few birds, but its main effect was to drive the flocks from one tree to another. The police were planning a more extensive shooting program when it became apparent that local voter sentiment wouldn't hold still for it. People didn't want to kill the birds.

The town of Riverhead paid dearly for this mistake.

Casting about for "humane" ways of chasing the plague, the Town Board heard about a sticky chemical which, according to its manufacturer, birds hated to get on their feet. With high hopes, the Board had the gummy brown substance sprayed into the sycamores. A heavy rainstorm followed. The rain washed the gunk down onto the sidewalks. It was like walking on flypaper. The sidewalks had to be sanded so people could get to the stores.

Meanwhile, the starlings were still roosting in the sycamores. Their raucous screeching seemed now to have a derisive sound. The joke was plainly on Riverhead. Enraged, the town decided on drastic action: cut down the sycamores. When the huge trees were hauled away, Main Street was no longer beautiful. Its distinctive character was all gone. But so was the plague, the merchants thought.

But that was only what they thought. The starlings simply took to roosting on the store-front ledges. Today they're still there, but it will take 30 years to grow replacement trees.

Mount Vernon, New York, is another town that now wishes it had shot the starlings to begin with. In its search for other methods, Mount Vernon heard of an interesting fellow from Kansas, named Otto Standke. Standke was a professional bird chaser; but, unlike Dr. Frings, he kept his methods to himself. His secret, he said, was in a small double-locked metal box which he carried with him on every job. Some believed there was considerably more hokum than science in this box, but they had to admit Otto Standke got results. He'd successfully chased pigeons, starlings and crows from farms and cities all over the Midwest.

Mount Vernon's Mayor Joe Vaccarella wrote to Standke and told him there was $4,000 waiting for him if he could chase the plague out of town. Standke arrived, and in garb as well as mission he brought to mind the Pied Piper who rid Hamelin of its rats. He was a wiry, fierce-eyed old man. He wore light-colored shoes, baggy corduroy pants riddled with holes and a red checkered cap. On his bright blue tie was a golden pin with the legend, "The Bird Man." From a cord around his neck hung a mysterious metal tube, roughly the size and shape of the cardboard core

TRUE

"Frankly, Miss Simms, this is the kind of Peace Corps 'first' we could do without."

inside a roll of paper towels. In his hands were two flexible aluminum paddles. In his mouth was a well-chomped cigar.

While Mount Vernon's citizens watched skeptically, Standke began a twilight stroll up and down streets, across lawns and driveways. He slammed the metal paddles together, making a fearful racket. Occasionally, with unguessable purpose, he touched one of the paddles to the metal tube dangling from his neck. His cigar left an aromatic trail in the still evening air.

For a long while nothing happened. The starlings stayed in the trees overhead, listening with interest to the clang of the paddles. The more skeptical among the audience began to jeer and guffaw. Then, suddenly, several hundred starlings took off from one of the trees. Another flock followed, and another. All jeering stopped. As Standke's audience watched in bug-eyed amazement, every last starling lifted out of the trees and flapped off into the dusk.

To this day, nobody knows just what Otto Standke does to make birds go away. Some guess he uses the clanging paddles to scare them temporarily and to divert people's attention while, in secret, he sprinkles drugged birdseed on the ground to make them sick and drive them into the woods to recuperate. Perhaps they die in the woods, or perhaps the experience scares them from the seeded area permanently. Others guess his cigar is what drives them off. His mysterious double-locked box may contain poisons, cigars, or simply his pajamas and toothbrush.

Hokum or science, however, it didn't work in Mount Vernon. The starlings were back the following day. Standke tried more treatments, but the stubborn birds kept coming back for more. Mount Vernon's present mayor, P. Raymond Sirignano, who inherited the mess last year after running for office on a militant anti-bird ticket, gloomily tells the end of the story: "Standke went away, but the starlings are still here." He went away, of course, without his $4,000.

Mayor Sirignano is not a man to beat about the bush. When I asked him what measures his town was now using against Schieffelin's Plague, he didn't hesitate a second. Said he: "We're shooting them." That's the kind of man this country needs more of.

It also needs more men like Otto Standke—who, whether or not his methods are 100 percent successful, at least thinks clearly on the subject of birds. He's anti-bird, pro-people. Happily, we're likely to see more men of his persuasion in years ahead. The bird-chasing business is growing, particularly in cities, where building owners are finally getting fed up with their long, futile battle with birds, bird feeders and bird protectors.

The king of the urban bird chasers is Howard P. Norden, president of the New York firm, Electrepel, Inc. He's a big, hard man with snow-white hair, massive eyebrows and a vague resemblance to actor Boris Karloff. His system is to string wires around building roofs and ledges so as to create a static field in which birds get a non-lethal electric shock. Many of the nation's most famous buildings are bird-free because of him. His latest job was his biggest: he bird-proofed the U. S. Capitol in Washington, D. C. Other big jobs: New York City Hall, Madison Square Garden, and the Washington (D.C.) Cathedral.

Norden doesn't actually hate birds; he simply likes buildings more. "It makes you mad," he growls, "when a lot of men spend a lot of effort to create a good-looking building, and then the birds fly in and mess it up." He proudly shows visitors a pair of before-and-after pictures of a job he did on Saint Ann's Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, but it's the "before" picture he dwells on longest. He gazes at it morosely. The twin-towered building is black with pigeons and smeared with droppings, as though somebody had overturned a huge vat of gummy grayish-white paint on it. "They cleaned the building before we went to work on it," he says. "Know how much pigeon dirt they took off each one of those towers?" He taps the picture with a big pair of black-rimmed glasses. "Three tons."

Yet while Howard Norden and his men are up on the roofs and ledges, chasing birds away, old ladies are down in the city parks, feeding them. While the entire air industry curses them as an increasing hazard, other women feed them in the suburbs. And while the U. S. Navy struggles with the gooney birds of Midway, a woman president of a bird-watching society in Tulsa writes, "I think it's a shame, what you are doing to the albatrosses. If you don't stop, those beautiful birds will soon be extinct."

Amen. Let's hope she's right.

—Max Gunther

Devil Bear of Hell's Hole

[*Continued from page 39*]

acoustics down here make it tough. Let's keep moving."

We separated, looking for ways down. Following Budge Wilcox, I presently found myself at a point from which there seemed no return. Behind us towered a slope too steep for anything but a goat to climb. A thin game trail vanished into near-vertical rock walls on either side of us. Even after we'd smoked and rested a bit, it still looked bad.

Finally Budge said, "Our only way is down."

Clutching even the smallest stems of brush and using the seat of my pants as a brake, I followed the old-timer feet first and inches at a time until we reached what appeared to be another dead end.

That's when we heard the high chop-chop of a hound dog in a hurry, faint and very far away.

This time we sat for a long while as the afternoon ticked away and we strained to hear the dog again. But the wind was all we heard. Now the canyon was falling under deep blue shadows and total darkness wouldn't be too far behind.

"We'll have to find a spot big enough and level enough to spend the night," Budge said.

It was slow, painful going but we found our spot about 200 yards below where a tiny spring-fed brook had undercut its bank to form a sort of cave. And here, with fresh lion sign all about, we spent a cold, cold night with dinner a candy bar apiece.

By midnight we gave up trying to sleep and huddled close to a fire of pine twigs.

"You ever been down here before?" I asked Budge.

"Not for a long, long time. When we first came to this country I had an experience I'll never forget. Some say black bears aren't mean and won't attack, but on that first trip I found out different.

"I was exploring the canyon and I'd gone as far as I could on my pony—so I tied her and traveled on foot. It was a blistering hot day and I dropped down into a deep wash, hoping to find a pool of water. That's when I practically stumbled over a mule-deer carcass with a bear standing right on top of it.

"The minute he saw me he growled and came head on. No hesitation, no sparring, no nothing. I was wearing a six-gun then and in all the years I carried it, I never had more urgent need for it. I dropped the bear only a few feet away."

"That was close," I commented. "Did you always run into bears down here?"

"Not face to face like that. But I never saw half as much bear sign anywhere else."

Except for the gnawing hunger around daybreak, it wasn't too bad a night in the cave. At dawn a light snow began to fall, eventually changing to sleet and finally to a cold drizzle. When we heard nothing after an hour of listening we decided to descend some more.

We side-hilled where deer had made a thin game trail and eventually reached a spine of rock which formed a sort of gate to the canyon. Hell's Hole seemed bottomless beneath the mist covering it. Far beyond we could barely see the pale-orange cliffs of Desolation Canyon.

Budge and I sat wearily atop the spine and that's when I heard, very faintly at first, but unmistakably the bawling of dogs far below. And as we strained to listen, the noise seemed to come closer and closer until it didn't seem far away at all. Then abruptly it faded and I realized it was some strange phenomenon of canyon acoustics.

"Sounded as if they had something up a tree," I remarked as we clawed our way down the face of the rock. One misstep here would mean pitching headlong 500 feet into the bottom. We'd made about half the distance when I dislodged a rock, froze in place and listened to the avalanche I started. But the instant it was quiet again, I heard Don calling from far below. Ten minutes later we joined him on the canyon floor.

Don was a sorry sight; wet to the skin and red-eyed but with wild excitement on his face.

"The dogs have a tremendous bear up a tree about a quarter mile down the creek. Waldo and Willis are with the dogs," he told us with a big grin.

"The dogs kept the bear treed all night," Don continued, "but we couldn't reach them in the dark. Then at first light the bear came down and there was a hell of a fight. Toughy's dead. But the other dogs treed the bear again."

We ran the rest of the way. I remember passing a spot where about half an acre was plowed up and Don shouted that it was where Toughy was killed. My heart began to pound and my lungs were on fire, but I kept running until I could hear hounds baying and Willis urging them to keep it up.

"Watch him, boy, watch him!" he was hollering at Nig and pointing upward.

Even 40 feet above the ground and largely hidden, I could see that the bear was tremendous. And slavering mad. I've seen my share of bruins before, but none ever looked as menacing as this one. Then he started edging downward.

"Watch the bugger!" Willis shouted.

"Give him plenty of room!" someone yelled.

Willis was moving about like a madman, trying to get a clear view of the bear for a shot.

"That bear's fixing to come down and fight again," he shouted above the din. "And I'm afraid he'll kill more dogs."

Nig never stopped barking for a second. The battle-scarred brindle kept trying to claw his way upward into the tree but kept falling back. Somehow Ranger managed to reach the first low branch before he lost his balance and fell back again. Still he kept trying.

Now the bear started backing straight down the tree and the dogs really went crazy. Their barking echoed against the canyon walls until it sounded like a thousand dogs. I half looked around for a tree to climb.

"Better shoot, somebody!" Willis shouted.

Waldo had the only rifle but not much of a target; big as it was, the bear was only a vague moving shape in the dense evergreen and Waldo's shot with the .270 only nicked it in the front leg. The bear roared, bit savagely at the wound . . . and then lost its grasp on the tree.

The bear plunged squarely among the dogs and Willis and I had to scramble frantically to get out of the melee of black bear and dogs. What happened after that was pure bedlam.

The bear gave another terrible roar and charged into the middle of the hounds, whacking about with his good foreleg. I felt a cold chill when I saw the look in that bear's eyes.

I saw Waldo maneuvering for another shot that didn't come. And I heard Willis swear when the brute raked Nig across the neck with long claws and sent Buck sprawling across the turf. I thought the dog was dead for sure, but he bounced right back. Then the bear knocked another dog howling into the air like a basketball. One leg was split wide open.

That big bear seemed to face several directions at once.

"Stay clear, stay clear!" Willis hollered when the bear suddenly tried to break from the ring of dogs.

The bear grabbed Ranger, the skinny bluetick, and tried to bite through his skull. But tired and bloodied as they were, the other dogs came to the rescue. They kept punishing and biting the bear from all sides until Ranger squirmed free.

"Shoot the bastard!" Willis shouted more frantically than ever. "Or he'll kill all the dogs."

At this point the bear backed into the creek. Though he was formidable on the ground, he was positively deadly in the water. This was too much for Willis—with only a .22 pistol he waded in to help his dogs.

For a minute it looked bad for the old bear hunter. He misjudged the depth of the creek which now was running red and lost his footing. I saw him flounder and almost go down as the bear started for him. We jumped forward to help but he was quickly upright again and sputtering. The bear came on, clothed with dogs.

Somehow Willis steadied himself and fired three shots point blank at the bear's head. For several seconds the bear raged about, then suddenly collapsed.

While the dogs kept worrying the bear's carcass the rest of us slumped on the bank to unwind. I felt as weak as a day-old kitten and you could have stirred my knees with a spoon.

Later we revived enough to drag the bear from the creek. It was a tremendous brown-phase black, easily the largest any of us had ever seen. We skinned it, removed the liver and then wearily began the long, steep climb up out of Hell's Hole.

We siwashed it again that night in another cave and broiled strips of bear liver over an open fire. It was actually a comfortable, almost pleasant night, and pleasanter than it had been for the last inhabitant—we found the ashes of an old campfire, bits of woolen cloth, a rusted-out tin can and a few assorted human bones.

"Some poor cowpoke who got lost," Budge suggested.

"Or went bear hunting," Waldo said.

Willis was feeling especially good about the hunt. "We were lucky," he said. "Mighty lucky. I remember a chase on Deserter Creek, over west of here, when I started after an old bear with eight hounds and got back with two. Bear got three of them and I'll never know what happened to the rest. I made enough footprints that time to stretch around the world.

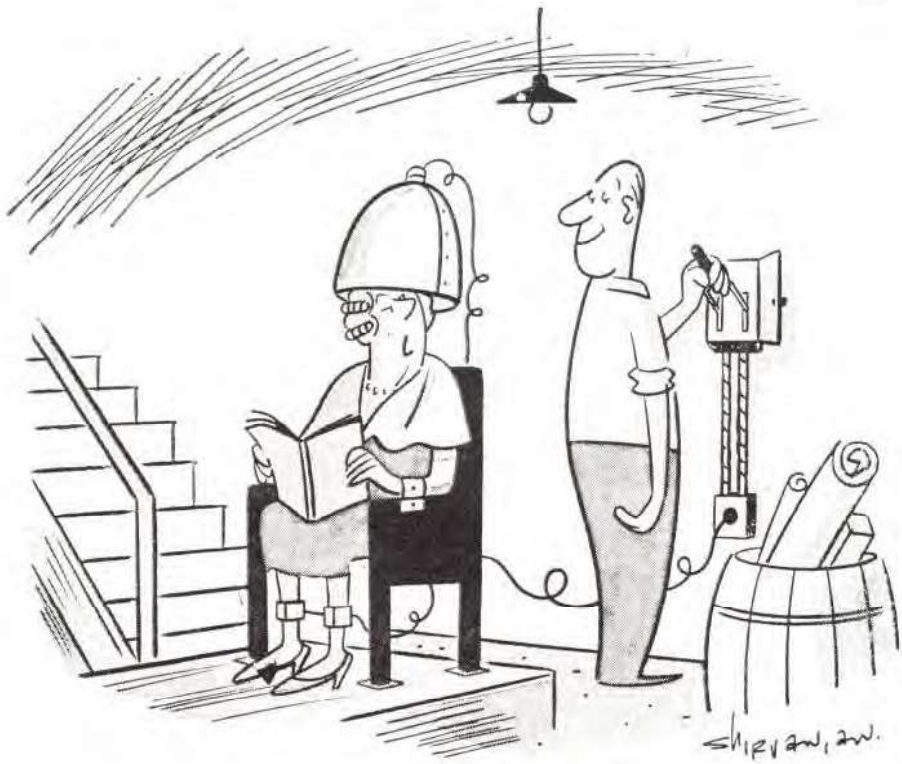
"This time," he continued, "we only lost one—although Pat and Bess won't be worth a hoot for a long time."

There's no way to tell what our bear weighed, but it must have been at least 400 pounds. He wasn't fat as black bears usually are in the fall, but still his green hide squared out at almost 8½ feet, extraordinary for a black. But weight and hide dimensions are unreliable and the only acceptable way of rating any bear is by skull measurements—the length plus the breadth in inches provides the "score."

Back at camp, after we'd boiled the skull, our bear scored 20-5/16 "green" (it would have to dry and shrink for at least 60 days before it could be scored officially), but even so it would land well up in the all-time records. No larger bear ever came out of Utah, so far as I can determine.

Getting ready for a deer hunt seemed anticlimatic now. Willis Butolph gave his pack a day to lick its wounds, then saddled up and pushed on again. I almost wished I were going with him

—Erwin A. Bauer



"Are you sure this dryer is safe?"

What Is This Pig-Faced Monster Doing?

[*Continued from page* 47]

were attacked by rabid bats in Texas and one in California. In 1956, a Texan who had been banding bats as part of a scientific survey developed convulsive seizures and died. In 1959, a California mining engineer who had been searching bat caves for guano deposits died foaming at the mouth. Rabies virus was found in his brain.

Then the U.S. Public Health Service decided to investigate. In 1961, Dr. Denny Constantine was sent to collect bats in southern Texas and stake out experimental animals in the bat caves. Twenty of the animals died of hydrophobia. Last autumn Dr. Constantine sent in a report suggesting that people keep the hell out of the bat caves. . . .

It has long been known that vampire bats often carry rabies but usually the American bats that spread the terrible virus were innocent insect-eating species. How did they become infected? I think I can answer that question for I was one of a party that located vampire bat caves less than 200 miles south of the Texas border. Two hundred miles is no great distance for a bat to cover—some species winter in Bermuda, a flight across open water of 600 miles—and I believe that the vampires are moving north. In fact, the skull of a vampire bat was reportedly found in the debris on the floor of a cave in the Big Bend area of Texas. If an infected vampire bites an insectivorous bat he transmits the rabies and the harmless bat also becomes a menace.

My wife and I heard of vampires living near the Texas border through Dr. Alfredo Tellez Giron, chief of the Animal Pathology Laboratory in Mexico City. It was Dr. Giron who had first isolated derriengue fever in vampires and shown that it caused the death of thousands of cattle. Together with Charles E. Mohr of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, a noted naturalist and expert speleologist, we decided to explore the caves in northern Mexico and find how close the vampires came to the United States.

We drew a blank in the first caves we explored, but near the little town of Valles, we found our first bats.

An Indian family first tipped us off to the vampires. They discussed them as calmly as they would have mosquitoes. Yes, the bats came every night from a cave in the hills to feed on their livestock—and on the Indians too if they didn't barricade themselves in their homes. No, no one had ever died of the bites but if you forgot to seal your door and windows, you might wake up in the morning with the ground under your rope bed splattered with fresh blood. The wounds made by the bats continued to bleed long after the vampires had drunk their fill and departed. No one knows exactly why this is true. It may be because the saliva of the bats contains an anticoagulant that prevents blood from clotting as does the fluid which a mosquito injects in its bite. Or it may be that the bats learn to bite into a vein or artery to make sure of getting a constant flow of blood.

We asked if the cave had ever been explored. "Only the first part," the villagers assured us. "Some years ago a Mexican party set out to find the end but whether they did or not, no one knows. They never came out again."

Unless the vampires are rabid, they will not attack awake human beings. Only when a person is asleep and quiescent will a vampire dare to approach him, so the speleologists had not been killed by the bats. But exploring caves is a tricky business and there are plenty of other ways speleologists can run into trouble. We decided to run no risks. We had miners' helmets with head lamps, plenty of flashlights, and two of the Indians offered to guide us. They took candles and 150 feet of fiber rope, for in several places we would have to be lowered down chasms in the rocks.

The cave was several miles from the village through thick jungle. Our guides led the way to the entrance through a natural amphitheater spotted with the whitened bones of small animals that had made the mistake of spending the night near the cave and had lost so much blood they could not survive.

TAXAX
HOW DO YOU VOTE?
(SEE PAGE 41)

The mouth of the cave was nearly covered by the vines but we were guided to it by a blast of cold air like the draft of an air-conditioned theater. Inside, we lit the carbide lamps and started down a steep slope that led three miles into the earth. Climbing over great boulders and wriggling through narrow passageways as we went on, our guides lit candles and left them sticking to the rocks to mark our path back. They glowed in the intense darkness like tiny fireflies.

Often we encountered crawlways so narrow we had to writhe through them on our bellies. In some places the crawlways were partly filled with water leaking down from the surface. A sudden tropical rain above ground could quickly flood them and this might explain the fate of the missing Mexicans. These passages might be 10 feet or 100 yards long. They might open into a room as big as a closet or so high even our powerful flashlights could not reach the ceiling. Only bats could find their way in the dark through such a lunatic's dream of a place.

When in flight, bats keep up a constant series of shrill squeaks pitched to 40,000 cycles per second. A bat can tell by the echo coming back to him how far he is from an object and locates flying insects by the same method. Spallanzani in 1794 proved that blinded bats can fly between a maze of wires but if their ears were plugged with wax, they crashed. It was not until the 1940's that Robert Galambos was able to prove the existence of the supersonic squeak with instruments. Vampires also use this sonar technique to get about but locate their prey by sight.

So far, we had seen only ordinary insect-eating bats but no vampires. Now we came to a steep slope of slippery mud that ended in a sheer drop, and, after roping ourselves down it, came to a series of dripstone terraces which we climbed like stairs. Then we heard angry, chittering noises. Flashing our lights ahead, we saw tiny figures scampering like goblins up and down the perpendicular walls.

"There they are, *señores*—the evil little men," the guide said, using the local term for vampires.

Unlike ordinary bats, the vampires were reluctant to fly. Using the hooks on the elbows of their wings, they slithered about on the rocks, going faster than a man could run along the level. Some dropped to the floor of the cave where they jumped about like toads. Others fell into pools of water fed by the water dripping from the stalactites but they swam easily, hooking themselves up on the far side and bounding among the formations like rubber spiders.

I took a step forward and found myself standing in a black puddle of what seemed to be oil but which sent up a nauseating odor. It was digested blood—the droppings of the vampires. The pool was surrounded by dermestid beetles eating the awful fluid.

Although the bats seldom took to the air, catching them was quite a job. They would dodge, jump, duck into crevices, or drop like stones to the floor. Wearing heavy gloves, I finally managed to grab one tough old character who fought and screamed as I put him in the collecting bag. Later, I found that he'd sliced two neat little parallel strips in my leather glove with his scapel-sharp incisors.

We managed to catch half a dozen of the vampires and took them back to our hotel. Then came the problem of feeding them, for we wanted to keep them alive long enough to learn something of their habits.

Vampires feed on nothing but blood and they must consume half their weight every 24 hours. In spite of their sinister reputation, they are very nervous. As we'd been told by the villagers that vampires will drink blood from chickens, biting them in the legs, we put some chickens in our room and went out after turning the vampires loose. We took considerable pains to seal every crack, for although a vampire has a 13-inch wingspread and a body three inches long, it can crawl through a crack of only 5/16 of an inch. Even in stables that have been made "batproof" by wire window screening, vampires have reached the horses by crawling through the cracks under the doors.

Next morning, the chickens were in

fine shape and the bats half dead. They'd been too nervous to eat. There was nothing for it but to feed them by hand. This meant killing the chickens, collecting the blood in saucers, and giving it to the bats in an eye-dropper.

The bats screamed, whistled like steam kettles, and bit but eventually they calmed down. I'd raised baby rabbits and squirrels on milk from an eye-dropper but they'd suck it from the end. The bats refused to suck. A vampire would wait until a drop of blood appeared at the tip of the dropper and then he'd stick out his pink, club-shaped tongue and lap it up. Following this system, a bat would drink about two tablespoonfuls of blood and swell like a balloon, becoming so bloated it couldn't fly. Instead, the bat would walk across the floor, using his hind legs and the elbows of his wings for locomotion, crawl up the wall until he got sufficient altitude, and then turn and glide into the dog's traveling box where they slept during the day.

As the management finally objected to having the hotel turned into a flophouse for vampires, we went on to Taxco, about 100 miles south of Mexico City, where we rented a house. Here we could experiment with the bats all we wanted. There was a slaughterhouse nearby that provided us with fresh blood but blood coagulates so rapidly that before we could get a bucket of it home, the blood turned into what looked like raspberry jelly. Dr. Giron finally told us to put the fresh, hot blood in a bottle full of marbles and shake it up as though making a cocktail. The marbles remove the fibrin and the blood will remain liquid if kept under refrigeration. Handy to know if any vampires come calling.

Meanwhile, I read everything I could find on vampires. They are peculiar to this hemisphere. The legend of a blood-sucking ghost is found everywhere and often in connection with some animal like a wolf, a cat or even a horse—never a bat until the conquistadors invaded Mexico. Their horses began dying and the men couldn't understand why until one night a conquistador woke up to find winged creatures sitting on his chest drinking his blood. When the men got back to Europe, they told of finding real, live vampires in the form of bats but no one believed them. As most bats are either insectivorous or fruit eaters, the European scientists laughed at the idea of bats so constituted that they could drink blood.

Charles Darwin definitely proved the existence of vampires by sleeping out in the jungle and letting himself be bitten. After that, there was no more doubt.

But the bats were still regarded as almost supernatural creatures. A Dr. Miller reported that the natives in the Bolivian highlands couldn't keep livestock because of the vampires. The bats also attacked the natives who protected themselves by keeping an oil lamp burning in their huts all night, as vampires don't like light. One man told the doctor, "If it's a question of whether we buy bread or oil for the lamps, we buy oil." Dr. Miller tried to protect his pack mules from the bats by burning a candle but he claims the vampires deliberately put out the flame with their wings and then attacked his livestock. The doctor tried covering the mules with mosquito netting but the bats worked their way through the folds and all his pack animals died. Dr. A. G. Ruthven, of the University of Michigan, reported that when his party was in Colombia, the bats were so bad that when the men awoke in the mornings "everyone was covered with blood."

There was still plenty of mystery connected to the bats. How far did they fly on their nightly forays? Why did sleepers attacked by the bats almost never awaken? Were they beginning to work their way north? How intelligent are they? Exactly how did they go about attacking their victims? I can answer a few of these questions.

When our bats became tame enough to come to us for an eye-dropper full of blood, we decided to experiment with them. I rented a burro belonging to a farmer and turned the little animal loose in our room one evening when the bats were beginning to awaken. They were hanging upside down along the cornice of the room looking like miniature bearskin rugs and I sat down to watch what would happen.

The first bat to take an interest in the burro was the scarred old fellow who'd put up such a fight when I caught him. He'd gone blind in one eye since; I think from shock rather than from an injury. The burro had been in the room only a few minutes when this old fellow began to turn his head slowly from side to side, his pug nose working as though he were scenting the air. Then he saw the burro.

I expected him to take off and settle on the animal but the bat had other ideas. He watched the burro for some time, moving his head back and forth to follow the animal's motions, licking his lips and displaying his long incisor teeth as though getting them ready. He had been hanging to the cornice by his feet but now he slowly felt along the wall with the hooks on the elbows of his wings until he found holds. Then he carefully let go first with one foot and then with the other. He began to move down the wall head first, shifting his wing hooks from one hold to another by feel, never taking his eyes from the burro, literally stalking his prey.

When he reached the same level as the burro he stayed there for nearly half an hour, obviously hoping that the animal would pass close enough so he could jump aboard. But the burro remained in a far corner of the room and eventually the old fellow seemed to realize he'd have to make use of his wings. Gradually he unfolded them but even so he didn't fly. I'd grown tired of watching when suddenly the vampire drifted like a puff of smoke across the room toward the burro. His flight was absolutely noiseless yet in the cave we could easily tell the vampires from the other bats because the vampires flew with a loud swishing noise.

The bat came down on the burro's neck as lightly as a wind-blown leaf and sat there motionless. Then he began to scuttle down the animal's flank. The bat's motion disturbed the burro which swung its head around, teeth flashing as though biting at a fly. The bat quickly shuffled away and waited until the burro turned its head. Then he slowly and cautiously inched his way back. Again, the burro struck at him and again the bat hooked himself rapidly out of reach. This time he tried a different approach but always working his way back to the same spot. Finally he reached the big vein on the burro's neck. He remained there a few moments, grinning and nodding his head as though picking the exact place to strike. Then he raised his head and made a quick flirt with his short neck, immediately backing off. The burro made no

TRUE

"A gourmet, I suppose."

"Being of sound mind and body, I spent it all."

motion but I could see a tiny trickle of blood begin to seep through the coarse hair.

Once sure that his victim felt nothing, the bat slowly moved in toward the wound. He bent forward and I could see the tip of his pink tongue protruding. It flickered in and out so rapidly it was hard to follow the motion. Once the burro became restless and began to move about the room. The vampire instantly retreated to its back and waited until the animal had quieted down again. Then he returned to the wound which had never ceased to bleed. He continued drinking until he was swollen like a Ping Pong ball.

Now bloated with blood, he crawled clumsily down the burro's leg, fell to the floor, and walked awkwardly like a crab across the floor until he came to the wall. There he hoisted himself up a fraction of an inch at a time until he reached the cornice.

The old fellow always returned to the same wound on the burro's neck when feeding. Only one other bat would feed from the burro and he bit the animal on the inside of the left rear leg where there is another large vein. Two of the other bats lit on the burro and made an attempt to bite him but were either stopped by the long hair or shaken off by the animal.

I doubt if a bat knows instinctively where to bite an animal to obtain the maximum amount of blood. He probably tries a number of places until simply by chance he hits a good spot where a vein is near the surface and there is comparatively little sensation. Once he discovers such a place, he will invariably return to it. The bite leaves a typical half-moon scar and Indians tell me that they have poisoned vampires by putting strychnine on such a scar. They also claim that on hunting expeditions a mother vampire takes her young along clinging to her body. The kids learn where to bite their prey from watching mummy. If mother teaches them to feed on cows, the young vampires will be reluctant to attack any other animal as they know where to bite a cow but not a sheep. But if they're hungry enough and there are no cows around, they'll start experimenting.

Vampires undoubtedly become infected with rabies by biting an infected animal. Because of its heavy layers of fat, a vampire can live for several weeks without exhibiting any of the usual symptoms of rabies but anything it bites during this period will become infected. When the bat does pass into the stage usually referred to as hydrophobia, it will attack any living thing in its frenzy.

Because of the possibility of rabies, I never had enough courage to allow one of my bats to bite me but I did talk to a number of Indians who had been bitten and who had seen the bats feed on sleeping humans. They agreed that although the vampires make their distinctive swishing flight sound when leaving their caves in the evening or when flying through the jungle, on approaching a sleeper, their flight suddenly becomes as noiseless as that of a butterfly. They hover over the victim for some time, apparently to make sure that he's asleep, often within a few inches of his face. This trick has given rise to a legend that the vampire fans his victim into a deeper sleep with his wings before attacking. When the bat is confident that his intended blood bank is fast asleep, he alights beside the victim, seldom on him. After a wait, the vampire slowly approaches and makes his attack.

The favorite target for a vampire is the sleeper's toes. None of the Indians had ever heard of a vampire biting a man in the throat, although one might do so by pure chance. A vampire does not bite deeply enough to reach the jugular vein so the usual conception of a giant bat grabbing a man by the throat and draining the blood from him is strictly for Bela Lugosi. The amount of blood lost is generally not great, although because the wound continues to bleed after the bat has finished and as several bats may bite a sleeper in succession, a man may lose enough blood to make him weak and listless the next morning.

It is easy to tell if an individual vampire is an experienced old people-eater or an amateur. The old-timer will go at once to one specific part of the sleeper's body and bite there. If the man is lying at such an angle that the bat can't reach his favorite spot, the vampire will wait until he moves. A young or inexperienced bat will bite the man anywhere. If he doesn't get any blood or if the smart of the bite makes the sleeper move, the bat will scuttle off and wait until the man relaxes and then try again at a different spot. He'll keep up this trial-and-error method until he either finds a good place or until the sleeper wakes.

Any creature capable of this much skill would seem to be very intelligent but, personally, I believe that vampires like a lot of other animals are highly specialized for one job. Within their own special field, they are capable of showing great cunning but in other matters they can be pretty stupid. Although my own vampires became fairly tame, I'm sure they were never able to recognize me and were equally tame with any other human being. They certainly never learned to come when called and never did anything that showed any particular intelligence except in connection with food.

They did, however, have astonishing memories. Although it was a big job to get them to feed from an eye-dropper for the first time, they learned the trick at once and after that would go at once to the tip of the dropper to be fed. Each bat had his own special place in the room where he hung and would always return to exactly that same spot. The Indians told me that once a vampire discovers a place where cattle are penned up at night, he will return to the same spot night after night even though his cave is 10 or 15 miles away.

This would seem to tie in with what I've been able to discover about our own North American insectivorous bats. I've kept several pet bats at my home in Pennsylvania; at the moment I have a brown bat and a little red bat scientifically known as *Pipistrellus*. Both these species have surprisingly good memories. One evening the little *Pipistrellus* found a crack in a corner of our living room that led into the rest of the house and was lost for three days. He turned up unexpectedly flying around the dining room when we had some guests to dinner. The guests saw Pip before we did and called our attention to him. If we'd been three miles away with cotton stuffed in our ears we could have still heard them calling attention to him.

I can't understand why people make such a fuss about a little bat. We recaptured Pip without trouble but ever after —as soon as he was turned loose in the living room—he'd promptly make a dive for the same crack although it was less than two inches long and so narrow that we could hardly get a strip of cardboard through it.

Our Pennsylvania bats also have their pet resting places; Pip sits on a special book in the bookcase and the brown bat always hangs up on the same pictures. North American bats are also capable of finding their home cave by some sort of homing instinct even though they have been transported 50 miles or more away. When the Pennsylvania Turnpike authorities announced some years ago that they would have to fill in a number of bat caves under the highway, conservationists tried to save the bats by moving large numbers of them to more secluded caves and then hurrying back for another load. The bats were back in the same old caves before the conservationists could get there by car.

During the winter, our North American insectivorous bats must either migrate south or hibernate. The vampire does neither as his supply of food is always available so he seldom travels great distances but he can cover a considerable amount of territory if necessary. Vampires were responsible for the terrible outbreak of rabies on Trinidad in 1929 which puzzled scientists, as there were no rabid terrestrial animals on the island. These rabid bats could only have come from the mainland.

As the vampire is a tropical animal, it would seem highly unlikely that they can spread north of the southern states but they can transmit rabies to ordinarily harmless bats and these can go anywhere. A prime possible source of infection are the millions of free-tailed bats in the famous Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico. The authorities there are conscious of the danger and constant checks are conducted to make sure that the bats are free of rabies.

Conservationists are afraid that a "rabies scare" may start a wholesale massacre of harmless bats all over the country. As bats are not only highly beneficial but also interesting little fellows, this would be a real disaster. In 1911, a San Antonio doctor named Charles A. R. Campbell built a "bat roost" some 10 miles south of the city, near Mitchell's Lake. This roost, looking something like a misplaced church steeple, stood 30 feet high and cost $10,000 to construct. For years it housed a colony of over 20,000 bats and many of the older inhabitants of San Antonio are convinced that the roost saved the city from an epidemic of malaria because Dr. Campbell's bats ate the mosquitoes that bred in the shallow waters of the lake.

Also, you never know when bats might come in useful; they were nearly used as our secret weapon to destroy Japan. Scientists discovered that a bat can carry a one-ounce incendiary bomb capable of burning for eight minutes and throwing off a flame 22 inches long. The idea was to drop thousands of bats each equipped with a bomb over Japan. The bats would take refuge in the cracks and crevices of the wooden houses and when the bombs went off, burn down the cities. The plan was approved by Roosevelt, hundreds of bats were captured in Carlsbad Caverns, and everything was set to go.

There isn't much doubt that the plan would have worked. A few of the bats escaped from the experimental station and flew to a nearby air base which they burned to the ground. The commander of the air base called the experimental station and said it was the most remarkably successful experiment he'd ever known. He said a lot of other things too which there's no use putting down here.

Twenty months and $2 million later, the experiment was abandoned. Scientists had discovered a new weapon far more terrible than a bat could possibly be—the atom bomb.

As soon as it's spring, I'm turning my pet bats loose so they can return to their caves far underground. In case of an atomic attack, bats will be among the few living creatures to survive. I'd like to feel that I have done my part in repopulating the world. —**David P. Mannix**

He Unlocked Nature's Fort Knox

[*Continued from page* 49]

The four men with Stander were Frank Keller, a railway brakeman from California; J. J. Clements, a drifter from New York; Frank Phiscator, a Michigan farmer, and Jay Whipple, the only experienced prospector in the group.

Off to the right of their camp a small, heavily wooded gulch ran to the south of Bonanza Creek. It was like a thousand other scrawny gulches that spread like crooked fingers over this brooding land stretching away and upward toward the remote blue fastness of the Mackenzie Mountains. The freshets from melting snow were gone now and only a mere trickle seeped through the fallen leaves and over the moss-covered network of roots in the bottom of the gulch. It was the least promising of places. Many a prospector and trapper had walked by it and left it to sleep, as it had through all eternity.

After drinking his scalding tea, Antone Stander, the dark handsome Austrian, said, "I'm going to walk up this gulch a ways. I've got to take one last look." His words carried little conviction.

Jim Clements, a thin, hawk-faced man replied, "Stander, you're a damn fool. Here we are with hardly enough grub to get back to Forty Mile, a hell of a snowstorm coming, and you go for a walk up another one of these damn gulches."

"He's right, Tony," said Jay Whipple, the old prospector. "We ain't got much time t'lose. I've been out on these creeks before when the williwaw hits. We better make tracks—down country."

Frank Phiscator sat silently by. He had worked his way across a continent carrying mail on horseback in order to earn enough to come north. To turn back now would mean dismal defeat. He had nothing left but a few prospecting tools, his worn out boots and ragged clothes, and the motheaten sheepskin that hung over his despondent shoulders.

Frank Keller spoke up then, "I'll go with you, Tony. What the hell difference does it make—one more gulch, one more day?"

So Keller and Antone Stander took a short hike up an unnamed gulch that was later to become known as Eldorado Creek—*the richest placer creek on the face of the earth.*

The five men had been combing the watershed of the Klondike River for weeks, searching for a prospect good enough to stake a claim. A few colors in a pan was all that they had found; just enough to tantalize them and keep them going. Now the Canadian forests were ablaze with color and the nights were frosty cold. In another few months the sun would dip below the southern horizon and there would begin the long night with its sub-zero cold, and dagger winds that could freeze a man to death in less than an hour if he was caught unprepared. Even now the gusts along Bonanza Creek spoke with unmistakable certainty of the few short weeks left before this land would be caught in the grip of an Arctic winter.

Frank Phiscator finally spoke up, "I'll stay, Tony. One more day. Then I'm headin' back."

"I still say you're a fool, Stander," Clements declared hotly. "One more day could mean the difference of getting back alive or being caught out here in a blizzard with no shelter but the clothes on our backs."

"I'm still going to take one last look," Stander said stubbornly. As he walked away carrying a pick and shovel, Frank Keller followed, carrying only a mining pan. The other three sat by their fire and watched them go. . . .

Antone Stander (or Standard as he sometimes spelled it) was born June 16, 1867 in the Province Unterkrien, District of Litte, Austria. At 21 he landed in New York City with exactly $1.75 in his pocket. The young Austrian spoke no English but possessed that which was to become incalculably more precious to him than the ability to speak this language; he was gifted with a brand of courage that was an alloy of determination, uncontrolled wanderlust, stubbornness, and confirmed optimism, without which he would have turned back many times before he reached Eldorado Creek that 1st day of September in 1896.

Once in New York, Stander became obsessed with one ambition: to go west, to mining country. He started walking . . . 3,000 miles across a continent.

When Stander got as far as Browns Park, Colorado, the soles of his shoes were worn through so he had to earn some money before he could go farther. He got a job doing what was most familiar to

him, herding sheep. There on the lonely sheep ranches he heard stories of Cripple Creek and Leadville; from the creek and mountains where fortunes were being blasted out or washed from the placers. He bided his time, herding sheep; little knowing that he was to play the key role in the most fantastic gold strike of all time.

Strangely enough it was not in a gold mine but a Colorado coal mine that Stander did his first mining. There he learned how to sink a shaft, how timbers were used to secure dangerous ground, how drill-steel was sharpened and blasting powder used. But the gold fever in its most violent form still tugged and tormented him.

How immeasurably small are events sometimes that change the course of a man's life. Two days before Antone Stander was to quit the coal mines and strike out for Cripple Creek, he mentioned his plans to one of the miners working the night-shift with him. The miner, who had been to Cripple Creek, said, "Go there and you'll be doing just what you're doing now—running a muckstick for somebody else. That country's all staked. You'll not find one foot of open ground."

In his *The Devil's Dictionary*, Ambrose Bierce said, "Advice is the smallest current coin." Later someone shortened it to "Advice is cheap." It was certainly not so in Stander's case, for the coal miner that night gave him what was probably the most valuable piece of advice since an almost forgotten day when an obscure London physician told Cecil Rhodes to go to South Africa for his health.

The miner advised Stander, "Why not hit out for some new country. Some place that hasn't been pawed over by every Cousin-Jack or his brother. A place like —Alaska, or Canada. . . ."

The epic adventure of Antone Stander began in Juneau during the summer of 1895. There, in the seacoast town, rumors had been heard of gold being found in the vast reaches of the Yukon Valley, far to the north. Nothing tangible, nothing definite, only a rumor. Men like Robert Henderson, Arthur Harper, and George Holt had gone over the blue mountains that rimmed the sub-Arctic country, and stories of their wanderings were brought back by Indians and traders, told and retold, and always the whisper of gold ran like a deep undercurrent through the conversations of those who stood and looked and waited. For like a grim challenge, thrown into the teeth of those who might venture beyond the seacoast, Nature had flung a wall, a string of mountains that towered to impassible heights for a thousand miles into the Arctic. Through this formidable wall was one small notch—a pass bordered by sleeping glaciers, and avalanches that thundered and threatened anyone fool enough to try to pass over it. This was the Chilkoot, the forbidding gap beyond which a man could lose himself forever in the great coil of rivers, unnamed inlets; swamps that stretched for immeasurable miles to purple mountains barred with everlasting snow.

Antone Stander crossed the Chilkoot Pass in the spring of 1896. At the same time four other prospectors were making their tortuous way northward. Their names: Whipple, Clements, Keller and Phiscator. Destiny had decreed that they would join Stander that summer to prospect in the watershed of the Indian and Klondike Rivers. . . .

TRUE

"I'm proud to make your acquaintance, sir."

A few hundred feet up the gulch that branched off Bonanza Creek, Antone Stander said to Frank Keller, "I'm going to dig a hole."

Keller said, "What 'n hell for? That's all we been doing for the last three months—digging holes in this rotten muck. You're wasting your time."

Stander replied, "I'm going to dig *through* the muck this time and see what's underneath. There's got to be gravel somewhere in this gulch, and under the gravel, bedrock. If I can dig through to bedrock, just once, I'll be satisfied."

"You'll never make it, Tony," Keller declared. "You don't have strength enough left to dig through the frozen muck."

What Keller had said was the key to the whole paradox of the Klondike, the reason why its golden treasure had remained locked away since that day, eons before, when it had eroded from the veins of the motherlode. For the original stream beds, where the greatest concentrate of gold bearing gravel lay, had long ago been buried by a great blanket of decayed vegetation and muskeg, or "muck," as the prospectors dubbed it. Then, throughout the ages, as the streams shifted in their courses, the concentrate of gold became less and less because most of the rich, gold-bearing ore had already eroded away. Sometimes the present day streams carried only a slight trace of flour gold, just enough to keep the prospectors going on their relentless search.

The muck that blanketed the Klondike country was soft and easily dug on the surface during the months of the summer thaw, but a few inches below the surface the permafrost kept it frozen solid. Digging through it was like digging through tough rock. This was the barrier, sometimes a few feet through, sometimes as much as 50 feet deep, that stood between the prospector and the fabulous riches that lay in the ancient gravel stratas on bedrock.

As usual Stander dug quickly through the top layer of muck and struck the frozen layer beneath. Hour after hour he swung his pick, chipping away, inch by inch. Frank Keller sat on a log and watched him dig.

At gray noon that day, Whipple, Clements and Phiscator reluctantly joined them, carrying their scant remaining supplies. Stander stopped his digging long enough to eat. He later wrote in his diary, "Our dinner that day consisted of flapjacks, tea and bacon. We exhausted our bacon and made sad inroads into what is left of our flour. We cannot keep this up much longer."

After eating, Whipple again urged Stander to give up the hole and head back for Forty Mile. For the first time, Stander lost his temper. "Damn you, Whipple!" he said. "If you don't like what I'm doing—go on about your business. There's plenty of room in this country. I'm going to stay until I can take a pan of gravel." With that he re-

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"I just drink enough to keep my wife looking fuzzy!"

turned to the hole and began to dig with renewed determination. The others refused to help, waiting for him to exhaust what little energy he had left before he would consent to turn back.

Two hours later Stander broke through the muck into frozen gravel. It was too fine, he thought, to contain a prospect, but he chipped loose enough to take a pan to a pool of water from a seep nearby where he thawed it.

The four other men gathered around as he panned the gravel, washing the lighter pebbles and sand from the surface. Slowly and carefully he panned. Even if there were only a few tiny colors he didn't want to risk losing them. Any telltale trace would be encouragement enough to dig deeper.

Finally there was nothing left in the pan but a handful of black sand. Then with a circular motion, so the water gradually washed the black sand to one side, Tony Stander held his breath. In a few seconds he would know whether he had traveled 8,000 miles, and seemingly endless days, for nothing.

Then the flecks of gold began to appear. First one—then two—then half a dozen. More and more blinked at him until he couldn't count them any longer. They ranged in size from mere specks to flakes as large as Bull Durham tobacco. A quarter of a teaspoon of gold was in that first pan—at least five or six dollars worth! And he had dug it from the very *top* of the gravel strata! The thought of what lay on bedrock made the blood pound in his head. He'd hit it! Unbelievably rich!

"Holy jumpin' Judas!" cried Jay Whipple when he saw what was in the pan. "Give me that pick!" Together the five men rushed back to Stander's hole, almost knocking each other over in their eagerness to dig deeper.

The second pan was even better. The third told them that wealth beyond their wildest dreams lay beneath their feet. Quickly they set about staking their claims.

Canadian mining laws allowed them each to stake one claim on a creek, 500 feet long and stretching from rimrock to rimrock on each side. Stander staked the "Discovery Claim," later known as Claim No. 3. Whipple took Claim No. 1; Phiscator, No. 2; Clements, No. 4; Frank Keller, No. 5; and then Stander, hoping to stretch the Canadian mining law a bit, staked No. 6 in addition to his Discovery Claim. In former years it had been customary for the government to allow a man to stake two claims, but unfortunately for Stander such was not the case now. Later in that month of September a man by the name of Halstead found that five men had staked six claims on a gulch forking off of Bonanza Creek. Upon examining the claim notices he found that Antone Stander's name was on two of them. With the present law clearly on his side Halstead took 10 minutes to restake Stander's Discovery Claim. Thereafter the story was told in the mining camps that Halstead made $100,000 a minute for his time. That was the amount of gold taken from No. 3 the first year he worked it.

Stander did not learn of his loss until later, for he and his companions started immediately for Forty Mile. There, exhausted and broke, Stander set out to get a new grubstake; one that would carry him through the winter so that the following spring he could return to his claims.

No one in Forty Mile knew Stander, and the Post was now being infiltrated with a new breed of men that the sourdoughs called "cheechakos." Antone Stander was no longer a cheechako; he had been to the creeks and returned to stake a claim. But he was dead broke, with the Arctic winter staring him in the face. He could find no one in Forty Mile who would listen to him. The men at the Post had gone mad with the fever to stake a claim of their own. Finally in desperation Stander approached Clarence Berry, a vigorous young farmer from California working in McPhee's Saloon as a bartender.

"I'll need a grubstake until spring," Stander told Berry. "I'll repay you with 15 percent interest (the going rate on loans made in the Klondike during the early years of the rush).

Berry was a shrewd judge of character and he listened carefully to Stander's story. There was something about the young Austrian that inspired confidence in Berry. When Stander was through, Berry said, "No, I won't lend you the money, but I'll tell you what I *will* do. Last month I went up Bonanza and staked No. 40 Above. That's the closest I could get to Carmack's Discovery Claim. I'll trade you half interest in No. 40, and grubstake you to boot, for half interest in your No. 6 on Eldorado."

Stander was no fool. He knew that Berry had little faith in the claim he'd staked on Bonanza, but with his back against the wall there was little else he could do but accept Berry's offer. That trade was to make Berry one of the richest men in the Yukon.

Once he had a grubstake, Stander could no longer force himself to wait until spring. After the first snowfall he built a sled and loading his supplies he started for Eldorado Creek, dragging the sled behind him, lugging it up and down the slippery flanks of gulches, through the underbrush and over fallen timber. There were times when he was compelled to unload the sled and carry the supplies on his back for a mile or more before reloading them. Each night he was forced to sleep in the snow, rolled up in a fur robe Berry had loaned him.

During the days he soon found the danger in being too warmly dressed, as he labored with the sled. More than one cheechako froze to death on the trail, bundled up in a fur coat that had become wet with sweat and froze when he tried to spend a night in the pitiless cold without shelter.

Two weeks after leaving Forty Mile, Stander stood once again at the spot where he had dug his first hole. It was then he discovered his original claim had been jumped. He was annoyed, of course, but he was in no mood to lament his error or contest the loss of his claim, because it was a chance he had taken—and lost. He continued dragging the sled up the gulch to his still valid No. 6 Claim.

Once there, his first job was to make a camp suitable to survive the coming winter. Working only with an ax he set about at once building a one-room cabin out of spruce poles. This done, he went to work cutting wood, for he knew he would need cords of it, not only to heat his cabin, but also to thaw the frozen muck and gravel in the holes he intended to sink to bedrock.

He worked throughout the short, daylight hours, now growing ever shorter, and into the long nights by the light of a campfire. The howling, wind-driven snow, when it came, never fazed him. Nothing could hinder him now from becoming a rich man; he needed only time and the muscles of his arms and back. The gold in unbelievable quantities lay beneath his feet, frozen in a bed of gravel, the depth of which he could only surmise.

At night, lying snug in his fur robe, waiting for sleep to come, he thought of the treasure beneath him, waiting to be freed. Nuggets and dust, like the warm glow of sunlight, buried in darkness for untold ages, waiting . . . .

At last the cabin was done. It was warm and snug, chinked with moss. In one end he laid up a fireplace out of stone. He built a bed of saplings and a chair of bent birch limbs. At one side of the cabin was a mountain of chopped firewood. Now he was ready to sink a hole. To see what Eldorado held in its frozen fist.

It took him 12 days to reach bedrock, 10 feet below the surface. In the first pan he scraped off the bottom, scarcely a shovelful of gravel, he panned over four ounces of coarse gold. At $100 a pan it didn't take Antone Stander long to figure out he'd be a millionaire, perhaps many times over, long before he could work out No. 6 on Eldorado . . .

Clarence Berry joined Stander in the middle of November and by spring they had 15 holes dug to bedrock. The gravel from the holes, shot through with nuggets like raisins in a pudding, lay piled beside the holes, waiting the spring thaw when there would be sufficient water in the creek to run it through a sluice-box.

That spring Stander and Berry were offered $1 million cash for their claim. They wisely turned it down. The first year's cleanup netted almost that amount —and they had scarcely scratched the surface . . . .

"Great is Eldorado!" declared the *Klondike News*. "Bonanza, Hunker and Dominion are also great, and cover many miles of gravel beds, but the five miles of Eldorado contain more wealth than all these combined!

"Nowhere in the world is there such a fabulous gold bearing strata of

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Antone Stander had become a rich man. So rich, in fact, that he himself didn't know the extent of his wealth. Together with Clarence Berry he had bought Claims No. 4 and 5 from J. J. Clements and Frank Keller, along with several other claims along Bonanza Creek.

But now a not altogether unfamiliar metamorphosis set in. Like many another man who had skyrocketed to wealth, whose fiber was hard and tough in poverty, Stander could not handle his sudden and sumptuous fortune. He soon became known as one of the "stars" of Dawson's Front Street, swaggering, half drunk, up and down the board walk, a watch chain of heavy gold nuggets draped across the vest of his fine, tailor-made suit.

Dawson had now become a boom town, a cosmopolitan city where everything from truffles to tea roses could be bought for a price.

With curly hair slicked down with pomade, Stander divided his time between the Bank Saloon, the Aurora, the Pioneer and Dominion Clubs; the Monte Carlo and Belinda Mulroney's Road House built at the forks of Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks. When he bought, he bought champagne, at five ounces of gold for a magnum, calling out in a rich baritone voice, "Drinks for the house!" and pouring his gold carelessly onto the bar from a leather poke.

Stander now no longer worked at his claims but left their management to Clarence Berry who hired other prospectors, down on their luck, to work in the miserable, smoke-filled shafts, thawing and gouging the immemorial gravel of Eldorado's fantastic paystreak.

One night while drinking at Max Endleman's Gold Hill Hotel, Antone Stander saw a thin wisp of a girl with sausage curls and sad brown eyes. She was on a tiny stage off to one side of the bar singing in a soulful soprano voice, "*. . . only a bird in a gilded cage . . .*"

"Who's that woman?" he demanded of the bartender.

"Violet Raymond, one of the Raymond Sisters," the bartender said.

"Call her down here when she gets through singing. I want to meet her."

"Take it easy, Tony," the bartender cautioned. "She's Max Endleman's girl. He'll cut your throat if you get too friendly with Violet."

Stander said, "Tell her I've got a lard bucket full of nuggets for her because I like the way she sings."

A low whistle of amazment escaped from the bartender's lips because he knew Antone Stander was just drunk enough to mean what he said. A lard bucket of nuggets would be worth $25,000 to $30,000, at least.

"I'll get her, Tony," the bartender said, "but you'd better stay clear of Max Endleman."

Antone Stander began his courtship of Violet Raymond with a lard bucket full of nuggets. The next gesture of his affection was even more spectacular. Two weeks after he met Violet Raymond he began buying all the diamonds in the city of Dawson. He went from merchant to merchant, and left word at all the saloons that he was in the market for diamonds—at *double* their current value. He soon had all the diamonds in Dawson that could be bought. Taking them to a jeweler he had them fashioned into a necklace that would hang to her knees, and on the night he proposed to her he presented her with the necklace.

Violet Raymond tearfully kissed Max Endleman good-by. After all, what woman could resist such a display of affection.

But Antone Stander was not satisfied. To seal the bargain he gave his Violet $20,000 in gold dust (gold dust being anything smaller than grain corn). They were married in the summer of 1897.

After marrying Violet Raymond the fortunes of Antone Stander began to fade. He was a violently jealous man and suffered the torment of hell, thinking that his wife had been "possessed by other men" before their marriage.

On their honeymoon to the Orient, aboard the steamship *Humboldt*, Stander took along a thousand pounds of gold as "pocket money." A reporter for the *San Francisco Examiner*, covering the departure, said that Violet insisted on going ashore before sailing time for one last shopping spree but Antone was afraid to leave his gold behind in the stateroom. According to the reporter, "It was hard to tell which Stander guards more jealously, his bride or his gold."

The honeymoon was indicative of what was to follow. Violet could not resist the drug—the food on which she had survived during her adult life: the attention of men. One evening after dinner she left Antone to take a walk around the deck with a stranger who had made frequent passes at her. That night in their luxurious stateroom Stander, enraged, tried to cut her to pieces with a pocket knife. Only her agility and, presumably, her conversational ability saved her. Stander quieted down and the honeymoon resumed.

Back from the Orient, Antone and his bride settled in Seattle. There Violet soon learned the extent of the power she held over her volatile husband, and little by little she exercised that power to gain control over the wealth that poured out of the Klondike. But the paystreak could not go on forever and gradually the mine receipts began to dwindle and dwindle. Finally, the cornucopia ran dry.

When his wife deserted Antone she took with her the remnants of his fortune, including the Stander Hotel in Seattle which he had built with the gold from Eldorado. Stander deeded her the hotel in order to get "drinking money," so that he might try to forget that glorious day when he took one last look up an unnamed gulch that branched off Bonanza. But he could not forget.

Antone Stander was broke, but there still burned within him a tiny spark of the once fierce flame of determination. He would go north again, to seek another Eldorado.

To pay for his passage he worked, peeling potatoes, in the galley of a ship that he could once have bought for a plaything. He got only as far as Sitka where he died in the Pioneer's Home, penniless —an almost forgotten man.

—Alfred Eliot Gaumer

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The Investment You Can Hang on the Wall

[Continued from page 62]

have combined to make the great American audience highly conscious of old-time shootin' irons.

Besides the Paterson, another perennial headliner among blue-chip guns is the Walker Colt, a brute of a revolver over 15 inches long which weighs four and a half pounds unloaded and was never meant for quick-draw firing.

Not too many of these relics are kicking around and they have always managed to command a stiff price. The dean of American antique arms dealers, F. Theodore Dexter, tells me that way back in 1911 he asked $500 for a Walker, quite a passel of money in those days. In 1962 Bob Abels, the well-known New York arms dealer, had a plain iron one for sale, unengraved and without case or accessories. The asking price was a formidable $7,000. Not all guns worth collecting need be costly, by the way, but let's dispose of the expensive ones first.

A kissin' cousin of the Walker, only a trifle smaller, is the Model 1848 Colt Dragoon. Until 1927 these were available for from $20 to $35. By 1960 good ones were bringing up to $500 and by 1962 closer to $1,000. Last year Abels had a London Dragoon, Third Model with English scroll engraving, and what made it special outside of a permanently attached shoulder stock was the fact that Sam Colt himself had presented it to the Maharaja of Jodhpur a long time ago. Anybody could have bought it to start a collection and all he'd have needed was a certified check for $7,500.

Cased Colt 1860 Army models with cylinder engraving still distinct and numbered parts matching, accompanied by the genuine Colt flask and accessories, bring heavy money today. The same is true of the Colt 1851 Navy, one of the cleanest designed and best balanced of all these guns. Even the smaller models such as the Root Colt (1855) and the 1849 Pocket Revolver, engraved and in top condition, sell well up into the hundreds of dollars.

Certain Winchester rifles have enjoyed the same remarkable price rise but it's only been during the past decade that they've hit their stride. There are two models in big demand, the 1873 marked "One of One Thousand" and the 1876 "One of One Hundred," rifles culled out at the factory due to their extreme accuracy. Dexter tells me that as recently as 1940 he sold one of each of the above to a single customer for $37.50 apiece. In 1960 this same brace sold for $9,000. Maybe, if you're a Wall Street wizard, you've run across growth stocks to match that skyrocketing climb but *I* haven't.

The One of One Thousand gained a lot of prestige as a collector's item due to nationwide plugging by the late great Steve Hannegan in connection with the film *Winchester '73*. But Winchesters don't necessarily have to fall into that limited-edition class to bring home the bacon. A regular Model 1873 elaborately

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engraved by the factory artist of the era, J. Ulrich, and signed by him on the tang, might bring up to $4,000 today. If such a gun has been owned by a noted character of the Old West, the price shoots up some more. It has then become the much sought after "association item."

Two forerunners of the Winchester repeater, the Volcanic and the Henry rifle, both bring a premium today and deserve a place in any serious collection. The Volcanic was the first of the tubular magazine rifles, created in the 1850's, and the Henry came along a decade later.

The Winchester I like the best is the Model 1866 carbine, a brass-framed repeater known as the Yellow Boy which blazed a name for itself across the Wild West. It was an improvement on the Henry after Oliver Winchester bought out the patents and hired Tyler B. Henry to help redesign the gun.

The Yellow Boy was present at the Battle of the Little Big Horn on the wrong side of the fence. About 30 percent of the attacking Indians had either the Henry or the 1866 while the Seventh Cavalry had only the Army Springfield .45-70 single-shot carbine, a weapon which had a nasty habit of getting fouled up from sustained firing with black powder, so that the action might fail to open at a crucial moment.

You can still buy a fair Winchester 1866 for $150 or less if you look hard enough, and a decent Henry at $300 to $400 would be a good buy. The Volcanics, scarcer, run higher.

Another historical American weapon much in favor is the Pennsylvania flintlock long rifle, less accurately known as the Kentucky. An aura of pioneer glamor surrounds this type of relic which had so much to do with carving our nation out of the wilderness in the hands of crusty old Dan'l Boone and his ilk. When I was a boy in Ohio you could pick up a really handsome Kentucky for $50 to $100. Today one of the same top quality, made of tiger-striped maple with fancy brass patchbox and silver or brass inlays, might set you back from $500 to $1,200 depending on condition and the name of the maker.

The same type rifle in percussion—and frequently very handsome ones—can often be bought for under $350 and make worthwhile additions to any collection. Kentucky flintlock pistols, much scarcer than the long guns, are very expensive.

I think it's a wonderful thing that we Americans prize our native weapons so highly but where investment buying is concerned I don't consider the old Colts to be bargains at the moment.

They are priced now out of all proportion to the fine hand-crafted arms of Europe's master gunsmiths. Unlike the ancient wheellocks, flintlocks and miquelets, they were produced in enormous quantities to be sold cheap. I get awfully tired hearing how rare such and such a Colt is when factory records indicate that 2,500 Patersons were produced, 1,100 Walkers, and 19,500 Dragoons in the three American models, not counting the London ones. There were also 15,000 Old Model Pocket Pistols, 40,000 New Models, 215,000 Model 1851 Navies, 200,000 Model 1860 Armies and 47,000 Model 1862 New Police turned out at the factory. And that's only a partial list.

I think we have to face the fact that the Colt revolver was meant as a service weapon—and as such was sturdy, rough and ready. Only a handful were ever really magnificently engraved or inlaid with gold and since these were usually given to royalty they now repose in museums and are not the concern of the individual collector. Many of the best of the presentation Colts were displayed recently at the Wadsworth Atheneum and some outstanding ones were reproduced in TRUE's July, 1962, issue.

The guns to collect at the moment, to my mind, are the fine European antiques, completely handmade weapons ranging from the intricate wheellocks of the 16th century to the dazzling cased percussion dueling pistols of the early and mid-19th century. These are works of art of a high order and the best of them are as fine in design and execution as any old master painting or renaissance bronze sculpture. From an investor's viewpoint they give you very solid value per dollar.

Among the most interesting of the ancient guns is the wheellock, a weapon whose ingenious firing mechanism was invented by the brilliant Leonardo da Vinci in his spare moments, although there are some skeptics who attribute it to Kiefuss of Nürnberg in 1517. To set off the priming powder a piece of pyrites (fool's gold) was held in the jaws of a "dogleg" which pressed it against a serrated steel wheel. A strong spring activating the wheel was wound with a spanner so that when the trigger was released the rough-edged wheel spun against the pyrites, rather like a modern cigarette lighter, and eventually the gun went off.

Some of the wheellock rifles were massive weapons weighing as much as 22 pounds, but there was also a light streamlined model called the Tschinke or Venetian rifle which weighed seven pounds and was so accurate it could kill a rabbit at 100 yards.

Most of the surviving wheellocks are fancy ones, handed down through the ages as family heirlooms. The best of them have full stocks inlaid from stem to stern with intricate designs in bone, ivory or mother-of-pearl in the shape of stags, boars, bears, wolves and other beasts of the chase. Some of them had creatures of mythology, four-legged and two-legged, the latter including sexy nymphs and satyrs with and without fig leaves. Often the gun had a portrait of the owner or his coat of arms emblazoned on an ivory escutcheon countersunk into the stock.

Wheellock rifles at from $500 to $2,000, in good condition and with inlays intact, are excellent buys for the investment collector. They required more man-hours of work than any other type of firearm ever made. To be suitable for inlay the wood itself had to be completely free from moisture and in many cases had been cured for over 50 years. The lock had 50 component parts, all of which had to be made by hand with jewelry precision. At the least, it must have taken a gunsmith and his apprentices two years to turn out a single fine fully-ornamented wheellock rifle and consequently it is worth every penny that you pay for one today—if you can find one. Even the simplest wheellocks were so expensive to make that only the multimillionaires of the time could afford one. One of the best to appear on the market in recent times was a rare 16-shot combination wheellock and matchlock, German *circa* 1610, which was included in the Bivens Collection in 1962. It was offered at $9,500, being almost unique in its field.

Wheellock pistols, called dags, are equally handsome and colorful weapons, also inlayed magnificently from tip to toe. Most of them had a heavy ball butt, the idea being that if you fired it in battle and didn't have time to reload—or it didn't fire—you simply reversed it and swung it like a shillelagh. Also called Reiter pistols, they were used at a time when knighthood was still in flower but just starting to lose its petals.

Really fine wheellock dags don't bob up too often and the finest in our time were sold in the Litchfield collection at Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York City, in 1951. In a confused postwar market these great treasures went at auction at moderate prices and every collector and gun dealer in the country is still kicking himself for not acquiring more of them at the time. Me too.

After the wheellock came the pyrites lock and then, about 1550, the snaphaunce—a word of Dutch origin meaning either "chicken thief" or "pecking fowl" depending on which book you read. On the snaphaunce the pan cover and frizzen were made in separate pieces, a definite advance in design. At the same time in Spain a somewhat similar lock mechanism, the miquelet, was developed and took its name from the roving bands of Iberian marauders called *miqueletes*. This weapon employed a piece of flint as the sparking device.

The true flintlock emerged about 1630 and the status symbol of the era was a matched pair of magnificent flintlock pistols, often inlaid with gold.

The finest of the Italian flintlock pistols came from Brescia and usually had barrels made by the Master of Gardone, Lazarino Cominazzo, and authentic ones of museum quality bring fabulous prices today—and for good reason.

In Paris, at the beginning of the 19th century, there were two great French gunsmith-designers, Le Page and Boutet, each at one time or another having been Imperial Gunsmith to Napoleon. The special presentation pistols and fowling pieces they created rank with the finest of high art arms that exist. Nicholas Noël

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de Boutet, director of the great *Manufacture de Versailles*, had made special pairs of presentation pistols at the order of Bonaparte while the ambitious Corsican was still first consul of the republic. Today a top-quality Boutet, highly decorated in gold and silver, is no longer allowed to leave France, being declared a national treasure and placed either in the Louvre or the Musée de l'Armée. If you ever have the chance to buy a good authentic Boutet—grab it.

Gun collections are as varied as the tastes of the collectors. One man doesn't care what he collects as long as it's rare Colt revolvers, while another spurns anything that isn't a wheellock, flintlock, miquelet or snaphaunce. A lot of collectors favor guns of the Old West—Colt and Remington revolvers, plains rifles, buffalo guns, Volcanics, Henrys, Winchesters, Whitneys and Marlins. Still others concentrate solely on military weapons or Kentucky rifles and a very large and enthusiastic group of gun bugs want only Civil War relics. This last bracket includes two amusing rarities—the Colt 1851 Navy Revolver with a hollow metal detachable shoulder stock which doubled as a canteen, the other an 1859 Sharps carbine with a built-in corn-and-coffee grinder in the stock.

Some collectors favor the exotic, concentrating on combination weapons such as a matchlock pistol-cum battle-ax with a screw-out dagger concealed in the handle, or a wheellock pistol coupled with a heavy-duty rapier. There was even a combination spontoon, a sort of parade spear, hitched up to a double-barrel wheellock pistol. There was one American hybrid of note, the Elgin cutlass pistol of 1838, which combined a percussion pistol and husky Bowie knife.

The most remarkable items in the combination field are the lethal table knives and forks created by Italian gunsmiths who put flintlock pistol barrels inside the handles so that if you were surprised at dinner by an enemy, you simply reversed your fork and shot him dead. It may be presumed that there were very few family arguments at the table in *those* days.

The law of increasing demand and diminishing supply is keeping prices high on really fine and rare pieces. Yet prices were considered very high five years ago and those who bought quality arms at that time have seen them rise in value. One thing can be depended upon—old and rare weapons are going to keep right on getting older and rarer.

What are the good buys today, the ones which haven't reached their full potential? One is certainly the wheellock dag, a pistol handcrafted by a master gunsmith, inlaid by some patient and skilled artist, with four centuries of history behind it. Twenty years from now they'll be rarer than pink diamonds and just as expensive. So will the ivory-and-bone inlaid Black Forest wheellock rifles and the graceful Tschinkes.

I believe that early 19th century French and British dueling pistols, in matched pairs and cased with all accessories, will continue to increase in value as their fine workmanship becomes better appreciated. Some of the top makers of French duelers, besides Boutet and Le Page, were Gastinne Renette, Fatou, Devisme, Brun, Merieux and Gosset. The best British pistol makers included Manton, Egg, Mortimer, Wogdon, Bond, Collins and Rigby. Forsyth pairs, utilizing that inventor's ingenious firing mechanism which preceded and inspired the common percussion system, will always be sought by collectors due to their scarcity.

One detail about French dueling sets worth noting is the great elegance with which the cases have been fitted and lined to house the pistols, flask, cleaning rods, cap box and other accessories. They are done with such finesse that if you put an average Colt case alongside it would be like comparing a Model T Ford and a Rolls-Royce. The only exceptions with which I am familiar are the pair of Colt Armies in the Smithsonian, in a rosewood case lined with maroon velvet, and the pair in the FDR library given by Abe Lincoln to Kibrisili Pasha. The chances are that both these pairs were cased in France.

Recent London auctions indicate that top-quality all-steel Scottish flintlock belt pistols, often silver inlaid with thistles and sometimes embellished with cairngorm finials, continue to gain in value to a remarkable degree. The old Scots that used them must have liked to live dangerously because they scorned such safety devices as trigger guards.

Fine pepperbox pistols, engraved and cased with the typical small powder flask and accessories, are also on the upbeat. This firearm, with its heavy revolving cylinder which was also the barrel, was made in the 1830's and 1840's both in Europe and America and for quite a while was far more popular than the early Colts.

While I have admittedly described a lot of weapons of a type and price which might seem to fit only upper-bracket incomes, I have done so because as investments they are the best. If your taste runs to museum-quality arms but your wallet doesn't, do not despair. Like a new car or a hi-fi set, weapons can often be bought on time payments if your credit is good. One dealer who encourages clients to buy in this manner is F. Theodore Dexter of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, who has handled more high-art guns than anybody else.

There are plenty of interesting weapons available for those of modest budgets. Colorful guns of the Old West can still be picked up at nominal prices, particularly the Sharps rifle. This was the greatest of the buffalo killers and managed to get mixed up in a lot of assorted American history. It was used against the slave-holders in the bloody Kansas melees where it proved so effective that it even got a pat on the back from that crusading Brooklyn parson, Henry Ward Beecher. He remarked that there was more moral power in one Sharps rifle than a hundred Bibles—and the rifle came to be known as "Beecher's Bible." In 1859 John Brown and his boys used the same rifle in their raid on the Federal Armory at Harpers Ferry. In the Civil

[*Continued on page* 96]

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Some scientists are worrying about man's "polluting" outer space by carrying earth-type bacteria into what may be simon-pure environments that they would like to study. But David Weston of Lindenhurst, N. Y., is worrying about something else out there—namely traffic jams, or at least junk-strewn "highways." He writes that he keeps seeing references to an old rocket body or burned-out satellite still drifting around in space, and he wonders if anybody knows just what's up there, where it's going and how much danger it presents to future travelers.

To answer the last point first, the danger is considered to be infinitesimal. There are scores of manmade objects whizzing around out there but they are so widely dispersed in the immensities of space and their paths are so precisely known that the chances of an accidental encounter are considered almost nil at the present time. What the traffic will be like a decade or two from now, no one can say, but the mathematical possibility of a manned vehicle colliding with a piece of "space junk" is likely to increase, however slightly.

The record of what's kicking around aloft is based on observations by the Goddard Space Flight Center at Greenbelt, Md., the North American Air Defense Command and the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. Goddard collates the information and puts out a "Satellite Situation Report" twice a month. A recent issue lists 125 objects that are orbiting the earth or racing along other tracks at 17,000 mph and up.

The oldest object listed is Explorer I, launched more than five years ago, and tracing a long loop around the earth as far as 1,000 miles out and as close as 221 miles. The largest object is Echo I, a metallic-coated balloon that was 100 feet in diameter at first but which has lost its shape somewhat. (It may be a balloon, but no space man would want to tangle with it.) The heaviest object *may* be the sun-orbiting satellite Ranger V, at 755 lbs., but the Air Force could have something bigger in the skies that it doesn't talk about.

The entries that tend to startle a layman are "rocket bodies" and "metal objects." There are dozens of such items, sometimes single and sometimes in clusters. The rocket bodies are the burned-out casings that held fuel and engines of the final stages of various vehicles. The metal objects, otherwise unidentified, are parts of capsules and rockets, like a mysterious 15-foot length of cable, that somehow fragmented out beyond the atmosphere and just kept going.

The number of objects doesn't grow indefinitely; many items gradually lose their orbital speed, then re-enter the earth's atmosphere and burn up.

Q: Where was "Pretty Boy" Floyd killed? ***Bern F. Kingsbury, Alameda, Calif.***

A: He was killed on October 22, 1934, on a farm near East Liverpool, Ohio, as he was fleeing from federal agents and local police. He was caught in a hail of machine gun fire and was found with 14 bullets in his back and one in his side. Floyd is regarded as the first outlaw to use the machine gun extensively. At one time he had a machine gun mounted permanently on his automobile.

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Q: What ever happened to James "Shipwreck" Kelly? ***Larry Morton, Tulsa, Okla.***

A: "Shipwreck" Kelly's real name was Alvin Anthony Kelly. He died in New York on October 11, 1952 at the age of 67. According to police, he had been on relief for the six months preceding his death. Kelly was a stunt man who was famous for flagpole sitting in the 20's and 30's. His greatest feat was his stay on top of a flagpole at Atlantic City, New Jersey, for more than 49 days in the summer of 1930.

Q: What was the German military decoration "Pour-le-Merite"? ***W. John Farquharson, Winnipeg, Man.***

A: It was a Prussian medal awarded for combat bravery. Its French name goes back to the days when the French language was held in high esteem at the Prussian court. The order Pour-le-Merite was founded in 1667 by the King of Prussia. A civil division was originated in 1842 as an honor in the fields of arts and sciences. The civil division still exists. The medal is not awarded by the government but by the order itself. The military division died out after the German defeat in 1918.

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Tail-gate doors open in the center and swing out, one of them taking the spare tire with it. Two fold-down padded benches carry two to four passengers in back, with two or three more people up front. Windup windows with full metal frames are standard.

The Patrol is the only one of these vehicles with rear tread greater than the front, yet it handles very well. Suspension is very complex semi-elliptical front springs, shock absorbers, torsion bar stabilizer, torque arrester, rubber bumpers and rebound stoppers all working together.

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[Continued from page 92]
War, Col. Hiram Berdan made it still more famous in the hands of his great Sharpshooter Regiment.

It was manufactured both in rifle and carbine model and later in a target rifle called the Sharps-Borchardt which won us the International Match at Creedmore, Long Island in 1877.

As a wall decoration the saddle carbine is perhaps the handsomest. They can still be picked up for in the neighborhood of $50 and you get a lot of history for your money.

Then there's the Spencer, a lever-action 7-shot repeater which pumped cartridges out of a tubular magazine in the stock. Abe Lincoln himself tested this rifle during the Civil War and as a direct result 100,000 of them were ordered for the government. You can still buy a Spencer in good shape for as low as $40, and the same is true of another single-shot rifle of the era, the Burnside. The trapdoor Springfield of 1873, the type used by Custer's troops at the Little Big Horn, can still be had for under $60. All of these guns at one time or another saw service against the Sioux and Blackfeet and Comanches and if you get one now for your small son he'll thank you when he grows up and can't find one.

Ordinary Winchester 1873 rifles or carbines with maybe a dustcap or sling swivel missing can still be bought at $100 or less and the Model 1886, equally handsome, for less. Also reasonable are the Whitney and Marlin lever actions.

It is still possible to buy very handsome and bold French and British cavalry pistols of the Napoleonic era for about $80 in flintlock and $45 in percussion. Of massive design, they were trimmed fore and aft with brass and the day is not far off when these husky military arms will be as much sought as are the early American martial pistols today.

Another European gun as yet not fully appreciated and still occasionally available at a moderate price, is the French or Belgian fowling piece in both flintlock and percussion. The best ones have a beautifully carved grotesque mask or boar's head as a pistol grip, a shapely stock of Circassian or French walnut, wonderfully delicate checkering and fore-end caps and buttplates of silver. Generally the base of the action is engraved with birds or beasts and not infrequently the tops of the barrels are inlaid with gold near the breech. Those which I own I prize as wonderful examples of good design and first-class craftsmanship.

If you'd simply like to have some decorative old weapons on the wall of your den but don't want to pay a big price for them, then keep your eye open for oriental arms. Turkish, Arabic and Persian long guns and pistols are available in snaphaunce, miquelet and flintlock mechanisms in a profusion of styles, most of them handsome and exotic. They were potent guns of their time, of calibers ranging from .59 to .70, with barrels of Damascus steel and barrel bands of silver or brass, with stock inlays of mother-of-pearl, coral, turquoise or silver wire.

Many of the Arab guns have quotations from the Koran engraved on the barrels and some of them may well have been carried by Tippu Tib and his gangs in the days of the African slave raiders. The oriental powder horns, brass trimmed, are showy adjuncts, in particular the beehive type studded in round-headed brass tacks. Prices for Oriental rifles vary from about $25 to $300 with average good ones about $125. The pistols usually run from about $50 to $150 depending on their condition and type of inlay.

What do the leading dealers recommend for investment buyers? Dexter feels that Colt prices have got completely out of hand at the moment and still plugs the ultraexpensive Lazarino Comminzos, Boutets, fine wheellocks and other high-art arms as the soundest investments, although he sells plenty of low-price arms.

It is Norm Flayderman's opinion that U. S. martial pistols such as the Simeon North, Harpers Ferry 1806 and Springfield 1818 have nowhere nearly approached their potential values. Of these I consider the Harpers Ferry to be the handsomest, being wonderfully proportioned and balanced.

Bob Abels feels that any fine old gun of any era, in good condition, will prove a fine investment for the simple reason that an ever-increasing army of collectors is making such arms more difficult to find. In other words, buy the type that gives you pleasure to own, the best that you can afford in your own bracket, whether Colt, Collier revolver, Boutet, Deringer or wheellock.

If in arms collecting you make mistakes—as we all have in a burst of misguided enthusiasm—don't lose too much sleep over it. Most gun dealers are happy to take your clunks in trade on a more expensive weapon. After all, gun collectors are the greatest swappers in the world.

If you feel like taking a flyer in the antique-gun game, then consult a reputable dealer for advice. If you're too far away for that, then get his catalogue and study it, reading the descriptions carefully. He'll usually agree to send antique arms on approval via express to any qualified purchaser, holding your check until he hears from you. His package can be opened in the presence of the expressman and either kept if it lives up to its ballyhoo or returned to sender if there has been any misrepresentation. Most good dealers scrupulously tell of any major flaws in a gun.

One warning: Don't bid on any arms at auction unless you've personally inspected them for defects, repairs, replacement parts or outright fakery, because under the glamor lighting used by galleries on stage everything looks magnificent. When that hammer goes down the stuff is yours—good, bad or indifferent. And remember that it is far better to buy one fine weapon of museum quality than half a dozen cheap ones which will cost just as much in the aggregate and never be anything but dogs.

Don't expect any great bargains today. That era is past—gone but not forgotten. It has been estimated that there are well over 50,000 collectors of antique guns in America alone. If some particular weapon brings a high price at auction every dealer in this country and abroad hears about it within 24 hours and hikes up his asking prices accordingly. European dealers know to a sou what a fine gun is worth. Try to haggle with one in Paris' Flea Market these days and he merely reaches under the counter to bring out an Abels catalogue with the current New York prices.

The most important danger, if you're a serious collector, is in passing up a golden opportunity because you can't make up your mind.

It happened to me once and I'm not liable to forget it.

Back in 1945, a couple of months after VJ Day, Abercrombie & Fitch's gun department in New York displayed a magnificent bunch of superlative antique guns amassed by a connoisseur named Diedrich.

I happened to drop in to see about repairs on my skeet gun when Charlie Wicks buttonholed me and insisted on my going into the inner sanctum to look at one of the outstanding Diedrich items which he thought I ought to own.

I was impressed with what he showed me. It was a breathtaking cased set by Boutet, consisting of a flintlock fowling piece and matching pair of dueling pistols completely gold inlaid and with all accessories engraved *en suite*. The barrels themselves were gold-inlaid with typical Boutet classic subjects and hundreds of tiny symmetrical stars which he used only on his top-flight creations.

The price was just over $3,000 and at the time I was far more interested in fine modern guns to shoot with, so my comment was, "They're beauties, all right—the best I've ever seen. But they belong in a museum."

Before 48 hours had elapsed I'd mulled it over, had some second thoughts, and decided I'd be an idiot if I didn't buy the Boutets. Grabbing a cab, I headed for A & F.

It was too late. Bought by an astute dealer, they had already been resold and shipped out of the country.

Nobody knows for sure where that extraordinary set of high-art weapons is today but I'm sure of one thing. If tomorrow they should miraculously reappear and be put for auction at Sotheby's in London or the Hôtel Druot in Paris they'd bring at least $30,000—and maybe twice that amount.

Move over and make room for a chump! —Russell Barnett Aitken

Coming . . .

What's the outlook for college football this fall?

Read the inside dope in Fred Russell's

PIGSKIN PREVIEW: 1963

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

SEPT.—TRUE—EASTERN

New Hampshire Axes Taxes With Legal Lottery

[*Continued from page* 40]

too large. And then, I think it has within it a sort of dream—that we'll take a chance and we may become wealthy.

TRUE: So there's an aspect of bringing excitement into life?

GOV. KING: I think there is that.

TRUE: Would you favor a national lottery with the federal government getting a portion of the revenue according to the play in individual states?

GOV. KING: I haven't thought of it. I don't think the federal government could run it as economically as New Hampshire could. If ours is successful and practical I'd just as soon the national stays out of it and lets us run our own.

TRUE: It's a matter of state's rights, then.

GOV. KING: I think so.

TRUE: But isn't a sweepstakes a lazy way for a state to raise money?

GOV. KING: In money, there's no way that's either lazy or not lazy. You don't classify taxes in terms of that. Nobody likes taxes. There may be a way that's less offensive than others, that's all. People are getting to the point where they are filled to the brim with paying taxes.

TRUE: Does the lottery, then, imply that the states' normal revenue raising devices are inadequate?

GOV. KING: I don't think it says that at all. As a matter of fact, we've got a balanced budget and our borrowing capacity is one of the best in the country. We're very sound, we pay our bills and we have enough money to go ahead.

TRUE: Is the lottery in any sense a criticism of federal tax policies?

GOV. KING: Nobody has asked me this yet but I think it is, in this respect. I think the federal government has been at fault in not providing federal aid to education. This was one of the big factors in determining my decision to sign the bill and if there are those who would criticize me nationally I would say, "You have failed to provide the local communities with monies. The money that has been taken out of our state doesn't go back in the right places." I suppose in a way I favor the Marshall plan and other international plans but I think we forget our own people too quickly: You see, the state government won't actually get any money out of this. All the money we raise will be distributed among our various cities and towns and it will be entirely used for education, for schools, for teachers' salaries. This lottery is designed as an aid to education.

TRUE: What about other forms of raising state revenue? Why didn't you resort to them?

GOV. KING: Our constitution prohibits a graduated income tax, and that would be difficult to change. Property taxes—which support education now—are already very high. Besides more taxes isn't always the answer to this sort of problem. Our citizens have plenty of taxes to pay already.

TRUE: Governor, what was your principal reason for signing the sweepstakes bill? A former governor, as you know, vetoed the bill after the state legislature had passed it.

GOV. KING: He was in favor of it, but he was under pressure.

TRUE: Federal or local pressure?

GOV. KING: I don't know, but I'd always been under the impression that Sherman Adams had something to do with it. I've heard him named as one who didn't like such a bill. But I would say mostly local pressure.

TRUE: Have you had similar pressure?

GOV. KING: Oh yes. I've had a tremendous amount of pressure. Local pressure. Church pressure.

TRUE: Why are you better able to withstand the pressure than the former governor?

GOV. KING: Perhaps I'm not quite as sensitive as he. We probably have a different philosophical approach to the problem. I would say the biggest reason is that I am more representative of the working class.

TRUE: Is your own background of the working class?

GOV. KING: Oh yes!

TRUE: So, as far as you're concerned, the sweepstakes has the support of the ordinary person?

GOV. KING: Yes. And that was my principal reason for signing the bill. When I campaigned for this office I pledged that my administration would reflect the will of the people. The bill was introduced by a Democrat and approved by a Republican House and Senate. I'm a Democrat, myself. Many things indicated to me that the bill was the will of the majority of the people. I wasn't going to deprive them of the opportunity of having it. I wasn't going to set myself up, as I said in my speech before the House, as a Solomon or Caesar on the assumption that my views were more intelligent or moral than those of the people.

TRUE: Well, now, considering the small population of your state—just over 600,000—and even the low wage scale here, aren't you going to have to have a lot of out-of-staters buying sweepstakes tickets for the lottery to make much money?

GOV. KING: Yes. And I think to a large degree that the sweepstakes will attract tourists. For instance, there will be 70-80 million visiting the World's Fair and some of them will find their way up here.

TRUE: Non-residents, as well as residents, could buy your sweepstakes tickets?

GOV. KING: That's right.

TRUE: But federal laws make it a crime to send lottery tickets through the mail or take them across state lines, or even to receive tickets a person knows have been transported illegally. Could a person take his ticket home without violating federal law?

GOV. KING: A person would have to come to New Hampshire to buy the lottery ticket.

TRUE: If he won, would he have to become a legal resident to collect?

GOV. KING: He might want to. Once they visit New Hampshire most people dream of living here. But I don't think a person would have to become a legal

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resident. If he bought a ticket in New Hampshire he could get paid in New Hampshire. There is some talk of making arrangements for them to leave their tickets here, if the federal government got tough about individuals taking their tickets home. That's one of the technicalities of this that I would rather see resolved by formal rulings of the Justice Department rather than by me giving my opinion on it.

TRUE: Attorney General Kennedy seems dead set against your sweepstakes plan. Do you think the federal government could make it impossible for you to run your sweepstakes?

GOV. KING: No, I do not. We believe it is perfectly lawful for our neighbors to come here, buy sweepstakes tickets and collect their prizes if they win.

TRUE: I understand the federal government has suddenly instituted some actions against the Irish Sweepstakes. Do you think these people should be prosecuted?

GOV. KING: Well, naturally, I think that if they're violating the law they should be prosecuted. I don't know whether they are or not. But, in any case, that has nothing to do with the New Hampshire lottery.

TRUE: Don't you feel that this is a reversal in the federal position and that it probably occurred in response to the New Hampshire plan? That the federal government is going to try to prevent your plan from going into effect?

GOV. KING: I don't think that's so.

TRUE: Do you feel that the Department of Justice is putting pressure on you?

GOV. KING: No I don't. We've had no intimation of it, nothing at all. We're going ahead.

TRUE: Won't federal taxes take a big chunk of the lottery money?

GOV. KING: No. As it stands, New Hampshire may have to pay the government a 10 percent excise tax on every ticket. But we will seek a formal ruling to see if such taxes can't be waived under the policy of the revenue code to exempt lotteries when they are conducted by tax-exempt organizations for educational purposes. We feel we fall in that category.

TRUE: How about income taxes on individuals?

GOV. KING: That would depend on a person's tax bracket. If he won, say, $50,000, he might have to give the government $15,000. There's no New Hampshire income tax, as I said.

TRUE: Would you be in favor of getting some kind of federal tax exemption for a sweepstakes winner?

GOV. KING: Not before you suggested it. It would certainly make it more appetizing. Actually, I think the federal government should support us and help us out on this since the money is going for education.

TRUE: How do you plan to keep organized gambling out of the lottery?

GOV. KING: We plan to limit the number of tickets any one individual can buy. We're going to have policing of this. It isn't going to be an open shop. We will do everything we can both statewise and in cooperation with the federal authorities and those of other states to see that our sweepstakes is run in a clean way. If a person tries to buy too many tickets for the purpose of taking them out of state and selling them he will become known and expose himself to federal prosecution.

I don't think we are a nation of law violators. We do have some but they can be found out. Most people abide by the law if you tell them what it is.

TRUE: The plan calls for selling the tickets in the 49 state-run liquor stores. Isn't that asking for trouble?

GOV. KING: We know that our liquor stores are run well. Besides, they are spread out, one to each locality. We've had no scandals in our $30-million a year state liquor business. We've had no scandals at our race tracks. We have no organized crime. We expect no scandals in this operation.

TRUE: But how can you control graft?

GOV. KING: I don't see what graft there could be because limiting the number of tickets sold to an individual is a simple matter. The expenses would have to be approved by the legislature and we have tight controls. And then the whole operation would be supervised by the governor and the commission he appoints, so if you say the scheme leads inevitably to corruption then you haven't any faith in the government at all. No, I don't have any fears on that score.

TRUE: What about the race track interests? Did they support the bill?

GOV. KING: They are probably the strongest bloc in the legislature and I'd be naive to think that they had nothing to do with getting the sweepstakes bill passed. They could have killed it if they hadn't liked it—let's put it that way. There's no doubt that the tracks will profit from the sweepstakes. However, they have had no conferences with me nor, during the six years I was in the legislature, did any race track lobbyist approach me.

TRUE: Did you yourself attempt to influence the legislature to pass the bill?

GOV. KING: I did not. I didn't use my office either to support or defeat the bill. When I was in the legislature, I voted for the lottery but I was never a strong proponent of it, because I never considered it a major source of revenue. This time, I told legislators to follow their own conscience. I said, "Vote for it if you feel like it."

TRUE: It took you quite a time to make a decision as to whether to sign the bill, didn't it?

GOV. KING: A couple of weeks. Not even my office staff knew what the decision was until 24 hours before I spoke. The legislature didn't know until I spoke. I wanted to make sure it was the right decision. I listened to everybody—I didn't do as much talking as I am now—from all different groups. Finally I decided that the people wanted it and I couldn't see any good objection to it. I'm not evangelical about this. I'm not trying to spread the gospel of the sweepstakes. I'm not a salesman. But I am convinced that we have the right to embark on a legitimate fiscal experiment. That is the right of self-government. Our people are carrying a cross of taxation unequalled in American history. They are crying for relief, and if they demonstrate the desire to try a new way of raising revenue then it's my duty to execute the wishes of the people.

TRUE: Governor, are the exact provisions for the sweepstakes yet worked out?

GOV. KING: Well, no. It's a drawing and it's based on a horse race but the New Hampshire law—House Bill 47—doesn't really set down the specifics. It provides that tickets cannot cost more than $3 and that purses for the winning horses can't exceed $200,000 a year. The other details, including the prize money, will be determined by a sweepstakes commission which I will appoint. I suppose the commission should study what the experience has been in foreign countries which have lotteries to guide them.

TRUE: When will the sweepstakes be in operation?

GOV. KING: The commission must work out the specifics first. And this is a local option act. Each locality will vote, in March of 1964, whether it wants tickets sold there. We expect the sweepstakes to be functioning in the spring of 1964.

TRUE: How much money do you think it will produce?

GOV. KING: We have no yardstick, no way to predict. The figure of $4 million has been thrown around but to my mind that's just a wild guess. My own impression is that it will be much more.

TRUE: Now that you have a state lottery are you in favor of legalizing any other kind of gambling in New Hampshire?

GOV. KING: No.

TRUE: Where do you draw the line? Why not have other forms of gambling? Why not make New Hampshire the Nevada of the East?

GOV. KING: I wouldn't favor any further extension than this. You've got to have a principle of reasonableness in here. There may be a time when there may be an extension into other areas, but in this period, as far as what I can foresee, I would say there is no necessity or public demand for it.

TRUE: So you would be opposed to off-track betting and slot machines for New Hampshire?

GOV. KING: For New Hampshire, I wouldn't favor off-track betting. There's no necessity for it. I would be against slot machines. Slot machines encourage all ages and get easily out of hand. They would have a bad influence on everybody where a lottery wouldn't. A lottery is a two or three times a year proposition. In

TAXAX
HOW DO YOU VOTE?

(SEE PAGE 41)

other words, I believe there is a reasonableness to all this.

TRUE: This might be the place to ask you something about yourself, Governor. What is your professional background?

GOV. KING: I went to local schools in New Hampshire—parochial schools (I'm Catholic, you know)—and high school. I went to Harvard. I obtained a Master's Degree in Public Law from Columbia and then I received a law degree at Columbia Law School. I practiced for a time in New York and then I came home because I wanted to run my own law office.

TRUE: Do you gamble or drink?

GOV. KING: I'm not a gambler, no. I have visited the race track only twice the last 25 years, only to campaign. I'm not a good poker player and I don't have the time. I don't smoke but I drink moderately. I'm not sanctimonious about such things. I'm not a prude.

TRUE: Do you feel your position on this issue will affect your political future?

GOV. KING: I suppose it may but I have given that no consideration. I never worried about my political future. I am a lawyer by practice and a politician by chance and offering. I came to do a little service for the state. You don't get rich in New Hampshire politics.

TRUE: A principal objection being raised to the New Hampshire sweepstakes in this state and elsewhere is on moral grounds—that it's somehow immoral to gamble. Have such objections been brought to you?

GOV. KING: Yes.

TRUE: Where have such objections come from?

GOV. KING: The church people, I would say. Mostly the Protestant Church. One or two Jewish rabbis have come up and said they'd like to buy the first ticket and the Catholic priests have sort of kept out of it.

TRUE: To you the sweepstakes is not a moral issue?

GOV. KING: I basically don't think it is a moral issue. The man who gambles a few dollars a year is not immoral any more than a man who smokes a few cigarettes. Where immorality starts and morality ends is a technical thing—there are so many things crowded on the head of a pin. In the case of the sweepstakes, I don't think morality is an important issue.

Things like the high divorce rate, desegregation, or the lack of it, civil liberties—those are the real moral issues, not whether people should spend a few dollars gambling. Those are the questions people should work on. There's plenty to do in the country without worrying about us up here.

TRUE: Thank you, Governor King.

Coming . . .

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

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The Candid Camera Crooks

[*Continued from page* 57]

The store was deserted, except for a small man in a wrinkled, unbuttoned raincoat who stood by the automated front door. He looked frightened and shaky.

"Glace," he stammered, as Stafford brought the squad car to an abrupt stop. "I'm Glace, the manager."

Thoren and Stafford followed him to the safe, five feet of massive Diebold. Any charge that would blow that, Thoren thought, could have been heard clear to Lake Chautauqua on the other side of town.

"Oh no, nobody blew it," Glace explained, grabbing the handle and swinging the door outward. "It was open. Just like this. And $5,550 is missing!"

The inside was as empty as a meat counter after Butcher Bargain Day.

"There's something else," stuttered Glace, and motioned the officers to the rear of the store, where a door led into the warehouse.

Thoren's first impression was that the compressor, which furnished refrigeration for the meat and frozen-food sections, had exploded. A large pool of dirty water flowed out from under the machinery, and the floor was littered with debris. Then he looked up and saw where the mess had come from. High over the compressor, framed by a latticework of pipes, a large hole in the roof was letting in gray light and spatterings of rain. As he moved closer, he saw on the concrete floor a large pick, an ax and a dozen plastic boxes: cash drawers from the cash registers.

The store manager said he had locked the store on the previous evening at 9:20. He and the clerks had all gone out the back door at the same time. Several times, he insisted he had locked the safe. He was sure of it. The clerks knew it. Every one would back him up on that.

Glace's activities the next morning were just as uncomplicated. He had arrived at the store around 7:15 a.m. He had been in a hurry to unlock the back door and get inside, away from the cool June drizzle that had fallen all night. "Then I went into the warehouse to hang up my coat, and I found *this*," he said, motioning around agitatedly.

Thoren went to the safe and inspected it carefully inside and out. There was not a mark on it, not the slightest indication it had been tampered with. If it had been locked the night before—and there was no reason to doubt Glace's insistence on that—then it could only have been opened by someone who knew the combination.

"Who knows the combination besides me?" Glace said, anticipating Thoren's question. "Well, the assistant manager does. That's all. Oh, maybe the area supervisor, I don't know. And someone in the head office in Buffalo."

"Just four people at the most?"

"Yes. None of the clerks know. They couldn't. I'm in here alone in the mornings unlocking the safe before anyone else arrives. Me or the assistant."

"How about during the day? Never locked then?"

"Yes, maybe if I'm out to lunch, say. But the safe has a key lock, too. We use that during the day, not the combination, and I take the key with me."

During the next hour or so, Thoren and Stafford examined the building and grounds carefully. In addition to the pick and the ax, they found a blue-steel pinch-bar, lying on the roof near the hole; a piece of knotted rope, about 30 feet long, tossed in some bushes behind the store; and a pair of cotton gloves. All of the burglary tools were brand new.

Thoren gathered up his evidence—in-

TRUE

"My wife thinks I'm a bowling nut."

cluding some specimens of the warehouse floor and roof, plus bits of tar and stone; these he would send to the FBI crime lab in Washington, D. C.—and returned to police headquarters. Although the "inside job" theory was the most popular among his fellow detectives, Thoren found himself in opposition to that opinion. Several elements of the crime kept agitating him. In the first place, he recalled hearing about a number of burglaries in lower Canada over the past few years that had one factor in common: they all had looked like inside jobs, but no real evidence had ever been tagged on the suspects who seemed most likely.

In the second place, he could not believe that anyone would go to the trouble of hacking a hole through a solid roof to muddle the evidence (if it *were* an insider) and then fail to inflict damage on the safe to fake a forceful entrance.

His first real break came during a check of hardware stores in Jamestown. A clerk at the Lundquist Hardware store recalled that a man had come in around 1 p.m. on June 12th and had purchased three items.

"Let's see, he bought some rope, about 30 feet of hemp. Then I got him a pinchbar. And an ax."

"That was all?"

"Yup. Wanted a pickax, too. Only we didn't have the kind he wanted."

"You don't know his name?"

"Nope. Never saw him before. He paid cash and left."

The clerk's description was not bad for an amateur: "He was short, maybe five-foot-seven. I'd say a guy of about 40. With glasses. Oh, and his face was kind of pimply. Pockmarked, I guess you'd say, like he'd had chicken pox or something."

"How about the color of his eyes? Or his hair?"

"The eyes, I don't know. But the hair was rumpled, thinnish, as though he didn't comb it much. I guess a reddish brown."

The next piece in the puzzle was found at the Weedon Hardware Store in nearby Falconer, where the elderly owner remembered that a stranger had come in the day before the crime and asked for a six-pound pickax. The description matched that of the other clerk, with the added statement that the suspect had on "darkish trousers and he probably didn't have on a jacket."

The desk clerk at the Hotel Jamestown had also seen a man who fit the description of the hardware store customer: "It was shortly after 11 p.m., June 11th. I know because I go off duty then and my relief was late. These three men come in. Let's see now . . ." he thumbed through the old registration slips. "Yeh, here it is. 'Walter Johnston and party'—that's how they signed in."

The three men had gone up in the elevator together. "I gave 'em 924. That was the only room we had with three beds, like they wanted. Two twins and a Murphy. They paid in advance."

Now Thoren had three suspects: The pockmarked man, about 40, who had visited both hardware stores; "Johnston," roughly described as "about 45, with grayish hair"; and another, "in his 50's, with a thinnish face, sunken cheeks, and a high forehead at both sides with a tuft of hair in the middle." All three had left the hotel the next morning, the 12th of June, but none of the employees was sure just when. By the time he returned to the station again, Thoren was complimenting himself on his progress.

But the chief stuck to his inside-job idea: "Any idiot with a couple of grand to wave in the air can hire some out-of-town hoods to fake a break-in," he said.

"We're running a check on them," said Thoren lamely. He did, however, take an hour to run over to Glace's house that evening and question the supermarket manager. During the course of the probing, only one further fact of interest came to light.

"Now that I think back," Glace said, "there *was* an incident not long ago that struck me as . . . well, as unusual. Though I don't see how it could have been connected with the burglary."

One day during the first week in June, the Loblaw manager recalled, he had noticed a vehicle parked in front of the store in the early morning hours.

"It was a tan-colored commercial station wagon," he said. "I noticed it for two reasons. First, because it had Ontario license plates. But also because of the model. It had shields on the glassy parts, so you couldn't look in. Like a delivery truck. But I wasn't expecting any deliveries."

"Anyone in it?"

"No, but I noticed a fellow standing in front of it, right near the store window. I could also see the name of the wagon. 'Travelall.' Then I opened up the safe and took out the cash boxes and some records. Pretty soon the man that was standing there got in the station wagon and drove away."

"Now, that man—could he have been watching you open the safe?"

"He could have, but I don't think so. He was turned toward the street. Besides, even if he had been staring straight at the safe, he was much too far away to read those little numbers on the dial."

If the incident had any meaning, Thoren could not guess what it might be.

On the morning of Friday, June 13, 1958, at almost the exact time of day —7:30 a.m.—that manager Glace was reporting the burglary, one Mrs. Pauline Masulka, formerly of the Ukraine, was opening up the office of the Maywood Motor Court which she operated at St. Catherine's, Ontario. Two men drove up in a light-colored Chevrolet sedan and asked for a room.

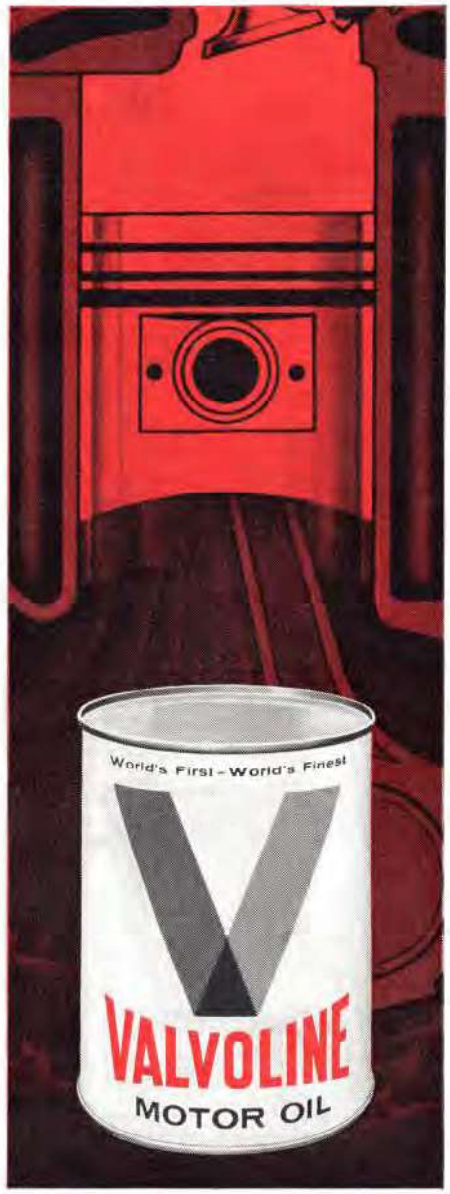
"Wait a few minutes," she said. "It will be $5."

"O.K., lady, O.K., but make it quick."

Mrs. Masulka straightened up a room for the men and changed the towels. When she came out she was handed $5, but there followed a short argument because now she saw that a third man had driven up in a station wagon, obviously a member of the same party, and was intending to use the room, too.

"No, no. You can't sleep three men in a room."

The first man threw another $5 bill at her and swore, and all but refused to sign



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the registration card she had brought out. Finally, he scrawled, "J. Shane, Toronto." The three men disappeared inside.

Mrs. Masulka was a foreigner and did not speak English too well. But she had experienced enough cases of deadbeats and perambulating prostitutes to know that an isolated motel could be the target for all kinds of unlawful operations. So, 10 minutes later, she phoned the Grantham Township Police.

The desk sergeant was polite, but not overly alarmed. He told her to be sure to record the registration of the car, and to call again if there were further trouble. At 9:20 that morning, Mrs. Masulka phoned the police a second time.

"I came outside from my registration card," she said, "that naughty man, he don't put the license. I tell him to put the license. He don't. Then he says, 'You want it alike?' And I say 'yes, sure.' And finally he takes a pen and marks the license. It is 991731—Ontario."

But there was something more caught by Mrs. M's sharp, Ukrainian eye. "I see this Mr. Shane he comes out to go inside the car and in the back seat he lifts something up. He takes a brown suitcase, very heavy, it jingles and I think it's full of money. I am standing inside the office door, a crack, I can see and hear. I don't like this."

Patrolman William Murdoch and his chief, Constable Norman Foch, then drove to the Maywood Motor Court, arriving about 9:40. The room assigned to the men was vacant. The three had driven off hastily. The two officers searched the room and found nothing but two match books. One had an ad for Player's Cigarettes. The other was marked "Jamestown Hotel, Jamestown, N. Y."

Agreeing that the strange arrival and hasty departure did look suspicious, the two officers broadcast an alarm to have a vehicle with Ontario plate 991731 stopped and held. It was described as a 1958 Chevrolet sedan, two-tone, light color. As for the station wagon, Mrs. Masulka had not thought it necessary to note the license number.

One hour later, a car fitting the number and description was stopped by a Hamilton, Ontario, patrol car on the Queen Elizabeth Highway a mile out of the city. The two men in it were taken to police headquarters where they were identified as Walter B. Johnson, the driver, and James Shane. A search of the men and their baggage seemed to justify the suspicions.

The suitcase identified as Shane's was a king-size piggy bank. It contained one $50 bill, thirty $20 bills, 35 $10 bills, 390 $1 bills and about 3,000 assorted coins. Of less spectacular interest were two sport shirts, a pair of damp, gray pants, sun glasses and assorted items of underwear and other small articles.

A curious, but at the time not particularly enlightening, object found in the suitcase was a small fragment of black plastic.

Johnston's suitcase held $665 in cash, in addition to $1,731 found on the man himself. It also contained a pair of red canvas shoes and some fragments of tar and small stones that had apparently been clinging to the shoes and some dirty clothing.

On the rear seat of the Chevrolet, the police found a brown suede jacket, slightly damp, and a pair of brown shoes that were wet and muddy.

Shane and Johnston were held for two hours, then released—but without their baggage and other effects. Johnston, the only one charged specifically at the time of the apprehension, was booked on "a breach of the Highway Traffic Act, driving while his operator's license was under suspension."

On the morning of Monday, June 16th, Lt. Thoren sat hunched over his desk at Jamestown police headquarters with the dejected look of a man who has been caught speeding the wrong way down a one-way street. His hot leads were all cooling off fast on dead-end streets. And the chief, who had departed for a couple of days, would be in a foul humor when he returned. Not a splinter of evidence had been pried loose to indicate that either of the two men who knew the combination to the safe had a motive for resorting to crime. It was while he was indulging in this soupy Monday-morning self-sympathy that the long-distance phone call came in.

Coming . . .

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

Captain J. Y. Cousteau's

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into "THE LIVING SEA"

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"For you, Lieutenant," said the sergeant. "A detective Vern Cummins in Hamilton, Ontario."

Cummins was almost apologetic. He was, he explained, just checking out details on two men who had been picked up under suspicious circumstances with a wad of $4,591.10 in American currency in their possession. A Jamestown, New York, matchbook had been found on them. Had there been any kind of robbery recently in Chautauqua County that might link the men to it?

Thoren almost squeezed the receiver in half with excitement. He would drive right up to Hamilton he said, to have a look at the evidence.

Three hours later, he examined the suitcases, the clothing and the other effects of the two men, Shane and Johnston. The items that interested him most, however, had no monetary value at all. They were the fragments of tar and pebbles found on the shoes and clothing; and, even more, that small piece of broken black plastic. It looked similar to the pieces of cash register drawers found on the floor of the warehouse at Loblaw's. Carefully, he placed these items in labelled envelopes and took them, along with the dirty trousers, the red rubber-soled shoes, the suede jacket and the muddy brown shoes, back to Jamestown.

It was the fragment of plastic, though, that really convinced him Shane and Johnston were involved in the burglary. When he compared it, at the supermarket, with the cash drawers, he found one with a missing triangle into which it fit exactly. He then mailed the drawer and the fragment to the FBI Crime Lab in Washington. He also sent all of the other evidence, including the various burglary tools, and the bits and pieces of roofing materials gathered from the roof itself, the compressor room and the suitcases.

The rest of June and the first week in July were hot. Thoren suffered under the frustration of sweating out the lab report, and twiddling his thumbs in enforced inactivity. He could not even legally get at Shane or Johnston for questioning; and the third man might have vanished into the wilds of Hudson's Bay.

On the 10th of July, the long-awaited report from Washington came through. "Positive!" boomed Thoren triumphantly when he saw the findings. ". . . the clothing contained particles of gypsum and sawdust, glass-wool insulation, tar and gray slag that were identical to the samples from the store roof, as well as the microscopic fragments taken from the pick and ax. . . ." The lab positively identified the piece of black plastic as having come from the broken cash register drawer.

On the strength of this report, warrants were issued for the arrest of Walter Bromwell Johnston and James Shane, alias Stanley Paredian, who was found to have a long criminal record.

Thoren's optimism was neatly balanced by the chief's pessimism. "Those two thugs are the dumb hoodlum type, I tell you—driving around with that jackpot on the rear seat and without even a legal operator's license between them. Sure, they chopped a hole in the roof. They were going to steal a little food. But they were scared off. Right? They didn't even *see* the safe!"

"All right, maybe these two are dumb hoods," agreed Thoren, "but the third man isn't. He's the real operator, the guy I want to get."

"If you can track him down, Lieutenant, *if* you can track him down."

Saturday, July 12th, proved to be an important date in the case.

That morning, around 7:30 a.m., when he was opening his store, another Loblaw manager—at Dunkirk, New York, 30 miles north of Jamestown—noticed something that made him suspicious. A lone vehicle was in the parking lot, close to the front of the store. It was a tan station wagon, similar to the one he had heard described in accounts of the Jamestown burglary. The only difference was that it had a New York license plate: 430-414. Instead of proceeding to the office, the manager went to a back room first and called the Dunkirk police.

When Lt. Clemens Lutz arrived at the parking lot in a police Jeep, accompanied by another officer, he was just in time to see a man scramble out of the rear of the station wagon and sprint for the driver's seat. The officers pulled up, to

block off escape, and quickly drew their guns.

"What's the matter?" muttered the driver. "Anything wrong with parking here?"

"Maybe," said Lutz, as his colleague frisked the man, "We want to see what you have in the wagon."

After a brief inspection, the officers decided that maybe they had found something that would be of interest to Jamestown. While Lutz drove the station wagon back to the police garage, the other officer escorted the suspect directly to headquarters. Within minutes, Lutz was on the phone to Lieutenant Thoren.

"Miller. He says his name is Samuel Miller. He fits your description, too: about five-foot-seven, pockmarked face, glasses, rumpled, reddish hair. Maybe about 40. Also, he has a tattoo mark—a horseshoe—on his right arm. We think he has a record. We're checking with the police where he comes from—Toronto. He's a drug addict, we're sure—needle marks on both arms."

For Thoren, it was the end of a frustrating month when he reached police headquarters at Dunkirk and saw what had been netted. Miller was a glum, uncommunicative man, who obviously was not about to open his mouth except to talk to a lawyer. His equipment did a lot of talking for him, however. In the rear of the station wagon Thoren found a Linhof tripod, with base; various other items of photographic equipment; and a 16 mm. Bolex motion-picture camera, to which had been affixed a German 600 mm. telephoto lens.

The inside rear of the wagon was as tightly blacked out as a darkroom, except for two oblong slits in a plywood panel at the front, just behind the front seat. The tripod was fixed so the lens could sight through either one of the slits. Because of this arrangement, it was impossible from the outside to see any part of the enclosed interior.

On Miller, the police also found a chain with keys and a baggage claim check from the New York Central Railroad. When the check was taken to the baggage department at the Niagara Falls warehouse, the attendant produced a large blue footlocker. Inside were funnels, clamps, sponges, seven bottles of chemicals and other materials necessary for the development of high-speed 16 mm. movie film.

While the People of the state of New York awaited the extradition of Shane and Johnston from Canada, Thoren prepared to run an interesting test with his newly found photographic gold mine. He drove the station wagon up to the front window of the Loblaw Supermarket on East Second Street, in the exact position the store manager recalled having seen it one morning during the first week in June.

From a position inside the rear of the vehicle, the slits in the plywood panel faced the large safe inside, purposely positioned some 30 feet from the front window, where it could easily be observed by police making their rounds at night. Thoren loaded the Bolex with 16 mm. black-and-white film, focused the telephoto lens on the front dial of the Diebold safe and flicked the switch that operated the camera's battery-run motor.

The story was on the film.

Samuel Miller was no newcomer, either to the profession of photography or the ranks of the criminal. He had been arrested in 1941 for operating a still and sentenced to two years at hard labor at the Kingston, Ontario, pen. He had paid a return visit in 1955, after being convicted of possessing drugs. And he had been arrested in 1957 for breaking and entering and for having stolen money in his possession.

In between bouts with the law, he had acquired experience as a commercial photographer. He had developed his ingenious movie-making technique by experimenting in a lot near his Toronto home, practicing with some $7,500 worth of equipment and learning how to use his superb German telephoto lens with profitable accuracy.

The procedure from then on was relatively simple. As the master-mind, he would send his two stooges out on scouting expeditions, to case every large, modern supermarket they saw. The two specifications required were, (1) a safe whose front and combination dial were visible from a window facing out on a parking lot; (2) a potential break-in point hidden from view from the street. They would then determine what hour the manager arrived to open the safe. Then Miller, the artist, would practice his profession solo. He would wheel into position at the appointed hour and wait until he saw the manager arrive. All he had to do, after focusing the telephoto lens, was to flip the switch on, clamber out the back of the vehicle and take up a predetermined position just in front of it, right next to the window.

This latter procedure Miller had cleverly added to his repertoire after realizing that he could thus cast a shadow on the glass and prevent any reflection that might distort the image on the film.

After that, it was only a matter of a few hours before the gang could project the developed film on a screen and memorize the combination of the safe. The system was so effective that the technique provoked a nationwide alert by the FBI to all users of combination safes in visible positions.

As for camera-bug Miller, one of the few gadgeteers who *almost* succeeded in making an expensive hobby pay off, he (and later his accomplices) was found guilty of third-degree burglary, possession of burglar's tools and first-degree grand larceny. On February 2, 1959, he was sentenced to consecutive terms of five to 10 years and remanded to Attica State Prison at Attica, New York.

What happened to an estimated $300,000 taken during other "inside-outside" burglaries in upstate New York and lower Canada has never been determined. *If* Miller had his hands on any part of it, his photographic avocation must have been one of the most expensive on record. For when he was arraigned, he managed to convince the court that he required a state-appointed counsel, since he was flat broke and could not afford his own. —**Wilbur Cross & Virgil Ball**

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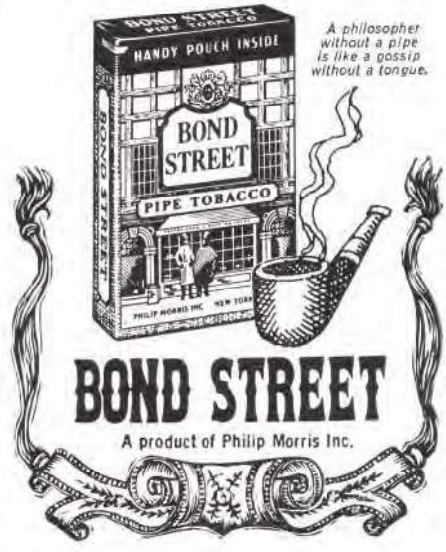

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Cavalier

THE NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE NEW MAN

Apostle Paul, Army's Gladdest Hand

[*Continued from page 58*]

But we both knew I'd take that job. I just knew I had to.

"Now, you see, the situation had changed tremendously since 1958." In 1958 Dietzel's team won the national championship and as his contract was torn up for the third time in four years and replaced with a better one (and later yet another better one), he made the first of many statements that he loved Louisiana and would remain as long as he was wanted. "Now they had had a national championship. The team was there—30 lettermen coming back. There was nothing more I could do at LSU. My challenge was gone."

As Dietzel spoke, his voice carried resonantly in an office that is practically the size of a volleyball court, that has bright leather sofas ranged along the walls, that has a gold mohair carpet upon which 225-pound linemen may tread in silence. The coach himself was beautiful. Erect whether sitting or standing, he is 6-feet-3½, has straight blond hair, very fair skin, clear blue eyes, and a bright smile of small, even teeth. He is the type choir girls long to run away with.

"Next thing that happened," he went on, "everyone started talking. Some New York men said Dietzel, Lombardi and Warmath are in line for the Army job. Not in that order, but those three names. They kept coming back to the Big Three. Reporters were calling me.

"Well, we're getting ready to play in the Orange Bowl, so how can I say I'm interested? I have a junior team and they're liable to say, what the heck! You know how kids are." The inference here was that the kids might have felt either abandoned or no longer called upon to please their coach had they learned he was thinking of leaving them, and were therefore best kept in the dark. "So I said no comment," Dietzel continued. "And this thing keeps building up and building up, and I'm getting dadburned tired of all this crap."

Here, Dietzel paused, seemingly regretting the word crap. He is careful with his language, as when he earlier had told me how Sid Gillman, then an assistant coach at West Point, got him his first coaching job. Dietzel had said, "I got this letter from Sid—it was written on yellow tablet paper with a soft pencil. It said, quote, 'Mum's the word but would you like to be freshman coach at West Point? Let me know. Send me a wire.' I picked up the phone and said, 'Hell, yes!' " Dietzel had paused then, too, and then added softly, "I didn't say hell. I said, 'Yes, indeed!' " The exclamation "holy tomatoes!" is one he utters without self-recrimination, though now he decided to let crap pass without retraction.

"So I called Joe Cahill, the Army publicity man, who was an old friend of mine," he went on, "and I said, 'What's going on?' Joe said, 'Nothing. All that stuff is strictly speculation.' I said, 'Joe, I have to get ready for a bowl.' So then he asked the obvious question: 'Are you interested?' I said, 'I honestly don't know.' And he said, 'You *mean* that?' And I told him I'd really like to talk to the Army people but I told him I didn't want to say anything at all to them until—now this is really important—*until they check and clear it with Jim Corbett.*" Corbett was, and is, LSU's athletic director.

Almost immediately, Corbett received a phone call from West Point's athletic director, Col. Emory S. Adams, Jr. Dietzel, speaking now with inflections of emphasis but without gestures, his single-breasted jacket still immaculately buttoned as he sat behind his tidy desk, recalled Corbett buzzing him on the office intercom at LSU. Their conversation, as Dietzel remembered it, went as follows:

"Hey, Paul, I just got a call from Colonel Adams at West Point. He wants to talk to you about the Army job. You're not interested, are you?"

"Jim, I honestly don't know," Dietzel replied.

"Wait a minute," said Corbett. "Let's start all over. I said Colonel Adams wants to talk to you about the Army job. Did I hear you right?"

"Jim, I said I honestly don't know if I'm interested or not."

"You're under contract, you know."

"I know I am."

"You have four years to go."

"I know I have. But I'll tell you what, Jim—I was under contract when I came to LSU." Dietzel indeed had been under contract as an assistant to Coach Red Blaik at Army but upon request was released by Blaik. Now, putting the shoe on the other foot, he was saying to Corbett that if LSU hired him while he was under contract to Army, why could not Army hire him while he was under contract to LSU? This may strike nit-pickers as a rather too-simple method of self-exoneration—that is, Dietzel in each case was the party asking that the contract be torn up; his employers at no time asked him to release *them* from written commitments—but Dietzel's logic may be examined more closely later. "I want you to know this," he recalled telling Corbett. "If you don't want to release me from my contract there's no sense in my talking to them, is there?"

"That's right."

"Then tell me now."

"Oh, Paul, you know I'd release you in a minute."

"Now I don't want a lot of beefing and squalling later."

"Oh, Paul, go ahead. Talk to them."

Having thus unburdened himself, entirely to his own satisfaction, of his contract with the state of Louisiana and his prior vows of eternal fidelity, Dietzel awaited a call from West Point. It came the next day. The ensuing conversation between Dietzel and Colonel Adams, again as recalled by Dietzel, is one which should more than compensate for Dietzel's loss of Louisiana fans by winning him the admiration of every ex-GI who has had to pick up cigarette butts in the barracks compound. In short, Dietzel gave the colonel a going-over such as few West Point men have stood for. As he told it:

"Can you fly up secretly and see us?" the colonel began.

"Are you kidding? I've got a team to get ready for the Orange Bowl."

The colonel said all right, Army would fly to Dietzel, because he was one of the men in which Army was definitely interested.

"You mean I'm going to be *one* of the people to be interviewed?" snapped Dietzel.

"Yes, that's correct."

"Then take my name out. I'm not a candidate for the job."

Who did Colonel Adams think he was talking to, anyhow? This was a coach who had won three bowl invitations in four years, and here was Army, beaten three straight years by Navy, desperately needing a big coach. The Paul Dietzel that Colonel Adams had on the other end of the line was in the driver's seat now, not on the dais at a church breakfast. "I've gotta go out to practice," Dietzel told him. "You talk it over with your people and you decide if you want to interview me, and me *only*, and if you do I'll talk to you. If I don't hear from you by 3 o'clock tomorrow, I'll forget about it."

Colonel Adams har-rumphed, clearing his throat, and said, "All right." He called the next day at 2:30. He assured Dietzel that Army had not interviewed another soul. He said, "We'll meet you tomorrow night in New Orleans."

At last the beautiful marriage of Paul Dietzel and Louisiana was in clear and present danger from the beribboned home-breakers of West Point. To digress briefly, I had been told before my visit with Dietzel that he would not discuss his desertion of LSU, it being after all *fait accompli*, but I nevertheless had accepted a two-hour luncheon appointment arranged by his public relations staff. In the sedate dining room of the Thayer Hotel, on the fringe of the Academy grounds, he had acted upon my suggestion that he try cheese *blintzes* and, finding them to his liking, had fallen into a warm reminiscence of his boyhood and early manhood. Amiably recounting his life in neat chronological sections, he reached the LSU affair some four hours later, the interview having gone into overtime at his executive-suite office. Now, as his account continued, the Army delegation had arrived in New Orleans and Dietzel was hitting them with a list of demands that must have sounded to them like World War surrender terms.

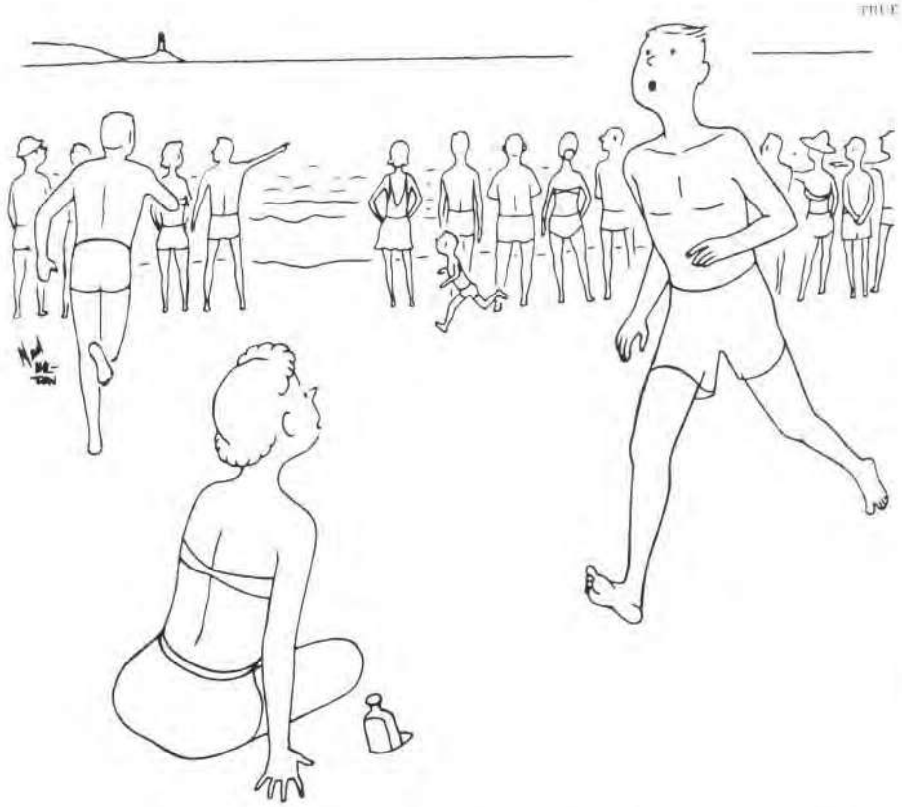
"I had a real list of things I knew had to be done," Dietzel told me. "Things I knew they *had* to do."

"Like what?" I wondered.

"Well, policy, jurisdiction, scheduling," answered Dietzel, not being very explicit. In any case, he told the Army brass he would make his decision after the bowl game and meanwhile instructed them to talk to nobody lest he lose interest. At this point, however, the Louisiana natives began to grow restless. "Some local people, some politicians, told Jim Corbett, 'You can't let him go.' " Dietzel recalled. "Jim said, 'I'll decide that.' But they said, 'You can't let him go.' So they actually tried this whole thing in their own minds, and when we got to Miami to play in the Orange Bowl there was a headline in a Miami paper that said: 'LSU Tigers Expected to Give Coach Goodbye Win.' "

Damn. Now those kids might get to wondering again. So in the dressing room before the game Dietzel arose and told them:

"Fellas, we've come a long way. What



"They think they saw a sea-monster. Is your mother in the water this morning?"

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I do is immaterial. The important thing is the price you had to pay to get here."

Dietzel's words must have been moving indeed, for now he said to me, "I'm telling you, they went out like wild men. We really whipped the pants off Colorado." So you can see that Army was getting itself a real football coach, and maybe that's why the brass fixed up his office with lavish furnishings that his predecessor had not enjoyed. Were these among the terms of surrender? Who can know?

In any case, Dietzel's march north to the banks of the Hudson is a page in his life that has been torn out and carefully tucked in the wallets of his detractors, who have italicized the fact that he had declared he would *never* leave Louisiana State University. Before witnesses. His words weigh upon him as a hair shirt now that he has added to his public stand for ethics the responsibility for guiding soldiers of honor. More, the episode serves as a permanent point of reference for those who increasingly are attempting to show that his recruiting and coaching tactics do not square with his energetic advocacy of virtue.

Nevertheless, Paul Dietzel is, at 39, the biggest name in college coaching since Frank Leahy.

He is a master organizer, known to begin a football practice by drawing on a blackboard with various colors of chalk the precise location where he expects each athlete and assistant coach to position himself. He lost to Navy, 34 to 14, but he has four years to run on a five-year contract and has bought a powder-blue Bonneville with walnut dashboard paneling. His salary has been variously estimated from $18,500 to $40,000 (including expense allowances and fringes), but remains a top secret. It is paid by the Army Athletic Association, "a self-supporting nonprofit organization composed primarily of some 13,000 West Point graduates." An official brochure states, "Neither the taxpayer's money nor government appropriations are used to support the Academy's intercollegiate athletic program." The brochure is published by the Academy's Sports Information Office, which also floods the mails with athletic publicity hoopla that goes out postage free. None of it, of course, tells Paul Dietzel's salary.

Spiritual guidance, on the other hand, is less difficult to come by at the Point. From a nearby file cabinet, Dietzel produced for me a pamphlet entitled *Prayer and Athletics*. It began:

"In the midwest, several years ago, five boys from a tiny village won the state basketball championship. In the semi-finals they beat out a team on which every man towered above the tallest of the champions. In the title fray they conquered an undefeated quintet from a high school with an enrollment twenty-one times larger than the winners.

"Everybody loves an underdog and the little champs were lauded much and feted often.

"But the one thing most mentioned of this miracle team was something altogether different. It was not that they gave away height in every game, or refused to be frightened by the bright lights and big crowds, or kept their poise when the heat was on; instead, up and down the streets in factories and offices, at restaurants over the morning coffee, the most talked-about fact was this:

"THEY PRAYED BEFORE EACH GAME!"

Clearly, what college football needs in this age of athletic fixes is more of this kind of uplift. It is not known whether Dietzel's demands upon the Army brass included an adequate set of prayer books—more likely they included an expanded coaching staff, a generous budget for recruiting trips, sufficient plane tickets to scout opponents with a six-deep staff of binocular wielders, and other similarly material items—but up and down the streets, in factories and offices, at restaurants over the morning coffee, people are not talking about the fact that Army prayed before last year's Navy game. Rather, many coaches are gloating over the beating Dietzel took. Of course, their attitude may stem in large part from envy, so it may be well to closely examine the life and times of Paul Dietzel and judge him not—that is, not now.

Dietzel is a classic case of the midwestern poor boy who made good. As he relates his past in a rather interpretive style, he addresses himself not to the question of what makes Paul Dietzel run but instead narrates, with an evangelist's proclivity for singling out the turning points where an unseen hand touched his shoulder and led him from the wayward path onto the straight-and-narrow. ("Now *this* was something that would change my life," he says, beginning an anecdote, "and you'll see why later.") He was born in Fremont, Ohio, the son of a sometime auto mechanic, sometime furnace installer, sometime gasoline station attendant, who in search of work successively moved from Fremont to Tiffin to Findlay to Green Springs to Mansfield as the Great Depression fell upon his bleak existence.

When Paul Dietzel was in third grade his parents broke up and his mother moved out of his life—clear out to Oregon. His father remarried but a hostile relationship between stepmother and stepson resulted. "I didn't get along with her at all," says Dietzel. From the time he reached eighth grade, by now moved to Mansfield, he had to buy all his clothes and every possession he owned, and did so first by working as a pinsetter in a bowling alley and then as a helper in Bazley's Market. On Saturdays during the school year, and in summer during vacation, he worked from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. for three dollars a day. Because Paul Dietzel was a hustler, the boss taught him to slice meat and cut pork chops and soon promoted him to clerk-butcher. "Two conies"—hotdogs with relish and chili sauce—"and a Coke was my usual lunch," says Dietzel. "No, not a Coke—a Pepsi, because Pepsis were bigger. I'd eat lunch as fast as I could because I wanted to get over to the pool room and get in a few racks on my lunchtime. If the house man went to lunch, I was the house man."

Somehow Paul Dietzel also found time to make the football, track and basketball teams at Mansfield High, and it was important to him that he win a letter. "The 'M' sweater was a status symbol," he says. "Actually, the only way I could travel around in the well-to-do crowd was as an athlete. The accepted thing to wear at the Monday Night Club dances at the YMCA was the 'M' sweater, and if you didn't have one you just weren't accepted. Looking back, this was one of the reasons athletics were so important." When he took a girl to a restaurant after a movie he studied the menu hard and usually ordered for himself a plate of french fries with gravy on them and a glass of milk, a combination which he knew he could purchase for 20 cents.

Looking back now, and seeing the years pass by in his mind's eye, Paul Dietzel realizes that though he was getting slightly ahead in tough times, mixing on the right side of the tracks, there was something missing from his life. "My mother and father were very religious before they broke up," he says. "I got in the habit of being a very strong church goer. But during the time I was working I got away from the church. I didn't get in with a wild crowd because I didn't have the money, but I was so tired from working that I just wanted to sleep in on Sunday morning." But one afternoon, while walking through a schoolhouse corridor after track practice, Paul Dietzel turned a spiritual corner in his life. ("You'll see why later.")

Glancing into a classroom, he says, he saw a pretty girl typing. "Watcha doing?" he asked.

"I'm typing. What do you think I'm doing?"

"Well, if it's time to go home I'll walk home with you."

Having walked Anne Wilson home, Paul Dietzel campaigned strenuously to date her for several months, and though she was often aloof he made headway. Finally he asked her to be his steady. She replied, "I hear you're in that pool room quite often. If you're going to go with me, you have to give up the pool room." Abjuring his misspent ways, Dietzel gave up the pool room forever more. "And that girl and I," says Dietzel, sounding a little like Bill Stern delivering his punch line on the old Colgate Sports Newsreel, "have been married 19 years, and I love her more every year."

Anne Wilson not only led Paul Dietzel out of the pool room but back to the church, for in order to see her on Sundays he would have to accompany her to the Lutheran church. Then the Wilson family would take him for a Sunday ride. "This wasn't the way I was used to spending Sunday," he says. "Ordinarily I would

TAXAX
HOW DO YOU VOTE?
(SEE PAGE 41)

go down to the pool room and shoot a few racks. The Wilson family just about took me in. Anne's mother actually was the closest thing I ever had to a mother."

The second uplifting turn in Paul Dietzel's life occurred in his junior year of high school when a man named Gorman, an alumnus of Lehigh University, approvingly eyed his performance as center on the Mansfield football team and told him that if he could qualify academically Lehigh might have an athletic scholarship for him. Dietzel switched from a general course to a crash program in science and math. "I was studying like a wild man," he says. "I had incentive. And I was going with Anne, so I wasn't in the pool room. It's amazing how those two things changed my life."

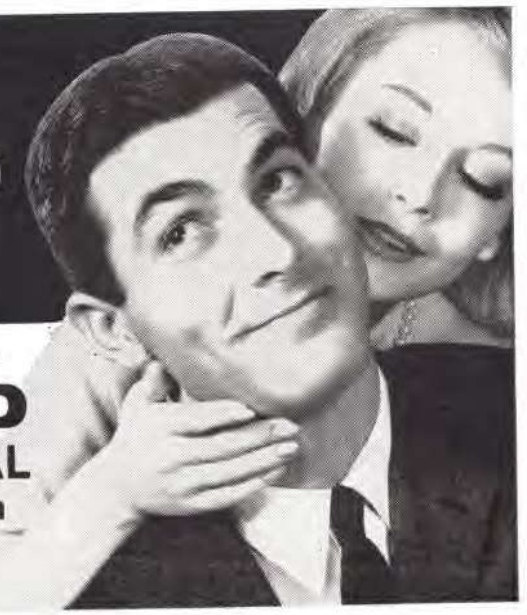
As it happened, however, Paul Dietzel did not go to Lehigh. Swamped with football offers, he chose Duke. "Duke had played in the Rose Bowl the year before," he says, preliminary to flogging himself again. "I picked the school to be a football player, frankly. And I nearly flunked out of school before I realized that. I've tried to tell boys, 'You better find out what you're in school for, because you can't eat that football.'" About to be drafted into World War II in his sophomore year, Dietzel enlisted in the Army Air Force, married Anne Wilson, and was shipped out to the South Pacific as a B-29 pilot. A non-smoker and non-drinker who today lambasts prominent athletes for cashing in on cigarette and beer endorsements, he was stationed on Tinian where he joined an officers' bottle club and put his precious allotment of booze to practical purpose. He traded a bottle of whisky to the Seabees in exchange for a bed built to his specifications.

He also flew 12 missions, some extremely dangerous, but to his credit has never invoked his war experiences for publicity purposes. Under fire he was tough and calm—characteristics that today are evident to his opponents and critics, who know full well they are not dealing with a Sunday school teacher. Dietzel points out that after Navy beat him last year, Coach Wayne Hardin of Navy said, "Paul was never in the game. The turning point came when I walked onto the field." Having quoted Hardin, Dietzel narrows his eyes and says, "I kind of remember things like that pretty well."

Indeed, the anti-Dietzels are laboring under a delusion if they believe a whipping by Navy was enough to shake up Paul Dietzel. They ought to be told about a place called Yawata.

The southernmost fingertip of Japan hangs severed by a sliver of water called the Shimonoseki Strait. Yawata, facing the strait from the south, was an arsenal whose very name caused the faces of seasoned American pilots to turn white. Heavy formations of B-29s had been decimated in Yawata skies. One day, Paul Dietzel and his crew walked into a briefing and were told to lay the Shimonoseki Strait with 1,000-pound magnetic mines, to be dropped by parachute at 9,500 feet. Flight speed through the strait was to be

A woman likes a man to be fresh!



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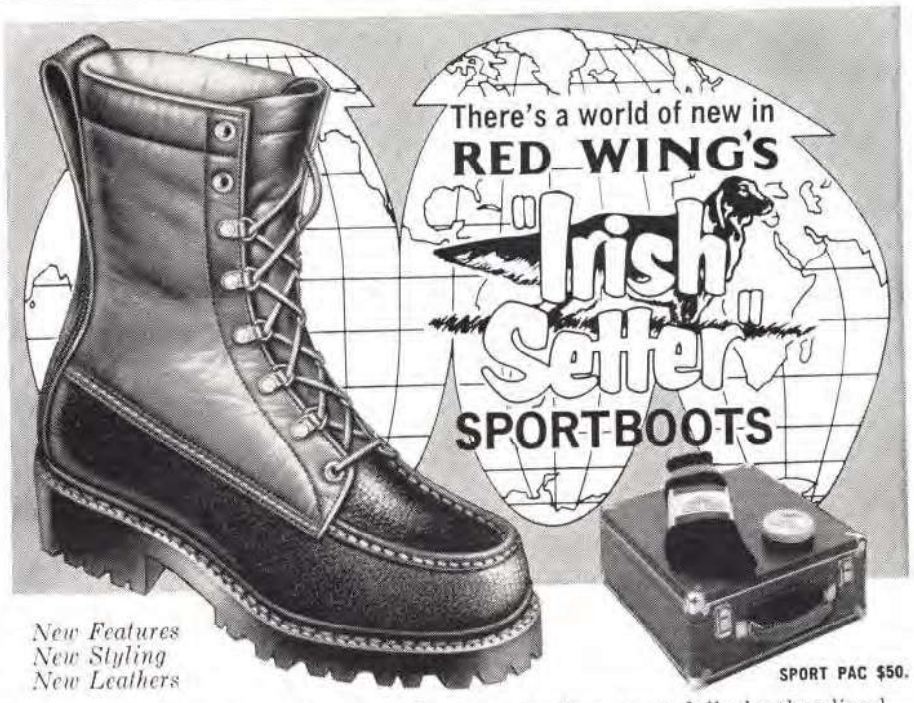

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no more than 250 miles per hour lest the chutes snap.

On a moonless night Dietzel, flying by radar, headed into the strait. It erupted like Times Square as a blaze of searchlights and orange flak shot up from Yawata. Coming in from the northwest, Dietzel heard the voice of his radar bombardier, a guy named Tony Panteles out of Chicago.

"Paul, correct five degrees to the right." Panteles, his eyes buried in the radarscope, could not see the terrifying orange sky that Dietzel was staring into from his seat in the greenhouse. Five degrees to the right would put them smack in the eye of the flak.

"Are you sure?" said Dietzel.

"Sure, I'm sure," snapped Panteles.

So Dietzel veered right and went into his dive, pointed dead at Yawata. Cheating slightly, he dove at 275 miles per hour, but the chutes held as they fell. Dietzel kept diving, to 5,000 feet, and then leveled off and tore across that mountainous southern fingertip of Japan through the pitch-black of the night. As he emerged safely above the Pacific Ocean, he said to his navigator, Roy Person, "Roy, how high were those mountains back there?"

"Wait a minute, I'll look it up," said Person.

Suddenly Dietzel heard Person emit a gagging sound, and then heard him cry, "Paul! Those mountains were 8,700 feet!" Dietzel, having crossed the island blind at 5,000 feet, by some miracle had flown straight through a valley. So you think one loss to Navy is going to shake up *this* guy?

Back from the war, Paul Dietzel enrolled at Miami of Ohio, where his wife had matriculated and become a cheerleader. He put on his butcher's apron and built up a savings account while he captained the football team. Then Red Blaik, the West Point coach, hired him as a $3,500 freshman coach. From the Point he moved to Cincinnati University as varsity defensive line coach and, undismayed by the sometimes dirty business of recruiting football players, once spent six weeks working out of a Pittsburgh hotel room, collaring kids from the Western Pennsylvania coal and steel towns. It was at Cincinnati, too, that he hit upon a gimmick which, as much as anything, was to make him a big name in years to come.

At the time, the comic strip *Terry and the Pirates* featured a band of cutthroats known as the Chinese Bandits. One day, while Dietzel was working out his defensive linemen on a field separate from the rest of the varsity, he jokingly said to them, "They won't even let us on their field. We must be the meanest and toughest men in the world. From now on we'll be known as the Chinese Bandits." Inasmuch as the national spotlight was now focused on Cincinnati University's defensive linemen, the Chinese Bandits received no headlines, but Dietzel filed away the gimmick in his mind for later use.

Plugging upward as an assistant, he coached for Bear Bryant at Kentucky and then for Colonel Blaik again at the Point, and finally, when the head coaching job at LSU fell open, he saw his chance. He telephoned Col. Biff Jones, the Academy's onetime Washington liaison man with whom Dietzel had worked closely in the arrangement of Academy appointments for football players. Jones, once head coach at LSU, was a legendary hero in the Bayou country, for he had once thrown Governor Huey Long out of the LSU dressing room when old Huey demanded to give the team a half-time pep talk. Biff Jones put in a word for Dietzel and he got the job.

LSU had a doormat team, but Dietzel gradually built a football machine and ran it with a passion for precision. He shook up players by conducting unannounced inspections of their dormitories. But on recruiting trips, his sincerity and ready smile practically melted the hearts of mothers at 30 paces; Louisianans affectionately dubbed him Uncle Paul, for he had an avuncular way of showing up with gifts— Saturday-afternoon victories. Lord, folks hadn't had so much fun since Uncle Earl Long, Huey's brother, stumped the parishes, pinching plump bottoms and handing out peppermint candy to the kids. From the farms in the north and from the rice fields and muskrat traps in the south, folks trekked to Baton Rouge—70,000 strong—to cheer Uncle Paul's boys. But a few newspapermen privately regarded him with suspicion.

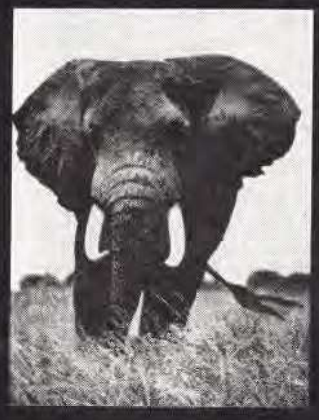
"Like when you asked Pepsodent Paul a question that he didn't have a good answer for," says Tom Fox, a salty Irishman who used to write football in New Orleans. "He'd turn to one of the other reporters and give him that bright smile and say, 'Well, now, that's a good question. How would *you* answer that one?' He gave me that routine once and I said, 'Who, me?' And he said, 'You're from the *Item*, aren't you?' And I said, 'Yeh, but I'm the church editor.' "

In 1958, his fourth year at LSU, Uncle Paul's boys won the national championship, and he was known in the land because almost every story that went out on the wire services made mention of the Chinese Bandits, his defensive platoon. (The press-agentry value of this trademark is best demonstrated by the fact that Mississippi coach Johnny Vaught, though consistently victorious almost to the point of boredom, remains a relatively unknown figure.)

Dietzel had it made. Baton Rouge businessmen bought him a swimming pool to go with his latest fresh contract. "We want you to have something you won't be able to take with you if you ever decide to leave," their spokesman told him. "We don't want you to leave LSU."

Dietzel arose, touched, and said, "Anne and I love Louisiana and will stay as long as we're wanted."

Today he says, "That's one thing I wish I hadn't said, but when I made the statement I really meant it." Can anyone doubt the sincerity of one who is vice-president of an organization called the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Inc.? FCA, which operates out of an office in



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Kansas City and recruits collegiate and professional athletes to its rolls, conducts national conferences at rustic retreats where members play volleyball and contemplate ways by which they may bring spiritual guidance to the sometimes hell-raising mesomorphs who play sports in the public eye. Dietzel, in point of fact, traces much of the criticism leveled at him to his vice-presidency in FCA, saying:

"I just happen to feel my belief in God is the most important thing in my life. I give a lot of talks to young people. I talk about religion and ethics—about the impact a coach has on the youth in his community. I think some people believe I do this for an impression." Dietzel speculates accurately. "The only thing that bothers me is there are some critics who say, 'You're *using* that.' I once complained about this to some of the fellows in the Fellowship, and do you know what they told me? They said, 'Who in the world are *you* to worry about that? You have to do what's right in your own heart.'

"They were right, of course," Dietzel continues. "I can't imagine anything more horrible than going around saying what you don't believe in. If there's anything I can't stand it's being a phony."

In New Orleans there is a civil court judge named Oliver P. (Ike) Carriere, who feels more or less the same way. Carriere, a former LSU quarterback, was a member of the university's board of supervisors when LSU hired Dietzel. Carriere vigorously supported his appointment and, when Dietzel was being interviewed by the board, asked him: "Will you ever break a contract with LSU to return to West Point?" Dietzel said he would not. Soon after, in the early days when Dietzel was acquiring the parts for his football machine, Judge Carriere loyally admonished impatient fans to give the boy coach time, telling them they had "another Knute Rockne" in their midst. Today the judge snaps "No comment!" when asked about Paul Dietzel, but board member Tom Dutton, a four-time LSU football captain, says:

"Paul Dietzel knows how to coach football and he earned every new contract he got, but he reminds me of a beer commercial they keep showing down here. Over and over it shows the smiling Mona Lisa till you're sick of it. He makes a good speech and he makes a big impression on parents and he's a good Sunday school teacher, all right, but after a while that Pepsodent face of his got a little tiresome. I could tell you about a few things that happened down here, but I don't want to go into that. Personally, I opposed giving him his release. I wanted to hire another coach but make Dietzel sit on the sidelines till his contract ran out."

In any event, Paul Dietzel got to the one place he wanted to go—the head coach's office at West Point—and today sits there with a clear conscience. " 'Hell hath no wrath like a woman scorned,' " quotes Dietzel, calculating the bitterness of his separation with LSU. Charitably, he adds, "There's a small dividing line between compassion and hate. It's normal. It's understandable." And then, with a rather sharp pivot that somehow jars the listener, as if a collection plate had crashed to the floor while the pipe-organ was playing, Dietzel snaps:

"We were averaging 68,000 people a game down there . . . I gave them value for the money they paid."

Blessed as he is with a grasp of both the spiritual and the mundane, Paul Dietzel knows Army hired him to win football games—above all, the Navy game. With admirable energy he has striven to return value for money paid, but he has found his path assailed by interlopers who have crossed the dividing line from compassion to hate. Behold his first year on the job.

Like a director of marketing, he covered his office wall with a huge map and at once began a national recruiting drive such as West Point had never pressed. (Red Blaik once said of Dietzel, "If he so much as gets his feet under the supper table with a boy, the boy is his.") Scouring the country for promising military strategists who could block and tackle, he found one named Wayne Page in Lakeview, South Carolina, and led him off. But a belligerent fat man named Frank Howard, who coaches Clemson College, hollered bloody murder.

Wayne Page had signed a letter of intent—a formal pledge—to enroll at Clemson. What kind of community leader is this, Frank Howard wondered, that induces teen-agers to break their word?

Howard soon had company in his anguish.

Item: Dietzel, continuing to assault South Carolina like a Union gunboat, copped another military prospect, one Curtis Lindler of Columbia, who had signed a letter of intent with the University of South Carolina. Coach Marvin Bass, while allowing that only coaches in his conference were bound to respect such pledges, says, "The thing I objected to was that he might have called me and said, 'I'd like to talk to that boy.' We'd have released the boy from his commitment, because if you keep a boy against his wishes he won't be much use to you anyhow."

Item: Mississippi coach Johnny Vaught, discovering that Dietzel had seized from him one Stanley Hindman of Newton, Mississippi, growled viciously and turned investigator. He found that Mississippi's Congressmen previously had awarded their entire allotment of cadet appointments, but that Dietzel had acquired young Hindman by virtue of an Academy appointment from a Pennsylvania Congressman—an end-run play that Senator Russell B. Long of Louisiana promptly denounced as a blatant violation of federal law. Meanwhile, Coach Vaught stiffly declared:

"Whereas we do not censure the aforementioned appointee if he really wants to attend the Military Academy, we do question the validity of the appointment, as well as the methods used by Coach Dietzel in enticing young gentlemen to abrogate their previous agreements."

Around the country, coaches hesitate to criticize Army recruiters in public, for almost every football college hopes someday to schedule Army. With its military glamor, Army is a smash gate attraction. But in private, coaches were saying last

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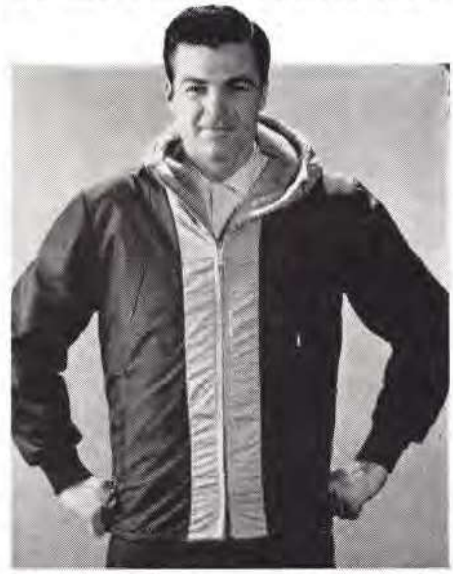

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"Lush!"

year that Army recruiters were stressing to prospects the fact that cadets receive a $111.15 monthly salary, that they receive vacations with pay, that after graduation they need spend only five years in service, and that upon their separation from service their West Point background would make them eminently attractive to employers. Says one coach:

"I had the funny notion that West Point's purpose was to train career officers. Look, Dietzel's got to fight to get the players just like the rest of us, but if he's gonna go around making speeches on ethics and patriotism he ought to be more pure than Caesar's wife."

Dietzel himself can't understand why people would say such things. "I stress the challenge the Academy offers a boy," he says. "I want topnotch boys, and topnotch boys like to be challenged." Curtis Lindler, the topnotch boy he snatched from Clemson, decided after six weeks at the Point that he did not care to be challenged and returned home.

Meanwhile, Dietzel, who is an amateur sign painter, papered the walls of the Army locker room with ringing slogans and epigrams. "You can learn more character on the two-yard line than you can anywhere in life," is one of his favorite admonitions. A Philadelphia newspaper columnist named Larry Merchant, who used to coach high school football, sat in the Michie Stadium pressbox on the day of the Army-Penn State game and wondered whether Dietzel ought to be sent back to the two-yard line for a refresher course.

Merchant afterwards wrote, "An amplifying sound system was set up among the cadets in the stands and they used it to harass Penn State quarterbacks while they called signals. I have never seen a more enthusiastic display of unsportsmanlike conduct. Dietzel evidently has. Not until Penn State complained and an official ordered him to tone the boys down did Dietzel turn around and shush them with a sincere palms-up gesture. A few minutes later they were at it again. There was no complaint, no order—and no shushing." Army won the game.

But the anti-Dietzels held their sides and, totally without compassion, laughed themselves silly when a patsy named Oklahoma State upset Army, 12-7. The next week, when Army lost to Pittsburgh, 7-6, suggestions were heard that Congress ought to investigate wasteful spending at the Academy. Dietzel had had no less than six scouts trailing Pittsburgh (the usual detail of college scouts numbers two men), and assuming the scouts remained awake all the time, they must have seen that Pittsburgh's pass defense was laughable. When Army scouts last peered through their binoculars, Notre Dame was gleefully throwing 34 passes against Pittsburgh and completing 20—four of them for touchdowns. Yet Dietzel, whose strategy of attack often has been not unlike the style he employed when chopping porkchops in Mansfield, acted upon his expensive scouting reports to the extent of four passes in the entire first three periods of the game. On the game's last series of downs, Army threw three desperation passes to bring its aerial total to nine. "I know a lot of coaches who coached exciting football who are selling apples," says Dietzel today.

Altogether, Dietzel's Army team won six games and lost four—a record identical to that which Dale Hall compiled at Army immediately before the brass threw him out. Dietzel, of course, did not have the opportunity to use players he himself had recruited, so he must be allowed time to rise or fall with cloth of his own weaving. Happily, as time passes he will face schedules that are typically Army—that is, chock full o' breathers. This year: Boston University, Cincinnati, Wake Forest, Utah. By 1965, Pittsburgh and Penn State, traditionally rugged opponents, will have disappeared from the Army schedule; Rutgers and Colgate, both candidates for manslaughter, will have been added.

Perhaps such breathers are necessary, considering the viciousness with which Navy lies in wait for Army. It was disgraceful the way Navy coaches lobbed rocks at the vice-president of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Inc., as the Army-Navy game drew near last season.

Sniped Steve Belichick, one of Wayne Hardin's assistants:

"Army has a halfback named John Seymour. He averaged more than five yards a carry as a sophomore this season. Did you ever read about him? Does anybody know he exists? No. All you read about is Dietzel . . . Dietzel's got to be the tall man wherever he goes."

Dietzel possesses an active mind, but to hear Belichick talk, you would think that when Dietzel comes up with such gimmicks as dressing the cadet corps in Chinese coolie hats he is intentionally reminding the public of his own crackling presence. (On the sidelines Dietzel is a dynamic leader, continually pacing in front of the bench, seizing substitutes to give them snappy advice, and in the course of all this, attracting the attention of the television cameras as few coaches do.) For the Navy game Dietzel dressed his players in white shoes simply because, he says, they looked nice in white shoes. Yet even the Navy equipment manager was moved to rub Navy's 34 to 14 victory in Dietzel's face. "They looked like nurses," he said.

Since the days of the Apostles, men who would stand up for virtue have had to contend with abuse. Paul Dietzel knows this. He also knows football, and having viewed an orange sky above Yawata, knows how to be tough under fire. He had to claw his way up from poverty, like a Christian Sammy Glick. Along the way, he found a place, West Point, that touched him, and he found his way back. "They hung a banner in the mess hall that said, 'Welcome home, Paul.' " he tells you, obviously as moved by this inexpensive gesture as he would have been by a gift swimming pool. He means to pay back this place with many, many victories over Navy, for he is dedicated to the Academy. If he were not, you don't think he'd have signed on for five years, do you? Now hush, you be quiet, you smart alecs down in Louisiana.

—Myron Cope

TAXAX
HOW DO YOU VOTE?
(SEE PAGE 41)

Ordeal by Fire and Famine

[Continued from page 32]

He knew it was one chance in a thousand but it cheered the men.

They watched the *Hornet* burn. At 8 a.m. the towering main mast with its spreading spars toppled like a felled tree. The fore and mizzen masts soon followed. Oily black smoke billowed high into the clear, blue sky. There were no explosions but as the fire consumed kerosene and candles in the hold, the *Hornet* lightened in the water as she did when unloading cargo alongside a dock.

All that day they lolled in their boats a few hundred yards from the smouldering vessel, and that night the glare cast a ruddy glow on the clouds overhead. It was so strong the men had to shield their eyes in order to look at the fire. The gunwhales and the idle oars of the boats shone like burnished gold.

At 5 a.m. the following morning, the old *Hornet* tilted down by the bow and slid slowly out of sight.

Mitchell's voice briskly ended the moment of helplessness. "We have a long sail ahead of us. Mr. Hardy, you'll take command of one yawl. John Paar, as second mate, you'll be in command of the other. Since John Thomas, the third mate, is not yet competent to navigate, I'll take him in the longboat with me. Each of us will take a compass, a quadrant and a copy of Bowditch's *Navigator*. I want lines passed and secured between the boats. That way we'll stay together. The longboat will lead. Is that clear?"

"What's the course, Captain?" called Hardy.

"We'll steer for Clarion Island lying about 1,000 miles to the north. That will keep us in the track of California-bound vessels. There's a good chance we'll be picked up. With careful rationing we should be able to make our provisions last 10 days. As soon as we've divided them equally, we'll get started."

Each yawl carried eight men. The leaky longboat—21 feet long, six feet wide and three feet deep—carried 15 including the two Fergusons. The eldest, Samuel, 28, was a scholarly consumptive who had taken the voyage for his health. His energetic younger brother, Henry, 18, was a sophomore divinity student at Trinity College. Mitchell stationed his crew up forward. He assigned the Fergusons aft with the third mate and himself. Mitchell immediately set up watches for steering and trimming the sail. Meat tins, bread bags and the scuttlebutt, together with canvas and cordage, filled the bottom of the boat. It was so crowded no one had room to stretch his legs.

Captain Mitchell put his men on a ration of a bite of salt pork or a small piece of raw potato and half a sea biscuit three times a day. Each man was allowed one-quarter pint of water daily.

In the beginning, the men were confident. The college student, Mitchell suspected, looked upon the disaster as an exciting adventure. Mitchell didn't try to disillusion him. The captain kept all hands busy watching for a passing sail. He gave the Ferguson brothers a watch of their own. They took turns bailing the leaky boat. It was a full time job.

During the first week it rained almost every night. The days were scorching hot and steamy. The survivors managed to replenish their water supply by spreading canvas when it rained until the buckets, empty meat tins, and even their boots, were full of water. But the incessant showers left them continually wet and uncomfortable. The winds were faint and fickle, blowing from every point of the compass. Squalls alternated with flat, glassy calms. The sun glared off the water. Nobody slept much in those cramped quarters.

On the seventh day, hollow-eyed Sam Ferguson observed in his detached way: "We seem to be losing as much distance as we're gaining, Captain. Or is it just my imagination?"

Mitchell had learned to respect this quiet man who never complained in spite of his hacking cough. "Have you ever heard of the doldrums, Mr. Ferguson?" the captain asked. "That's what we're in. It's a belt of calm that extends about ten degrees on either side of the equator. The going will be slow until we get far enough north to catch the tradewinds. In seven days, we've made only three hundred miles northing."

"What are our chances of reaching land, Captain?"

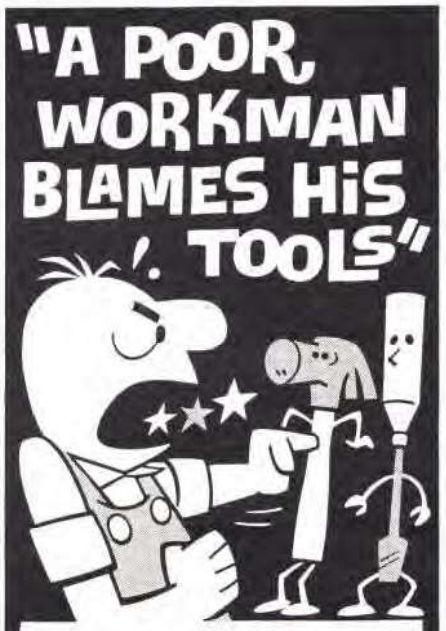
"The Galápagos Islands are over 1,000 miles east. Beyond is South America. Mexico is northeast about the same distance. On a map it doesn't seem far. But the northeast tradewinds, when we work out of these doldrums, will blow us directly away from these seacoasts. We're now steering north for Clarion and several other islands below Lower California. But in this boat, tied to the others, I'm not at all sure we can hold our course once we pick up the trades. I'm praying we'll be sighted by a passing sail."

It was monkey-like Joe Williams of Madeira, Portugal, who first noticed the dolphin lazing along in the shadow of the boat. "Portagee" Joe, the crew's champion fisherman, cut a tattered remnant from his undershirt and tied it to one of the fishhooks he always carried. Then he let his line slide into the clear, blue water. For the first time in days there was a sense of expectancy in the crowded boat. An hour passed. Then another. Disappointed, the men finally raised their eyes to the horizon to resume their eternal vigil for a passing sail.

The following day, however, Portagee Joe suddenly began hauling in his line, hand over hand. "I got heem! I got heem!" he shouted. The glistening dolphin came flopping into the boat. The men hardly had time to tie it by the tail when Portagee Joe was hauling in another, larger than the first.

They constructed a stove out of an empty meat tin. For a burner they made a wick out of a rag soaked in butter. The captain apportioned the dolphin among the boats. Each man had two full meals of half-cooked dolphin steak. Portagee Joe swore he'd never tasted better.

Luck stayed with them. The next day Joe caught two more dolphins and a turtle. The turtle they tied to the bot-



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tom of the boat. The dolphin supplied two more meals for the entire crew. Taking advantage of their windfall, Captain Mitchell cut their other rations in half: one-fourth of a biscuit for breakfast, an ounce of ham and one-fourth of a biscuit for lunch, one-fourth of a biscuit and 12 large or 14 small raisins for dinner. With every meal each man received one-fourth of a pint of water.

Now the weather turned foul. The rain came in sheets, the wind in gusts from all directions. Storms alternated with burning calms. In the next four days the survivors sailed only five miles nearer Clarion Island. Several men had sores on their hips from constant rubbing against the boat. They had not dried their clothing for days.

Their only unfailing source of humor was the rooster. Day after day he grew more skinny and bedraggled. But every morning, at first light, he mounted a thwart, proudly arched his scrawny neck and croaked out a greeting. The crew fed him precious crumbs and called him Richard the Lion-Hearted. Once Harry Morris, a sinister-looking character from the waterfront of Havre, France, suggested they eat Richard. The suggestion was met with icy disfavor.

None of Mitchell's men, with the exception of observant Sam Ferguson, guessed the captain's private agony of hopelessness. The tiny convoy was now 10 degrees north of the equator. "We'll catch the trades any day now," Mitchell insisted.

And Joe continued to catch fish: a dolphin on the 12th day, a dolphin and a bonito on the 14th day. By this time the butter had been consumed, so they ate the fish raw: the dolphin one evening, the bonito the next day. To conserve their other provisions, Mitchell now issued only one-fourth of a biscuit per meal per man. The water ration remained one-fourth of a pint three times a day.

On the evening of the 15th day, in latitude 11 degrees, 12 minutes north, about 500 miles southeast of Clarion Island, they finally sailed into the belt of tradewinds. As the strength of the winds increased so did the violence of the waves. The three boats in tandem jerked heavily against their ropes all night long. Now the wind headed them off their course until they were sailing almost straight west. In the morning, Captain Mitchell signaled for the other boats to come alongside.

"We have no chance of making Clarion Island this way," he said. "It's best we separate. Individually, we might be able to hold the course. Are you agreeable?"

Second mate Paar answered quickly. "Please, Captain, I'd rather stay with you. I don't trust this boat."

"It's the best sailer of the three," Mitchell answered.

"My men don't want to separate," Paar said stubbornly. "They don't think it's lucky. If we stay together we can help each other."

"And you, Mr. Hardy?" the captain asked the first mate.

"I think you are right about separating," Hardy answered. "Cut my boat loose."

The captain nodded. "So be it. Mr. Paar and I will continue together. We'll divide the provisions equally among the boats."

Hardy took one of the chronometers and eight volunteers into his yawl. Richard the Lion-Hearted, almost too weak to stand, was transferred reluctantly into the mate's boat. "God keep you," Sam Ferguson called as they parted company. Gradually the sail grew smaller. By mid-afternoon it had disappeared to windward.

The next day was Sunday. In the second mate's boat, they caught a booby, a sea bird about as large as a duck, which had stopped to rest on the bow. In the captain's boat they killed the turtle and ate half of it raw. On the 18th day the endless tugging of one boat against the other increased as the wind picked up. In the morning a violent jerk pitched away the longboat's mast, sail and all. They were half a day shortening the broken mast and rerigging the sail. The captain wrote in his diary, "These boats together. If I had but one it would not be so hard. But I cannot cast them off." That day the second mate's boat caught three boobies and passed one into the longboat.

The following morning, in the gray light of dawn, an electrifying thing happened. Young Henry Ferguson suddenly shouted, "Sail ho!" He pointed. Sure enough, it was a sail, lifting and falling with the waves. "Cast off," Mitchell snapped, "We're going after it." The men were hysterical with joy. They babbled, pounded each other on the back.

"It seems to be a rather small vessel," Sam Ferguson said mildly about 15 minutes later.

"Too small," frowned Mitchell.

As they came closer the ironic truth dawned on them. The sail belonged not to a rescuing ship but to the yawl in which the first mate and his crew had sailed away two days before. The excited babbling died away. The men sat in stony silence, staring across the water. It was a moment of utter desolation.

"Now it's time for us all to separate," Mitchell announced at last. "Individually we have a chance to reach Clarion Island. But as long as we stay tied together, we only hinder one another."

The second mate objected immediately. "Please, Captain, my men aren't in favor of separating. Let us stay with you. I don't want to take the responsibility. . . ."

"Mr. Paar, it's for your own good. You will be safer if you go on alone," Mitchell said patiently.

"You can't send us away if we don't want to go," Paar pleaded. "Let us come into the longboat with you. That will solve the problem. We'll be able to keep on our course. . . ."

Mitchell's face showed pain. "I'm sorry, Mr. Paar, but I cannot in good

TRUE

"I call it the Huntley-Brinkley system."

conscience risk the lives of your men and mine in that way. You know we are already overcrowded in all three boats. You are an experienced navigator and your boat is more seaworthy than mine. Together we have no chance. Separated we have. Make the most of it. We will divide all the food and water equally and set sail."

The first mate cut in, "For God's sake, Paar, be a man!"

Paar's lips quivered. He took aboard the scanty stock of provisions Captain Mitchell handed over. As the boats separated for the last time, the second mate began to plead once more. His voice grew fainter in the distance. By noon the other two boats were out of sight.

That afternoon they caught a booby. The provisions remaining on board were about two-thirds of a ham, one-fourth of a box of raisins, half a bucket of biscuit crumbs, 14 gallons of water and three tins of oysters and clams. The captain divided the bird, entrails and all, and gave each man a portion by lot.

As they sailed out of the doldrums and their speed increased, Portagee Joe's luck deserted him. He exchanged his white rag for a red one. Then he tried a shiny belt buckle. But no fish would bite. It was becoming more and more difficult to hold the course against the gusty trades. In his diary Mitchell wrote: "Men getting weak and sleepy."

On the 20th day, Sam Ferguson read from a small prayer book in the morning, then again in the evening. Even cynical Frenchy Morris took off his cap and sat bareheaded with the other tattered, bearded survivors. After that, Ferguson read prayers every morning and evening.

Every day the trades became more gusty, the sea more rough. By the 22nd day the winds were blowing gale force. Now there was no thought of trying to stay on course. It was difficult enough just to keep afloat. Captain Mitchell was constantly at the tiller as the towering waves came thundering at the tiny boat. Each time her bow lifted bravely, and she rode to the top in time to race down the opposite slope into the watery canyon below. Spray soaked the men. It was impossible to shift their bruised bodies to comfortable positions on the bare boards. Peter Schmidt of Amsterdam had an open, infected sore on his hip. Antone Passaic of Cape Verde Islands was almost as badly off. Two men bailed constantly.

The gale began to subside about 48 hours later. On the 23rd day two more flying fish came aboard. They were all eaten raw. The next day was Sunday. In the morning, Sam Ferguson began reading the communion service to himself. He didn't finish until late afternoon because he was too weak to concentrate for more than a few minutes at a time.

It was the first clear day since the storm began. Carefully Captain Mitchell unpacked his precious quadrant, kept with the chronometer in an empty tin under the seat in the stern where it was dry. As Thomas and young Ferguson held him steady, Mitchell took his sightings. The men watched silently as he made his calculations. They all knew that the storm must have blown them off course.

"Can we still make Clarion Island, sir?" Thomas asked for all of them.

Mitchell squared his shoulders. "First, let me say this chronometer is probably in error. With the pounding it has taken, no time piece could remain accurate. My chronometer sight puts us 189 miles west and south of Clarion. I think that's wrong. But even allowing for error, we've missed the island. We are now steering for Henderson Island. It's on our track to the northwest."

"How far?" called Frenchy.

"About 700 miles. With luck we'll make it in a week. But it means reducing rations. We've been living a little high." All the men laughed except the Frenchman.

The new ration was one-fourth of a biscuit two times a day. Sam Ferguson no longer had the strength to read the morning and evening prayers. Young Henry did it for him. They sailed on as the weather continued to clear. Heading into the gusty trades, the boat was taking a terrible pounding. Waves kept breaking over the side. A man bailed constantly. Every day the captain became more concerned. In 48 hours of heavy beating into the wind, they had sailed only 60 miles. At that rate Henderson Island was 23 days away. Neither the boat nor the men were equal to such a voyage.

On the 27th day, Captain Mitchell made the most fateful decision of his life. To the entire crew he announced, "We have a new destination. Our course will be due west. . . ."

The men broke into immediate protest. Third mate Thomas objected loudly, "Due west will take us away from land. We'll be heading straight out to sea! It doesn't make sense, sir!"

"Mr. Thomas, Bowditch puts the American Group in latitude 16 to 17 north, longitude 133 to 136 west. That's due west about 700 miles. Henderson is northwest of here about the same distance. By sailing west we'll have the wind off our stern instead of in our teeth. We'll make better time and it will be easier sailing."

Sam Ferguson said politely, "The American Group is listed as 'doubtful,' Captain. As I understand it, that means there may not be such a group. What if these islands don't exist?"

Mitchell answered slowly. "I can only ask you to trust my judgment. By beating into the trades, we will never reach Henderson alive. By sailing west with the

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wind we have a chance . . . if the American Group exists. That's the decision we need to make." Only Harry the Frenchman continued to grumble as the boat wore about and pointed her small bow toward the west.

The following day the captain gave every man a piece of ham and bread, each the size of a one-cent piece, for breakfast, and 11 raisins with a piece of bread the size of a penny for lunch. That evening they went hungry. Frenchy complained bitterly to his shipmates up forward about his small portion. The next morning they found the bread bag had been broken into. Only a few cupfuls remained.

"It was that prayin' Ferguson who did it," Frenchy insisted to his mates forward. "Otherwise he'd be dead by now, sick as he was when he got aboard this stinkin' scow. I'll give you odds he's been stealing our rations for weeks." A couple of men nodded agreement.

On the 30th day, each man received 10 raisins apiece and a morsel of bread with one-fourth pint of water. The grumbling increased. Frenchy had swung over half of the hunger-crazed crew. "I say we take the food and divide it ourselves," he proposed. "What about the captain?" a seaman asked. Frenchy scowled and drew his finger slowly across his neck. "We'll cut his throat if he stands in our way."

That night while the men were sleeping a young seaman from New York, Jim Cox, crawled back to the stern to warn the captain. Mitchell listened gravely. "Thank you, young man," he said. "I expected this. I'll be obliged if you continue to keep your ears open." When Cox returned to his usual place 15 feet away he found he was panting from the unaccustomed exertion.

New the noon sightings showed heartening progress; 80 miles logged one day, 95 miles the next, 130 miles the next. Though the wind stayed strong and the waves high, the boat sailed easily before them. On the 32nd day, the bread and raisins gave out. Frenchy told his ring of malcontents, "You can bet your life they're hoarding some for themselves on the stern. Look at Mitchell sittin' up there as strong as an ox. How could he go on like this if he wasn't eatin' our share?" There was a rumble of agreement.

The next day was dry and warmer with a pleasant, rolling sea. Mitchell took the opportunity to dry his underwear. It had been wet for the past 12 days. As he pulled off his trousers, he glanced down in surprise at his legs. Above the knee, his thighs had wasted away to the usual thickness of his forearm.

And that day the grumbling came out into the open. Mitchell was issuing a ration of ham the size of a thumbtip and one-fourth of a pint of water when Frenchy snarled, "Now we'll have some of that you've been savin' for yourself!"

"What is that supposed to mean?"

Frenchy struggled to his knees. "Let's show him, boys! He's been hoarding long enough! We'll get our share this time! Come on!" He drew a clasp knife from his pocket. Two-thirds of the men in the forward part of the boat began crawling aft toward the captain.

Mitchell rose unsteadily to his feet. "You'll have to kill me to take the food," he said calmly. "Do you know what will happen after that? You'll die! You'll sail in circles until you all starve to death. Because not one of you can navigate this boat to a landfall."

The men paused in their advance. Mitchell went on in the same deadly calm tone. "We have one chance to get through this. That is to spin out this bit of ham and our one can of soup until the last possible day, to stay alive long enough to reach land. I can't stop you if you're determined to die. But I can promise you this. If you'll trust me, I'll bring you all out of this alive!"

Sam Ferguson spoke weakly from his seat against the gunwhale. "Don't you see? He's right! Without Captain Mitchell we'd be dead already!" Several of the men nodded. Even Frenchy seemed uncertain. They crawled back to their places and the mutiny was over.

But a more serious problem arose the next day. Mitchell's noon sighting put them squarely in the center of the American Group. With pathetic eagerness the men searched the horizon for land. Yet, no islands were to be seen. Not even the tell-tale presence of birds. As the realization sank home, the men fell into a dull stupor of hopelessness.

"Remember, we anticipated this," Mitchell told them. "We'll sail for Hawaii. I can find those islands blindfolded. They're only 1,200 miles away. We have the trades behind us, the weather's clear. Give me two weeks and I'll put you ashore."

They had one can of soup and a few scraps of ham, in addition to about 10 gallons of water, for 15 men. Mitchell cut the ration to one meal. But, as young Henry Ferguson told the men forward, "I feel better now. We've lasted over a month already. Why can't we last two weeks more?"

Then a totally unexpected disaster struck. On the 34th day, when the morning watch tried to shorten sail during a squall, the halyard stuck in the block at the top of the 16-foot mast. One after another of the men tried to climb up to fix the block. They were all too weak to reach the top. Unless they got the rigging in smooth working order, they would be unable to handle the boat. The first severe gust of wind would blow away the sail. If that happened, they were lost.

Frenchy made it half way. Portagee Joe got a little farther. Thomas, with the help of Jim Cox and young Henry Ferguson, finally reached the top of the swaying mast. But he fainted before he was able to rig a clew iron as a temporary block. It was Jim Cox who, after two desperate tries, managed to make temporary repairs and bring down the faulty block.

The pin had broken that held the roller in place. The problem was finding something to use as a substitute pin. They decided to use a nail that was imbedded in a thwart. With only their knives, they worked all day and the next drawing out the nail. The men took turns because they were too weak to stay at it very long.

On the 36th day, the third mate rehung the block. The halyard ran easily through it. To celebrate, they opened their last can of soup and ate half of it. As he sipped his portion, Sam Ferguson remarked to Mitchell, "Captain, I haven't moved my bowels for three weeks. Ordinarily, I'd assume such a condition would be painful. But I feel no pain."

"I know," said Mitchell, "it's been 16 days with me. I would guess our bodies are absorbing the little we've put into them."

On the 39th day, the captain wrote in his diary, "A lovely June day. Everything that is possible to eat is eaten. Living on three gills [a gill is one-fourth pint] of water a day, I am growing very weak indeed." The captain estimated they were about 700 miles from Hawaii. The weather now was balmy with tradewinds cooling the heat of the sun as it sparkled off the deep blue of the water. Overhead fluffy clouds floated by.

That day Mitchell cut up into equal portions the greasy rag which they'd wrapped the ham in. The men chewed greedily on the pieces of rag. Portagee Joe ate two silk handkerchiefs. Thomas ate three boot straps. The next day Captain Mitchell celebrated his 54th birthday by eating the soft tongue of a leather shoe.

On the 41st day a flying fish came aboard. The captain cut the fish up into 15 equal parts and the men swallowed their morsels, less than half a teaspoonful per man. They knocked apart the butter keg and gnawed on the staves for nourishment. The ham bone was being systematically cut into shavings which the men ate. When the ham bone was gone they started on the turtle shell. The captain reduced the water ration to one-quarter pint twice a day.

On June 14, after six weeks in the boat, the men had eaten their handkerchiefs, their shirts, boot straps, the butter keg, the ham bone and most of the turtle shell.

The 43rd day dawned bright and clear. The men sat in a stupor, too weak to care. But the captain noticed signs of approaching land; bits of seaweed, birds, driftwood floating by. On the horizon he thought he could make out the purple crown of a mountain. He wrote in his diary, "Saw indication of land but dare not say it for fear of disappointment."

At 10:30 a.m. Henry Ferguson saw it, too. He stared, unbelieving, then croaked, "Land! There's land!" No one believed him. From where he lay against the bow Frenchy growled, "Don't be funny."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Even Cox complained, "That's nothing to joke about." The young man answered, "I'm not joking. Look for yourself. It's a mountain . . . two mountains, right there above the clouds."

One by one the men who were able raised their heads. Incredibly, there was land. Gradually, it grew nearer. It became a luxuriant, beautiful green. Then they could smell it, too. This time they were too weak to clap each other on the back. They didn't even have the strength to shout. They just sat and stared, savoring the miracle of land only a few hours away.

As they came closer they saw that the coastline was one of rugged black cliff with surf dashing high at its base. On a tiny point of lava they saw cottages but no inhabitants. About a mile off shore the captain ordered, "Lower sail." Thomas freed the halyard and the sail collapsed like a worn out rag.

"Get the oars out," Mitchell ordered, "or we'll capsize in that surf. We'll make for that point there."

But the men were unable even to lift the oars to the oar locks. Henry Ferguson and Jim Cox, the youngest and strongest, tugged heroically, but the oars kept slipping from their fingers. Gradually, the boat drifted closer to the surf. Cox and Ferguson finally gave up, panting from exhaustion. The rest of them just stared listlessly at the hissing combers. It didn't seem to matter anymore.

Two brown heads suddenly appeared in the water nearby. A moment later a couple of muscular Hawaiians in ragged pants rolled into the boat with the agility of seals. They bounced up and, grinning in the friendliest fashion, went from survivor to survivor shaking hands and saying politely, "How do you do." Then they snatched up a pair of oars and began rowing with powerful strokes.

Handling the oars expertly, the Hawaiians brought the boat through the waves and slipped her into a tiny opening between two jagged rocks. Fifteen minutes after the natives had climbed aboard, the boat was beached safely on shore.

That ended one of history's most amazing voyages. After 43 days and eight hours of incredible hardship, Mitchell had brought in every one of his men alive. The men were so weak the Hawaiians had to carry them ashore. The captain, who had been their source of strength for six long weeks, came completely undone the moment his responsibility was lifted. It was a week before he could get out of bed, months before he began to feel his normal self.

Mark Twain, then a reporter for the *Sacramento Union,* interviewed the survivors in Honolulu and scored a major journalistic "scoop" which he said marked his "debut as a literary person." Later, authors Nordoff and Hall dedicated their best selling novel about Captain Bligh's voyage in an open boat, *Men Against The Sea,* to "The Memory of Captain Josiah Mitchell of the Clipper Ship Hornet."

Neither Mitchell nor any of his crew lived to see that inscription. The two yawls were never heard from. Sam Ferguson died a few months later in San Francisco. His brother, Henry, became an Episcopal clergyman and a professor of history at Trinity College. He died quietly in 1917. Captain Mitchell, still modest and unassuming, followed the sea for 10 more years before his death in 1876.

By that time the saga of the *Hornet* had been buried in dusty newspaper files and the young reporter who first wrote it had become America's best-read author. Mark Twain called it "an amazing adventure, a very remarkable trip, but it was conducted by a captain who was a remarkable man; otherwise there would have been no survivors." —Robert Krauss

They Make $3,000,000 a Month Mining Davy Jones' Diamonds

[*Continued from page* 55]

he went. His friends told him to forget it.

Finally he did talk to a man who agreed with him. Col. Jack Scott of Johannesburg, deputy chairman of the General Mining Corporation, one of the major diamond mining outfits in Africa, believed the theory and agreed there ought to be a way of bringing up the gems at a cost low enough for the operation to show a profit.

Colonel Scott got together several other Afrikaaners and formed a company. They bought 270 square miles offshore in the vicinity of Orange River, which feeds down from the rich inland mines around Kimberly and other mines nearer the sea.

The company went so far as to bring up some diamonds, but it failed to devise a process that made the attempt profitable. The new project lapsed into dormancy. Peter Keeble was right back where he had started—still firmly convinced that the ocean floor was rich with diamonds and that somehow they could be mined profitably.

But the latter 1930's was a bad time for investment of any kind. Hitler and Mussolini were beginning their journey of conquest, and Keeble felt moved to put aside his business ambitions and return to England to join the Navy.

He served with distinction throughout the war, then headed up British salvage operations in Europe and Africa. He was released from the Navy with the permanent rank of commander and the retired rank of captain, having earned numerous decorations including the Order of the British Empire.

At the earliest chance, he returned to Capetown, where the old frustration about those sunken diamonds gripped him once again.

He talked with anybody who might help him in the venture, including Harry Oppenheimer, head of DeBeers, Ltd., one of the world's great diamond dealers. Oppenheimer tried to discourage him, as did others, who pointed to the Colonel

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Scott attempt as proof that the project was not feasible. Keeble listened to them, shook his head, and said nothing. His time would come, he was certain. In the meantime, he would simply be patient—and hold onto his dream.

Early in 1959, Keeble was at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York on a business trip. At 3 o'clock one morning, his telephone rang. Keeble groaned, struggled to a sitting position in bed, and lifted the receiver.

"This is Sammy Collins of Collins Construction Company of Port Lavaca, Texas," a voice said. "I'm in my London office. I'd like to see you at once."

Keeble stifled a yawn. In his subdued British accents he asked, "What do you wish to see me about?"

"That's neither here nor there. I've phoned around the world, trying to locate you. I'll be in my office here in London till Tuesday morning at 9. This is Sunday. I leave for Paris and Iran Wednesday at 8. I want to see you before I leave. I'll expect you in my office. . . Tuesday at 9."

"Now hold on, chap. . ." But Collins had hung up.

Keeble had heard vaguely about Collins. This former Texas oilfield roustabout had made a large reputation in oil and marine circles in England and the Middle East. News about him got around in the circles in which Peter Keeble traveled. But for the Collins reputation, Keeble would have written off the nocturnal telephone call as the babel of a crackpot.

He was ready to return to his home in South Africa via London anyway, so he reserved a seat on a plane that would land him in London in time for the appointment with Collins. But the plane developed mechanical trouble and was forced back to New York. The delay landed him in London Wednesday instead of Tuesday morning.

When he checked in at his hotel, his mail box was loaded with memos, eight of them from the Collins office. The latest to be filed was dated early that morning. He was dead-tired and his first impulse was to go to bed and to hell with the telephone calls.

But in spite of his weariness Keeble felt he owed Collins the courtesy of a call before turning in. He was told that Collins had waited one day to see him but had been unable to wait longer. He had gone to Paris and Iran that morning leaving word for Keeble to call him in Paris that evening.

When Keeble reached him, Collins was elated. "Now you wait there in London till I get back. I'm leaving here in the morning for Iran. This is Wednesday night. I'll see you at your hotel in London Friday morning at 8. Will you be there?"

Keeble tried to tell him that there wasn't that much of a hurry. "I expect to be in London several days. Take your time."

"See you Friday at 8. Your hotel. We'll have breakfast together." He hung up.

Keeble was both irritated and fascinated by the brash Sammy Collins. He did some checking in the two days before Collins was due back in London. He knew that Collins headed more than a dozen companies on four continents, all specializing in submarine pipeline construction and allied services. He had started only 11 years earlier, in 1948, by laying a pipeline for Aluminum Company of America under Lavaca Bay, at Port Lavaca, Texas, to transport natural gas from the fields on one side of the bay to the new processing plant on the other. Collins got the job because no other pipeline contractor would touch it. The job had to be done in 30 days. Everybody said it couldn't be done in that time. Collins said he could do it—and did.

Later he invented a "floatation" system that made it possible to float a string of pipe weighing several million pounds into extremely rough water, trench the path for the pipe and sink it. Collins and his inventions opened up a new horizon for natural gas and pipeline industries. With the aid of Collins and his equipment, deep rivers could be crossed, treacherous straits could be spanned and pipelines could go anywhere that natural gas was needed. Collins equipment was delivering natural gas to New York, New England, and central Canada. He touched the economy of the oil and gas industry in many parts of the world.

TAXAX
HOW DO YOU VOTE ?

(SEE PAGE 41)

These things Keeble knew about Sammy Collins before he met him that Friday morning.

When Keeble stepped out of the elevator into the lobby of his hotel, he was approached immediately by a short, weather-tanned man with penetrating blue eyes and dark brown hair that was thin on his pate.

"Hi, Peter! I'm Sammy Collins," the man said. "Let's get some grub."

Keeble's English reserve was offended by Collins' first-name familiarity. But the American charged ahead, allowing Keeble to say little. He was aware of Keeble's excellent reputation in engineering, Collins said, and was prepared to offer him a well-paying job in the Collins organization.

"I have reserved a plane ticket for you to Durban," Collins said. "For tomorrow night. At Durban I want you to investigate a deal I have under consideration there. But mainly you'll work out of Capetown. I'm not getting enough business in Africa, and I think you're the man to get it for me. So let's agree that. . . ."

Keeble glared at the pipeliner. "Now slow down," he said. "I don't happen to be looking for a job. I have my own salvage company that jolly well suits me. I couldn't dispose of that to work for you even if I wanted to—which I don't."

Collins ignored the rebuff. Resolutely, he described the numerous potential pipeline jobs in Africa, and how Keeble could help get him the contracts.

Keeble answered all arguments with a firm explanation that it was impossible for him to work for Collins. Undaunted, Collins grabbed the breakfast check and got up.

"Where do you have dinner?" he asked.

Keeble told him. "How about 7 o'clock," Collins said.

During dinner, Collins did not mention his proposition at all. They talked about Africa and pipelining and marine salvage. They learned that they had a lot in common in spite of the vast gulf between their backgrounds. Then they went to Collins' room to continue the chat.

By 4 o'clock in the morning, Keeble was so overwhelmed by the American's drive and ambition that he threw down his defenses and agreed to work for Collins. The pipeliner was simply too persuasive—and the money offer simply too good.

Keeble left within a week for Capetown where he opened an office for the "Collins Submarine Pipelines of Africa (PTY) Ltd."

Back in Capetown, associating with diamond men and seeing the waters of the Atlantic banging against the shore around the mouth of the Orange River, brought back the old frustration: how to get at those rich undersea diamond mines.

Soon, Collins flew to Capetown to check on progress. In the course of their talks, Keeble mentioned his diamond theory. Sammy Collins at once was animated with a gnawing interest. He urged Keeble for more facts.

Keeble explained that diamonds inland were found in pit-like formations called "pipes," that they were anywhere from a few hundred to several thousand feet down. Some of the pipes were mere pockets, others continued for hundreds of feet, laterally and downward. "And all the shallow pipes have been mined out," he said. "It is becoming more and more costly to produce from these old mines."

The same upheaval and intense heat that formed the pipes and diamond deposits inland also formed many in what is now beneath the floor of the ocean. Keeble theorized that most of the pipes started at or just below the floor. Some, he believed, were hundreds of feet deep and equally as wide.

Collins wanted to know why nobody had mined these undersea diamonds before?

"Nobody knows how," Keeble said. "Ordinary mining methods won't do." He explained his idea of the kind of equipment needed to bring up the gems economically.

Collins was contracting some of the Keeble enthusiasm.

The next time they were together, Collins himself brought up the subject. "You really think the diamonds are down there? A lot of 'em?" he asked. Keeble

recalls that his blue eyes held the sparkle of a modern Marco Polo on the verge of another discovery.

"They're there!" Keeble assured him. "Well, hell, let's get 'em!"

And then Keeble was frightened. Here was a man, after all these years, who took his word explicitly about the diamonds. Now, suppose they went on with the project and it failed? He knew Collins had run into a financial disaster in Iraq, involving a major underwater pipeline contract that stalled in government red tape and unforeseen construction problems. Rumor was that Collins had lost six million dollars on the project.

"Perhaps we'd better give it a little more thought," Keeble said. "You could lose everything you have."

"Hell, that wouldn't be much more than my pants. I lost my shirt in Iraq. When and where do we start?"

From that day on, Keeble and Collins hovered over drawing boards, designing methods by which the diamonds could be mined. They both agreed that something designed around an air-lift principle would do the job.

In the meantime, Keeble contacted Colonel Scott and his associates who owned the 270 square miles around the mouth of Orange River. When he reported to them that he had a possible buyer for their property, they were at once interested, for they had given up the possibility of mining the gems themselves.

Collins salvaged enough cash to pay for the 270 square miles outright. But it required virtually every dollar he could rake together. It was a perilously low period in the comparatively short history of the various Collins enterprises.

News of the venture spread around mining and financial circles rapidly. Collins' request for funds to build and equip a barge, however, was met with vague, evasive response. Wherever the partners went, they discovered credit had been shut off.

"I know one place that hasn't been touched—by the diamond combines or anybody else," Keeble said. They went to the Bank of South Africa at Capetown. Officials there already were familiar with Keeble's theory. Collins explained to them the sort of equipment that would bring up the diamonds and he quoted figures to indicate that the cost would be far below production cost. They got enough money to build a pilot barge, by cutting corners and utilizing a lot of old Collins equipment from his yard in Durban.

Forty-one days after Collins and Keeble moved to Durban and started to work on the vessel—Barge 77—it was ready to be towed to the property 600 miles north of Capetown.

By the time all the equipment was in place on the deck of the barge, the craft looked unwieldly and top-heavy. Marine men viewed it and shook their heads. The thing would never float under the adverse tidal and wave conditions off the west coast, they said. Port authorities forbade Collins and Keeble to take the craft away from the dock.

They managed to get it out under cover of darkness, and moved it to the predetermined site.

While they worked aboard the barge, Collins had to return to Texas. Keeble learned that A. L. Blumberg, the South African financier, was in New York. He telephoned Blumberg and suggested that he phone Collins in Texas.

"We still need money and plenty of it before we can start showing a profit," Keeble told Blumberg. "I'm sure that if you talked with Collins, you'd begin to see this project the way we do."

Evidently the Collins enthusiasm and sincerity got over in spite of the distance between Texas and New York, for Blumberg did invest; as did, ultimately, some of the other mining men and financiers in South Africa.

By mid-1962, the "bugs" were out of the operation, and Barge 77 got down to steady production. The principle of the mining process was comparatively simple. It utilized the power of compressed air and the pressure of the water at the sea floor to force up the gem-bearing sand and gravel to the barge deck for processing.

The barge, moored in water averaging 100 feet deep, used a pipe 12 inches in diameter and an airhose 1¼ inches in diameter. The large pipe carried a turbulence chamber and a nozzle at the bottom end, into which was fitted the airhose carrying compressed air at 100 pounds per square inch. The compressed air agitates the sand and gravel. This material, broken from the bed of the sea by the compressed air, is forced into the pipe and up to the deck of the barge. There it begins its travels through seven different agitators, scrubbers, and washers.

Soon the daily haul averaged 250 carats of gems, with some days running as high as 900 carats. The stones averaged one-half carat, but some large ones came up in every day's processing. The largest brought up after six months of operation weighed 11½ carats.

Production settled down to about $250,000 worth of diamonds per month. It cost them only half that to operate. The fabulous net profit was possible because of the simplicity of bringing the sand and gravel to the surface and the compact processing aboard the dredge. (Because of the extreme depth of most of the South African land mines and the vast amount of material to be moved before the diamond deposits can be reached, it requires the handling of 93 million pounds of material to recover one diamond averaging 1.19 carats. On the other hand, Barge 77 brings up four to five carats of gems in every ton of material.)

At first, the Collins-Keeble concern had no difficulty marketing its output. There was a reputed world shortage of 400,000 carats of diamonds a month, and the market absorbed this additional output without a ripple. Then Collins began talking about building more and larger barges.

Little by little the market began to slow down. The first jolt came from Israel, where the company sold all its very small diamonds at a good price. Quite suddenly Israel would not buy any

[*Continued on page 120*]

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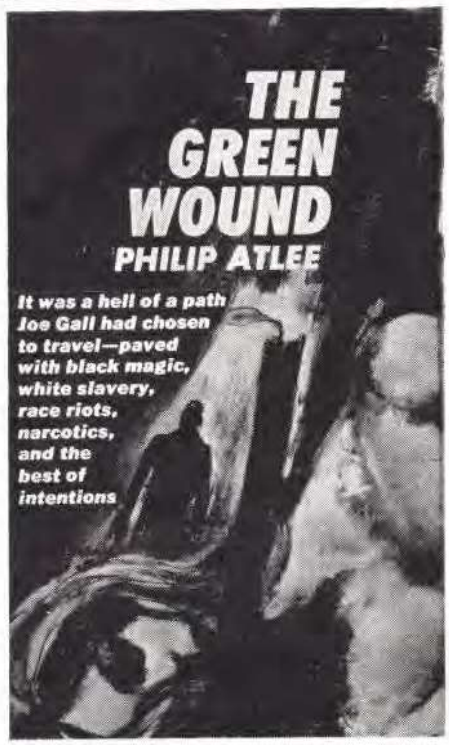
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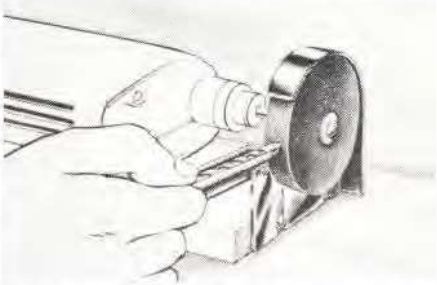

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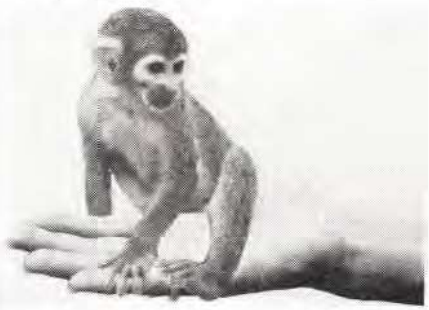

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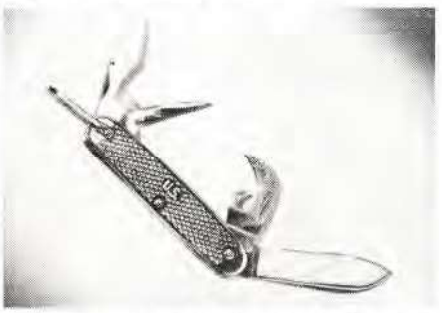

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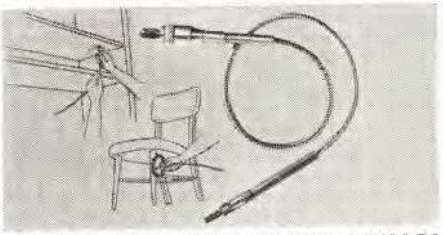

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[Continued from page 117]
more diamonds. Other markets began to weaken.

It was at about this time that the company had $500,000 worth of diamonds on hand but cash was so scarce that Keeble had to dig down into his personal pocket money to meet the weekly payroll.

And then mysterious strangers began visiting company headquarters in Capetown, where Collins spent much of his time. Eventually two men made an appointment and Keeble recognized their names as high emissaries of DeBeers. The outcome was a meeting between Collins and his associates, some of whom were associated with major African mining interests, and representatives of some of the large diamond-mining outfits.

"They are going to offer consolidation, or to buy a part interest," Keeble told Collins. "That may be what we need. But if you expect to retain control of our operation, keep your ears open. They will come up with a nice-sounding proposition and then will climax it with a suggestion that an executive board be set up for major decisions. Don't fall for that."

When the conferees sat down with Sammy Collins, they held what they believed to be the trump-card, face down. Unknown to Collins, they had compiled a bulging dossier on him covering a period from his early life to the present.

Collins not only dumbfounded them but destroyed their ace-in-the-hole at the outset when he announced, "Gentlemen, I want to tell you right here and now that I'm flat-broke. I just lost my ass in Iraq. We can take the discussion from there."

The bland announcement left the conferees limp and their strategy useless. The conference ended with an agreement that the combine would pour money into the company for quick expansion, and leave Collins in control. All agreed that the papers would be drawn and signed the following day.

But the deal fell through. At the last moment, the combine insisted on an executive board—and Collins refused. Collins and Keeble were back where they had started. They were bringing up a quarter of a million dollars' worth of diamonds a month and half that was net profit, but still the market was shrinking little by little. After all, they realized, diamonds are worth only what you can get for them.

Even in the face of adversity, the partners drew plans for a much larger barge and went on with their mining from Barge 77. A utility boat, rigged up as an exploratory vessel, made frequent forays into the holdings and brought up glowing prospects. Collins and Keeble fought for markets and managed to sell enough gems to keep themselves going.

Then other strangers began coming to the Collins Capetown office. Ultimately these strangers asked for appointments with Collins and Keeble. Other appointments followed. At the final one was Harry Oppenheimer, head of DeBeers. He admitted that DeBeers wanted to handle the sale of all Collins production.

Collins, doubly on guard because of his experience with the first group, and aroused because of the shrinking of his market—for which he blamed DeBeers—went to the meeting with his claws out. He outlined his proposition at the outset and then just listened.

The DeBeers people accepted Collins' offer without so much as dotting an I. It included continued control and majority ownership of the operation by Collins and an immediate investment of about $4,500,000 toward construction of eight large mining barges, each with a capacity of approximately four times that of Barge 77.

The first of these new barges, a converted LST, has only recently gone into operation. It started out producing an average of 1,000 carats a day. The pace is being stepped up, however, and the new barge is approaching its expected routine production capacity of $3,000,000 worth of diamonds a month.

DeBeers has agreed to take the entire production of the Collins operation, regardless of quality, at market prices. The Collins people now concentrate on mining. The shadow of a drying-up market has been erased.

A logical question: why did not DeBeers and the other major diamond-mining outfits acquire mining rights, duplicate the Collins equipment, and mine the diamonds for themselves?

"The answer is simple," Peter Keeble says. "We owned most of the rights in the known diamond-bearing underwater areas. It would have been expensive and time-consuming for those companies to go prospecting in other waters."

Crewmen live in Capetown and vicinity. A Collins plane flies them the 600 miles to and from the mining site. When a crew comes aboard the barge, it must remain aboard for 20 days. The security men aboard make a search of departing crewmen, as is the custom throughout the mining industry. They return to Capetown and remain off duty for 10 days.

"In spite of our simple security measures, I know we're losing a lot of diamonds," Keeble says. "As long as there are I.D.B. (Illicit Diamond Buyers) we and all other diamond producers are going to lose some gems."

The immediate outlook for the Collins operation, which now involves three different concerns — Marine Diamond Corporation, Southern Diamond Corporation, and Sea Diamond Corporation —is nothing short of fabulous.

The companies now own or hold prospecting rights to 1,600 square miles of offshore ocean bottom. These holdings extend out six miles from shore. An exploration tug has made 600 test borings in the 1,600 square miles. Only two of these 600 came up without diamonds.

Barge 77 has not moved out of an area larger than a city square since it started operating about mid-year 1962, and there has been no diminishing of quality and quantity of the gems brought up. Keeble believes that the block-size area will yield diamonds for a long time yet. And there still remain those 1,600 square miles to be mined!

The stones are almost 100 percent gem quality, marine blue and roughly shaped already. This means less loss from cutting. Production from African land mines on the other hand runs about one-third gem quality. The remainder goes into the industrial diamond market.

Experts now dizzily estimate that the eight mining barges, when ultimately completed and put into operation, will bring up about 30,000 carats of stones a day. The Collins operation receives an average of $40 per carat, under its agreement with DeBeers. This means an income of $1,200,000 per day. Every indication is that the company will continue to operate at a cost of about 50 percent of income or even less, considering added efficiency being built into the new barges. That means about $600,000 profit per day, 30 days a month. It is conservatively estimated by diamond men in Africa that when the eight proposed barges are at work, the Collins operation will increase by one-third the total diamond output of the world—which includes diamonds of gem quality and industrial diamonds. Since almost all the undersea diamonds are extremely high-grade, it is expected that the operation will increase the world gem supply by 50 percent.

Although this represents a tremendous over-balancing of the diamond market, experts are not seriously concerned. They point out that the known diamond deposits in Africa have been found and have been worked for a long time. Most present mines are expected to pass the point of economical production within five to 15 years. The Collins diamonds will be needed to fill the gap left by this waning output.

It has been estimated that the Collins holdings, if they are worked with only the eight barges being operated or built, will produce profitably for 460 years!

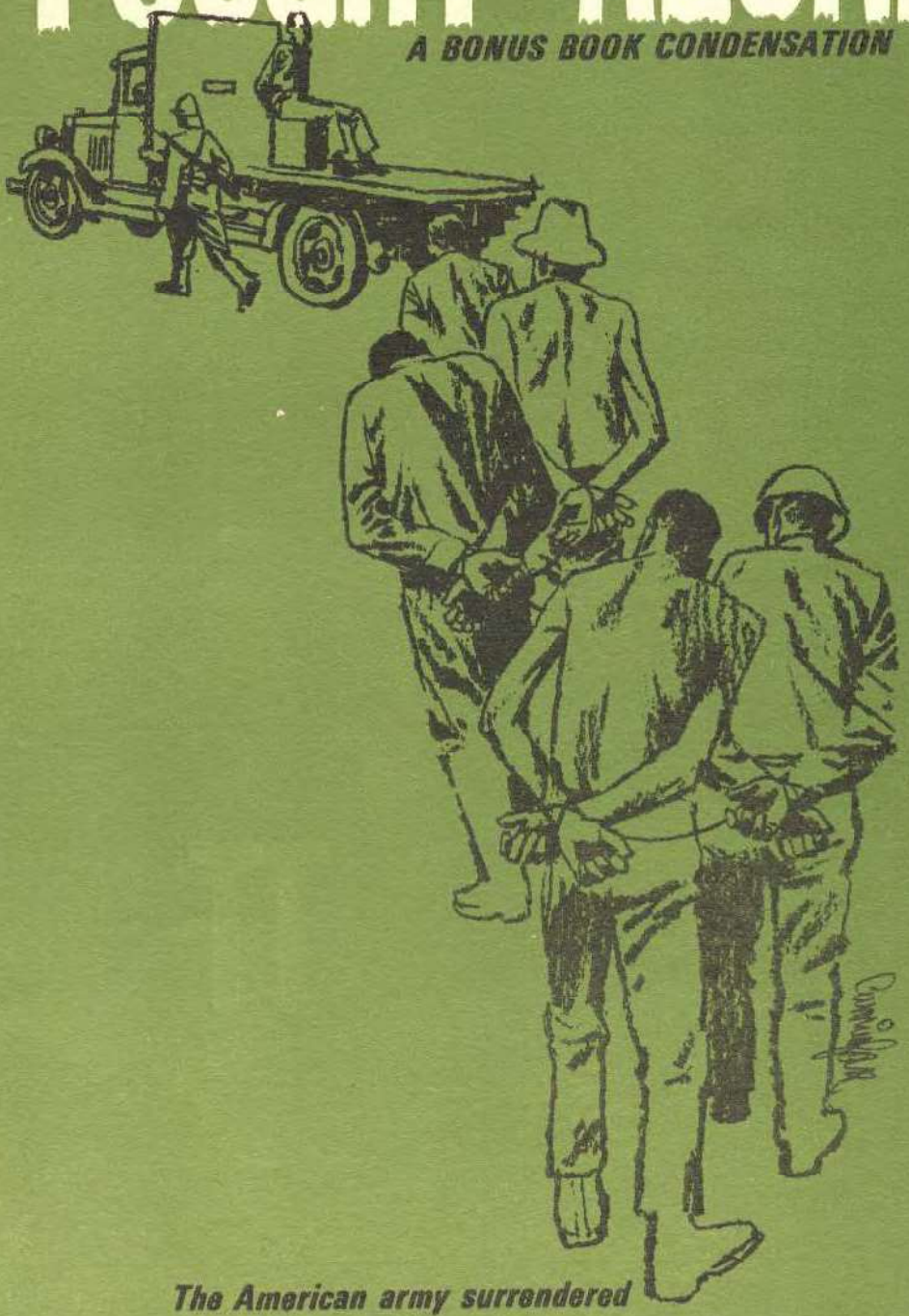
Although the Collins companies own or control 1,600 miles of diamond-bearing ocean bottom along the west coast, there still is diamond bottom aplenty for those who can devise a means of bringing up the diamonds. Keeble believes that the diamonds extend out to the continental shelf, which averages a distance of 14 miles along the diamond coast. Beyond six miles, it is open sea. It is the happy diamond-hunting ground for anyone who wishes to try. The Russians are trying it now, under the pretense of fishing. And, according to Keeble, they are bringing up some diamonds. But the sand and gravel must be hauled to Russia for processing. "I don't think their operation is very profitable," Keeble says, and smiles. "But ours is."

—Ruel McDaniel

TAXAX
HOW DO YOU VOTE?
(SEE PAGE 41)

THEY FOUGHT ALONE

A BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION



The American army surrendered but these Americans did not. Here is the gripping story of a courageous guerrilla struggle in the Philippine jungle

By JOHN KEATS

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THEY FOUGHT ALONE

■ *Here, on the island of Mindanao, we find Celdron Bonsukan phlegmatically preparing his rice paddy, because tending rice is all that he has done since he could walk. The war will have no meaning for him until it comes into his field. Therefore, he walks behind his carabao, turning muck with a wooden plow that is simply a sharp stick. Two miles away, the Japanese burn a barrio.*

In between Celdron and the Japanese, the former populace of the barrio is trying in a tangled way to step aside and let the war go past. Three miles away there is another Japanese patrol. Elsewhere, and in between, and all around, there may even be business as usual: the women washing in the river, the fishermen coming back to the beaches with their dying catch feebly stirring in the bilges of the carved vintas, the Chinese merchant raising the price of his needles, lovers making furtive arrangements for the evening despite the vigilance of the girl's mother. While the military situation is still fluid, the armies have time only to run from and chase each other, while everyone else goes about his business.

Only after the defeat will Celdron learn just what the war has to do with him and his rice. It is then that the refugees learn there is no place to hide; that everyone understands that not even the business of love can continue as usual Until the defeat, however, any man who so desires may try to ignore the war, or run away from it, or through it or around it. He is even free to imagine that conquerors are men like himself. Later, after the defeat, he learns something of the nature of his conquerors.

Loling was a slender, barefoot girl of 17 in a white dress, and one sunny day in late June, shortly after the surrender of the American armies on Mindanao, she went to market with her family in a barrio, or village, near Cagayan. Why not? Life does not stop because an army surrenders. The stores were open; the corn mills still ground corn and refineries still produced sugar. True, the Japanese had stolen much, but most of what had been on Mindanao before the war was still there, redistributed by its owners or, more generally, by looters. Curtain rods, for instance, had disappeared from the stores, but not from the island; drums of gasoline had vanished from the bodegas of the oil companies, but not from Mindanao. Trucks, machine tools and canned food had been hidden in the jungle by farsighted entrepreneurs when the war began. Therefore, Filipinos went to their markets after the surrender to find out where things were hidden, for other than foodstuffs there was nothing to be seen.

There were Japanese soldiers in the market that June day, but Loling paid no particular attention to them, for the presence of the Japanese was now taken for granted, although they were still something of a curiosity to Loling, as foreign men are to any woman. Loling's father hoped that it would prove possible to be friends with the Japanese, who spoke of a prosperous Asia for the Asiatics.

Loling and her mother paused to talk with friends beside the stall where small, dried fish were sold. They gossiped about a woman who was believed to have medicines to sell, and of where it was still possible to obtain a permanent wave, and of marriages and births. They told one another of Chinese merchants who could mysteriously produce khaki cloth, needles, soap, tin pans, rat traps, shoes, sunglasses, pop bottles, wicker suitcases, empty kerosene tins and other luxuries, and of how the Chinese would not accept the new Japanese pesos, which they called Mickey Mouse money, but demanded silver. The women talked of these and other matters when—at a far end of the market place—there was a sudden shout. There was a shot, and screaming, and everyone was running: it all happened at once.

Loling began to run, too, and then something was thrust between her legs—even as country people catch a chicken—and she sprawled in the dust, soiling her dress. Hard hands twisted her arms behind her back, and with a wrench that nearly dislocated her shoulders Loling was hauled upright and jumped along past the fruit stalls by men she could not see who held her arms. They brought her to a dump truck. There were already three girls in it and Loling wildly recognized a schoolmate as she was lifted and dropped over the metal sides.

En route to the schoolhouse where Loling had attended classes in home economics, she and the girls in the truck were each defeated several times on the bright emerald grass of a coconut grove. In Loling's case, because of the struggling, it at first required five men to defeat her: one man to each arm; two to force and hold the slim legs apart, and a fifth to do the work. Then the men changed around so that each had a turn.

Before the truck reached the schoolhouse, a novel idea occurred to the driver. The truck stopped again. By the time she reached the schoolhouse, Loling's white dress was filthy with blood and dirt, and her dark eyes were glazed with shock. She saw, without really seeing, the long line of giggling soldiers waiting for her in the familiar schoolyard.

The next morning, she was dead. Since no autopsy was held, cause of death was never established.

News of Loling's brief career as a Japanese Army comfort girl shot through the facilities of the bamboo telegraph with the speed of light.

The Hapons do not ask; they take, the bamboo telegraph reported in an ecstasy of horrified incredulity. Rape, of course, was not unknown in Mindanao, but in a land where sexual intercourse was so freely offered, rape was a far more monstrous crime than in the inhibited West. It was a crime binding the girl's family to a blood feud with the perpetrators. But an army had done this thing to Loling and her schoolmates, and how were fathers without guns to conduct a blood feud with an army?

It is not the women only who are unsafe, the bamboo telegraph warned. *Did you hear of the Chinese merchant? When the Hapons found him hiding in a carved chest, they laughed like children playing games. They tied the chest tight with wire. They carried it out of the house, and piled brush around it. Many people saw this thing. When the fire began, they could hear the Chinese, although the chest was thick and well made. The Hapons laughed much, but the people who saw this felt it was not good, even though it was only a Chinese.*

Did you hear of the horse? the bamboo telegraph asked. *The Hapons buried a horse in the plaza, raising a monument. The Hapons say the horse is a hero of the war, and all must bow to the dead horse of the Hapons.*

The Hapons are sick men, the bamboo telegraph said, *for who but sick men could think of the things they do?*

As the meaning of defeat became increasingly clear, there remained nothing to the people but jokes, the last defense of the helpless. They took to calling the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere "Prosperity Akko." Pleased with what they thought a popular abbreviation, the Japanese took up the phrase. Later, when the Japanese discovered that akko meant "for you only" in the dialect, the Japanese reprisals were gruesome indeed.

Yet, because unmitigated horror cannot be borne, the jokes continued, and one of the best was that of the young boy who had gone to high school.

The boy was coming down the road into Iligan from his barrio, the bamboo telegraph reported, *and he stopped to talk to the Hapon who guards the bridge, and who likes young boys.*

"Have you killed many Americanos with your bayonet?" the boy asked, and the guard said he had.

"Show me how you killed them," the boy asked, and the guard roared, stamping his feet, thrusting at the air with his bayonet.

"If I join the Hapon Army, will I be given a bayonet to kill Americanos?" the boy asked, and the guard said yes.

"Show me again," the boy said, and the guard roared and stamped, thrusting into the air, and the boy asked if he could try to do these things with the guard teaching him. So, the guard gave the boy his rifle and stood beside him.

"Like this?" the boy asked, roaring in his high voice and stamping, and the guard said, "No, like this," and then gave the rifle back to the boy to see whether he had learned.

"Oh," the boy said, jabbing at the air, but moving a bit away. "Like this?"

The guard said yes, that was better, and the boy roared and thrust, but moving a step farther off as the guard watched. And then, jabbing and roaring, the boy killed many Americanos in the air, always moving a little farther away, and when he was several yards away, the boy shouted, "Charge!" and dashed off to fight more Americanos in the air with the guard watching stupidly.

Then the guard gave a great shout, but the boy was running now, and the guard started running after the boy who had stolen

his rifle. But just then three carabaos or buffalo, came across the road between the guard and the boy who was running away. The guard shouted at the man who owned the carabaos, and boxed him in the face many times, but the boy was gone.

And this is what proves the Hapons are stupid, the bamboo telegraph said. *The Hapons did not know that the carabaos belonged to the boy's uncle.*

Thus the bamboo telegraph reported the events of late June, 1942, on the island of Mindanao, and for the several hundred Americans who hid in the hills and jungles there was a sort of special branch line that carried news of interest to them. Every scrap of gossip and unsubstantiated rumor that the bamboo telegraph carried ultimately became common property, and all of it was carefully studied in a patch of burned-over jungle near Momungan, where a tall man with a red goatee spent his days scratching with a crude hoe among charred stumps, planting mongo beans.

Wendell Fertig went to his garden each day in the freshly laundered uniform of a lieutenant colonel of the U.S. Army Engineers. He was a man of 41 who had, despite his beard, an oddly-boyish face. A mining engineer in the Philippines, he had been commissioned when war broke out, and now he wore his uniform with conscious pride, and the red goatee was as deliberate an addition to his appearance as General MacArthur's gilt-gay hat was to the general's. Fertig wanted no mistakes made. He was not hiding. He would not don the wide, conical hat and tattered clothes of the tao to appear at a distance as just another kainginero scratching out a life on the edge of a forest. He wanted everyone to know from afar exactly who he was. He was an American officer, armed and free, standing on United States territory; the living reminder that this was—despite the presence of the Japanese—still United States territory and that The Aid would come.

His command that morning consisted of a small, slender and irritable Army captain named Charles Hedges who was in charge of a motor pool that quite probably no longer existed.

Clearing the jungle, then fighting it each day with his hands to prevent it from reclaiming his land, gave Fertig busywork. The work tired him sufficiently to permit him to go to his sleeping mat at once when night came, but it left his mind free. The garden was essentially Fertig's thinking place. Hope was the crop he was really trying to raise from the thin, damp loam. It was characteristic of everything he did that his work in the garden also produced something else. Food was its by-product.

Meanwhile, the Japanese terror increased. There was no foreseeable end to it; no escape from it; no apparent way to stop it. To emphasize the latter point, the Japanese announced a celebration: there would be a Fourth of July parade down the National Road from Dansalan to Iligan. Fertig and Hedges were among the hundreds who watched it from hiding.

They lay with their rifles beside them among the anonymous bushes and feathery talahib grasses that grew in the shade of a jackfruit tree. From their nest atop a steep bluff they could see the road, white and shimmering in the heat, twist down from the southern uplands to pass directly beneath them. Then the road turned to fall beside the swift river that led to the banana groves and the coconut trees of the northern coast.

They lay quietly, sweating lightly in the shade, and at noon they heard the sound of a truck, bumping and complaining downhill in low gear. Then they could see the truck moving slowly toward them, the dust rising dejectedly behind it.

Hedges' hand closed around the polished stock of his rifle. "Who have the bastards got in the truck? It looks like Fort," he said.

It was. It was Brigadier General Fort, leading the parade.

He was sitting alone, bareheaded in the sun. The two men in hiding did not need field glasses to identify the general. They could see well enough the slight, spare frame; the thinning gray hair. The general was sitting as stiffly as he could in the open bed of the truck that jolted over the hand-laid stream boulders of the road, wearing his silver stars.

As he came closer they could see the familiar, weather-burned but somewhat schoolteacherish features. General Fort was holding tightly to his pride while his troops shambled along in his wake. They could not march well with their hands wired together behind them. The wires ate into their livid wrists, and they were all wired together, so that when one of them staggered his companions also staggered.

Like their general, the American soldiers were bareheaded. Many of them had fragments of uniforms; all of them were ragged, dirty and unshaved. Those who were barefoot never looked up, but hopped and faltered and jerked in their telephone wires as they picked their way over the hot stones of the road in the dust and exhaust fumes of their general's truck. They were gaunt and sick and seemed past care, and they loomed ludicrously tall over the strutting little soldiers who prodded them along the road.

"Son of a bitch," Hedges said, softly. It was not a comment, but a prayer.

The parade passed beneath the bluff, and as it turned down the curve that led to the north the watchers saw one of the Americans lurch and fall. He fell slowly, partially supported by the wires. Three of the guards dashed in from the sides of the column and kicked him; poked at him first with the butts, then with the bayonets of their rifles. The watchers could hear their shrill, excited voices. Their voices always worked into a higher pitch when they were worried, or frightened, or drunk, or overjoyed. They shouted at the fallen American and at each other in harsh, staccato eruptions.

The bandy-legged little gray-green soldiers cut the American loose from his companions and half-carried, half-hurled him across the road toward a clump of banana plants. At the side of the road, two of them held the American up by his armpits, his head lolling above them, while a third stopped, set himself and lunged. The American screamed once as the steel went in. It was a surprisingly loud scream for a man so tired. The guard put his left foot up against the American's belly and kicked the bayonet loose. The two guards released him and the American fell. Then all three guards stabbed at the twitching figure at their feet.

Then they threw it into the banana grove and, shouting, followed it into the shade of the leaves.

The men on the bluff glanced briefly at each other. They could hear the light rifles cracking among the bananas. They saw the guards come running out of the grove and down the road to resume their positions along the flanks of the military parade that, meanwhile, had continued impersonally to pour down the hills and around the turn.

Shaken by what he had seen, Fertig found himself driven to the decision he had long known, somewhere in his mind, that he would one day have to make; the decision for which he had subconsciously been preparing himself. In all the time he had hoed his garden, sorting out the stories, fitting everything into place, he had known that no man can forever sit idle with a gun in his hands and watch his friends be bayoneted. No man can ever hide from any evil, or pretend that it will go away of its own accord.

"Charley," he said, suddenly feeling as weightless as a man who drops a heavy pack at the end of a long trail, "you and I are going to make it as rough as we can on the little bastards."

When Fertig reached Baroy, he was a general.

Ever since the Fourth of July parade, Hedges had been raging at Fertig to make good his promise and do something. Hedges wanted at least to kill a sentry; to cut telephone lines; to bushwhack a patrol; to do anything to break the endless monotony of the tropical days and give them all some feeling of purpose. But Fertig had insisted that they wait. Over and over again Fertig had argued that Americans could not start a guerrilla; that nobody would follow the Americans who had lost both the war and their face; that impetus for a guerrilla must come from the Filipino people. We can lead a guerrilla, he told Hedges, but we cannot start one.

Meanwhile, as Hedges fumed, July had become August, and scores of guerrilla bands appeared throughout the island. Arming themselves with homemade weapons, men collected around former Philippine Army sergeants who called themselves lieutenants, and around lieutenants who promoted themselves to majors, colonels and even generals. The guerrilleros called themselves patriots, and each insisted that his movement was the first and only true guerrilla, but few fought against the Japanese. Rather, they fought against each other, jockeying for obscure political power in their remote principalities. The Japanese paid them little attention, being entirely willing to allow the guerrilleros to kill one another, but Fertig found hope in this chaos.

"We'll sit tight," he told Hedges, "until some guerrillero gets too big for his britches. The first one that puts together some

real following is going to find himself in over his head, and he'll need help. He won't get it from his rivals, and he sure won't get it from the Japs, and that leaves us. He'll come to us, or to some other Americans, because even if the white man's face isn't worth a dime right now, we are still the ones who know what needs to be done and how to make things work. But just remember this: things will never be the same out here again. No longer do we barge in and tell them what to do. We wait until we're asked. Then we'll help."

Then, at last, such a moment came.

Luis Morgan, or, as he was sometimes called, William Morgan, or as he sometimes called himself, fancying a descent from the pirate, Morgan. Morgan was an American mestizo who had been a junior lieutenant of Philippine Constabulary. According to rumor, Morgan had been ordered to take his troops from Kolambugan to Lake Lanao when the Japanese struck. Instead, after wantonly burning the big sawmill at Kolambugan, Morgan marched his company off to the sleepy, out-of-the-way town of Baroy, deep at the end of the southeast coast of Panguil Bay, collecting en route 400 other Filipino soldiers. Promoting himself to captain, Morgan assigned himself the mission of protecting the Christian farmers of Baroy from Moro raiders. A burly, harsh policeman who believed in direct action, Morgan first rounded up the 30 Moro men, women and children who lived peacefully in Baroy with their Christian neighbors, and had them machine-gunned to death in a warehouse. Such protection had a price. Emerging from the shambles in the warehouse, Morgan demanded a woman for the night. He made it clear to the presidente of Baroy that he would expect a different woman each night, and rice and money for his men. Then he established a perimeter defense against Moro vengeance, and sat down in the middle of his new grand duchy to exact tribute while the Americans lost the war.

Now, however, Morgan learned that a Filipino officer with higher rank than his was plotting to usurp his command. Hearing of the unsurrendered, red-bearded Fertig, Morgan started a rumor that an American general had been sent by General MacArthur to assume command of all the guerrilla forces on Mindanao. Fertig would pose as that general, and Morgan would use him as a front man, meanwhile retaining practical control of the guerrilleros as chief of staff. Or, so Morgan thought.

Morgan assiduously spread the word, and when Hedges and Fertig reached Baroy, voices called Mabuhay! to the Americano general who had come from Australia to save them.

It was dark when Hedges and Fertig entered the village. Kinkie lamps shone from the windows of stilted bamboo houses, and there was about the village the immemorial odor of Southeast Asia; a scent of food frying in coconut oil; of charcoal smoke, feces, animals, flowers, dust, urine, chickens and wet leaves. Fertig loved the smell of Filipino villages because it seemed to him that it was the sweet smell of life itself.

The General! There was a Graustarkian quality about the whole adventure, one that only a South American revolutionary could take seriously. Fertig was a general by rumor, and because a paper in his musette bag said that he was. The paper was an old court blank that said NOTICE OF DELINQUENCY IN PAYMENT OF REAL PROPERTY TAX. On the back of this document, Fertig had written in pencil:

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
UNITED STATES FORCES IN THE PHILIPPINES
MINDANAO-VISAYAN FORCE

In the Field
1 October '42

PROCLAMATION

1. By virtue of the power invested in me . . .

By virtue of the power he had invested in himself, Fertig stated, he had assumed command of Mindanao as senior representative of the United States Government and the Philippine Commonwealth, and formally declared a state of martial law for the duration of the national emergency. He signed it:

BY ORDER OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
Wendell W. Fertig
BRIGADIER GENERAL, USA, COMMANDING

Then, in the lower left-hand corner, he wrote:

DISTRIBUTION
1. To all commanding officers, USFIP
2. To all provincial governors
3. To all provincial officials
4. To all justice of the peace courts
5. File

He was particularly pleased with "5. File." Nothing is truly believed until it is printed, and of all printed things nothing is ever quite so much believed as something which is purported to have been filed. As soon as he could find a typewriter, if such a thing could be found, Fertig would have his proclamation duplicated and tacked on suitable trees and grass walls.

But, listening to the voices calling Mabuhay!, Fertig was keenly aware that he was a general whose silver stars had been hammered out of 20-centavo coins by a Moro metalsmith; who had no transportation, no supplies, no information, no plans and, for that matter, no army.

Two hundred guerrilleros were waiting for him at Baroy, to take him across Panguil Bay to Misamis, a city in western Mindanao where Morgan waited for him.

Misamis was the capital of the out-of-the-way province of Misamis Occidental, which had not been defended by the Americans. Consequently, it had not been damaged in the war. It was garrisoned only by a handful of Japanese, whom Morgan's men now killed. Fertig discovered the telegraph and telephone system still intact; the people produced from hiding trucks that still ran, and Fertig set about making alcohol from coconuts to serve as fuel for the truck engines. He began as rapidly as possible to enlist an army; to form a civil government; hoping the Japanese would not attack before he could create the beginnings of a real force. Meanwhile, he told Morgan to take a bodyguard and range through other provinces of Mindanao to enlist all guerrilla bands into one command. This, Morgan seemed glad to do, and off he went, not realizing that from this moment on, Fertig had become The One, as the Filipinos say, and that he, Morgan, had become the small boy only, as the people said. Indeed, Morgan had succeeded only too well in persuading the people that Fertig was the general from Australia. The people were tired of guerrillero chieftains; they were glad to have a single leader, and somewhat to his astonishment, Fertig found himself the general in fact as well as in name.

"Look at that," General Morimoto shouted, although his office was small and his audience limited to two silent officers. "Look at that map and tell me more about your outstanding success!"

Col. Yashinari Tanaka, commander in chief of the Japanese forces of western Mindanao, stared at the military situation map on the wall. The civil affairs officer, Seiji Kogoh, knew as well as Yashinari and the general what the map would show. It was brightly decorated by more than 70 colored flags, each representing what Seiji-san insisted on calling a bandit area. It also sported more than 200 pins, each representing a small disaster. The pins were tightly clustered about the towns garrisoned by Japanese forces, and they were strung like posts along the island roads.

"Perhaps you agree that this is an accurate picture?" General Morimoto inquired.

An obedient silence answered the samurai who was the Imperial Japanese Army commander of Mindanao and Sulu.

"Say something!" General Morimoto shouted. "Is it accurate or is is not?"

Colonel Yashinari bowed and said it was. Seji-san murmured that it seemed to be.

"Fools!" the general yelled. He bounced to his feet, snatched a tiny colored flag from his desk, stumped to the wall and drove the flag into a blank area on the map.

"Why must I learn these things from spies?" he demanded. "Why must I learn these things thirdhand from dirty farmers in the market place? Why do I not learn them from my military commander, and from my civil affairs officer? What have you to say? Is the map accurate NOW?

"It may interest you to know," General Morimoto said, resuming his seat behind the desk, "that the motor vessel *Tular* returned to Iligan today. It arrived with 42 corpses and 14 wounded out of a ship's complement of 160 men.

"Does that impress you?" he roared. "It impresses me! What impresses me is the fact that the *Tular* did not even dock at

Misamis. It could not dock. It came into the harbor—your peaceful harbor of your peaceful province, Seiji-san—to put ashore the electrical engineers.

"And as it came into the harbor the fort opened fire!" General Morimoto said.

"The fort!" he said. "Where are your brave soldiers, Colonel Yashinari? Were they not in the fort?

"No, they were not," General Morimoto answered himself.

He pulled a sheaf of papers across his desk, scattering them, selecting one from the mess.

"Your soldiers were at that time in the bellies of dogs," he informed Colonel Yashinari. "And so were your civil affairs officials, Seji-san."

The two officers said nothing.

"The American flag was flying from that fort," General Morimoto said. "Just when did you receive your last reports from Misamis Occidental, gentlemen?"

The two officers said nothing. To say anything at this time might irrevocably commit them to a situation for which harakiri would be the only means of atonement. They waited to learn more of what their general knew.

"For your information," General Morimoto said, "there is no longer a need to send electrical engineers to Misamis City. It seems that the city is now well lighted. An American engineer is running the plant. Nor will we need the services of your traffic experts, Seiji-san. It seems that trucks and automobiles are again traveling through the province without our help.

"It is incredible," General Morimoto said with deadly calm, "that here, on an island that we have captured (he bowed satirically to Colonel Yashinari) and control (bowing to Seji) we find a city brightly lighted at night; where trucks move normally; where forts fly American flags; where there is a thing they call the Free Philippines Government, and where the military commander happens to be a United States Army major general."

Still controlling himself, General Morimoto selected another paper from his desk.

"Major General Wendell W. Fertig," he read. "He has, according to the Thought Police, a uniformed army of 7,000 men."

General Morimoto stared at his officers with infinite contempt. Then he crooked his arm to look at his new American wrist watch.

"In one hour," he said, "you gentlemen will report back to this office with every scrap of information you might possibly have concerning Misamis Occidental, this so-called General Fertig, and your morning reports for the past month."

He jumped to his feet, his black eyes burning.

"Get out!" he yelled.

It never once occurred to General Morimoto that there was no organized resistance on Mindanao; that the resistance he felt everywhere was merely universal, spontaneous and (had he only known it) very nearly out of ammunition. Therefore, bit by bit, scrimping here and borrowing there, taking chances and overriding the objections of his local commanders, Morimoto began to patch together a combat team large enough at least to challenge the force he assumed that Fertig commanded. But it took time. Even to assemble a squad of soldiers takes a certain amount of time. And once assembled the squad must be trained and rehearsed—to undertake even the simplest of operations. And then it must be transported and fed, and when the problem is far from simple and the number of men is many times larger than a squad—larger, indeed, than many platoons, if not companies—the time consumed can be enormous. Doggedly, General Morimoto set to work, and while his slowly growing task force trained for an amphibious operation, a single Japanese aircraft would soar across Panguil Bay each morning precisely at 8 o'clock to bomb Misamis City, returning with photographs which were rushed to Morimoto's office.

Meanwhile, on his side of Panguil Bay, Fertig anxiously sent men to commandeer the provincial supply of pop bottles, wrapping paper, coconut beer and pieces of old motion-picture projectors. Out of junk and hope and rule of thumb, Fertig struggled to build a strength that could stand up to the power of his enemy, until, by Christmas Eve, 1942, its presence was felt throughout Mindanao and even upon the neighboring islands, holding men like Dimaponong Uy in the grip of it.

On Christmas Eve, 1942, Dimaponong lay on his belly beneath the dry, withered stalks of a banana plant. His face was the color of cold tea with milk in it and his hands wet the walnut grips of his rifle. He was completely oblivious of the million things that lived in the dusty leaves and that now fed on his sweating, naked legs and arms. He did not feel the bites because there was no room in his mind for anything but his orders. If he did not keep repeating his instructions to himself he would begin to shake. He was very much afraid that if the shaking came once more he would finally lose control of his sphincter muscles. Dimaponong had heard of men who lost control, and when he first started to shake, he discovered that it could happen to him.

He looked from beneath the leaves and down the road the Japanese would use. He saw everything more clearly than he had ever seen anything before. Indeed, he saw the hot white road and the dark green trees and light green grasses at the road's edge as though it was all a picture, and he had the curious notion that he might already be dead. He concentrated on what Somang had told him.

"You are to remain in this place," Somang had said. "Now tell me what you are to do."

"I shoot all my ammunitions," Dimaponong said. "Then I am to run."

"Idiot," Somang said impatiently, "when are you to shoot your ammunitions? What are you to do next? Where are you to run?"

Never in his life had anyone called Dimaponong an idiot, particularly a fellow townsman, and he looked with bright anger at Somang, whom he had known since childhood and whose fields were adjacent to those of the Uy family. He was not afraid of Somang, who was a man like himself, despite the fact that because of the war this townsman of his was called a lieutenant.

"I will shoot my ammunitions at the last man in the column," Dimaponong said sullenly. "I will shoot when I hear the BAR shooting."

"And then what?"

"Then," Dimaponong said, "I run."

"Before you run," Somang insisted with a sudden gentleness, "what do you do?"

"I will pick up all the empty cartridge cases," Dimaponong said, still sullen. "Then I will run through the grove to the jungle and when I come to the stream I am to go uphill."

"You are to remember this, yes?" Somang asked seriously. "It is all right? You are afraid, no?"

He put a hand on Dimaponong's shoulder and felt the trembling.

"Oh, sir," Dimaponong said, his defenses pierced, "I have much fright. Today I will die. But I will die brave."

It did not occur to Dimaponong until now, lying alone under the leaves and watching the road, that he had called his townsman sir. But when he thought about it now it did not seem unnatural. Then he saw the first of them coming up the road.

They were small, muscular men, dressed in gray-green clothing that sagged and bulged. Some had towels tucked into their belts and they had tied wisps of grass into the netting over their helmets. Perhaps because they were still so close to the village, they came in column, carrying their thin rifles slung over their shoulders, except for the first three, who carried their rifles across their chests in their hands, and who peered this way and that into the underbrush along the road. The first of them looked directly at Dimaponong, who in an ecstasy of fear wildly pulled the trigger of his Enfield.

His brown finger pressed yellow against the trigger, but the Japanese walked on, peering into the underbrush, and behind him came the next two, and then the column of men marching, their faces haggard with the anxiety of men who must move, armed, along a road in hot silence of an alien land.

Terrified, Dimaponong pulled the trigger again, and again. It seemed to him that everyone was shooting, and he heard a tumult in his head, but his eyes saw the Japanese column marching past him at sling arms as though in a dream.

There was a sudden, blurting rush of explosions. Lt. Somang Tamparong's Browning automatic rifle had opened up, and on the road men were falling and running to throw themselves into the ditches and puffs of dust sprang from the road and the air was filled with the heavy sound of the Springfield and Enfield rifles of the guerrilleros and the *pt-sssrrng, pt-sssrrng* of ricocheting bullets. It seemed to Dimaponong that a man was screaming. He had never heard a man scream before.

A Japanese came running heavily straight for the banana

plant under which Dimaponong lay, and hurtled into the ditch. The Japanese shrieked as he fell on the suyoks that Somang had ordered planted there, and Dimaponong swung the muzzle of the Enfield and pulled the trigger. This time the rifle jumped in his hands and slammed against his shoulder, and Dimaponong dully realized that he must have switched the safety lock from safe to fire. He kept working the bolt and pulling the trigger long after the rifle had stopped jumping, but Dimaponong's whole life was filled with the image of the Japanese not five yards away from him. The grass-decked helmet had fallen across his eyes, but from beneath the helmet, the Japanese seemed to be asking for something. His mouth kept slowly opening and closing. He semed to be making no sound until, in a perfect instance of absolute silence in the midst of all the sounds of the road, Dimaponong distinctly heard the Japanese cough, and saw the open mouth suddenly fill with bright blood.

Then Dimaponong realized he had fired all five of his bullets, and scrambled to his knees he turned to run into the safety of the jungle behind the banana grove. He had gone two steps before he stumbled, and falling, he remembered the cartridge cases. The empty cartridge cases that must be reloaded!

Any man (he heard Somang's voice saying) *who does not bring back the cartridge cases will go back to the plow.* To go back to the plow was to lose all face, and Dimaponong went plunging again to his place of ambush, searching frantically among the litter of stalks and leaves for the glitter of the brass tubes; his brown fingers tearing among the leaves while the air around him crackled with the flat whipcracks of the Japanese rifles and the sharp smacking of bullets striking trees.

Two, three of them—there was the third—he fumbled them anyhow into a pocket of his short trousers. There was the fourth! One more—where could it be? A banana frond snapped above his head and fell on his back and Dimaponong yelled like a child. At the same time he saw a glitter, and cramming the cartridge case and a handful of dirt into his pocket, Dimaponong started again for the jungle, pausing to scoop up the rifle he must have thrown away, and now, running with the rifle, he dashed through the shadows of the grove, the air around him whispering and cracking. He fought his way into the tangled jungle and did not stop until he had stumbled into the stream.

He paused with the cool water about his ankles and fought for breath. As it returned, he was conscious of a stench, and something wet and slippery running down his legs. Dimaponong stood in the stream and looked fearfully around. He was alone. He laid his rifle on two dry stones. He took off his trousers and took the cartridge cases and the dirt out of his pocket, and he washed himself and his trousers in the shallow water. They will see my wet trousers and know, Dimaponong thought, so he lay in the stream to soak his shirt as well. I will tell them I fell in the stream, he thought, and he put on his wet trousers and picked up his rifle and made his barefoot way up the stream bed toward the place where he would meet the others.

From a purely military point of view the action in which Dimaponong fired his first shot was unimportant to the point of negligibility. The entire action, from the moment Lieutenant Tamparong felt the smooth rush of bullets spurting from his automatic rifle, until Dimaponong found the last of his five cartridge cases, took place within three minutes. Fifty guerrilleros, hiding on a prepared ground of their choice, ambushed a patrol of 20 Japanese, killing four and wounding three. Twenty-three of the guerrilleros had been so excited they had forgot to fire their rifles, although they believed at the time that they were shooting. Three men had thrown their rifles away when they ran. One man forgot to run, and he returned to the camp hours later to say that he had seen the Japanese build a fire to burn their dead. He said they had also thrown onto this fire one man who was not yet dead, but badly wounded. When they saw him struggling to crawl from the burning logs, one of the Japanese ran quickly up to the pyre and stuck the wounded man over the head with a clubbed rifle.

Having burned their dead, the Japanese marched back to their garrison in the village. No guerrillero had been killed; none had been wounded. But, a courier reported to the guerrilleros, many may have died in the village, because the Japanese were questioning the townsmen. He, the courier said, had heard men and womean screaming and the sound of shots as he left the town.

Col. Charles Hedges stood in the center of the circle of guerrilleros, hearing the courier's report and that of Lieutenant Tamparong. He roundly cursed all those who had failed to fire, although—as an experienced officer—he had expected this. He ordered the three men who had thrown away their rifles to return to the scene, find their guns, turn them back to the army, and to report tomorrow to the army farm. They would go back to the plow, and three of the men now farming would be given a chance to fight the Hapons who butchered helpless townsmen and enwhored the women of the villages.

"Who thinks he killed a Jap, huh?" Hedges demanded, glaring at them all.

No one spoke, but after a while, Dimaponong Uy raised his eyes and said slowly, "Good Sir, I think perhaps I kill one, only."

He told how he had heard the man cough and had seen the blood. Fixed by Hedges' penetrating stare, he went miserably on to the end of it.

"I tell my companions I fell into the stream," Dimaponong said to the colonel to whom no man could lie, "but it is not so. Oh, Great Sir, I too much frightened I shit my pants!"

Hedges threw back his head and laughed so hard his straw hat fell off.

"Well, by God, you're man enough to admit it!" Hedges said to the shamefaced Dimaponong.

Hedges whacked him fondly across the back, and clutching the puzzled Dimaponong by the arm, he presented him to the others.

"Here's the only son of a bitch I found yet, outside of the lieutenant, who had the goddamn sense enough to do what he was told," Hedges said.

Incredibly Dimaponong realized the colonel was praising him.

"Here we got a bunch of goddamn old women who forget to shoot, and a bunch of minabays who throw their guns away, and one man with guts enough to hang in there and actually kill one of the bastards," Hedges said.

"Now listen here, Dimaponong," Hedges said, loud enough for all to hear, "we have no medal, huh? But, by God, you deserve one, huh? I am giving you a medal right now. From now on, any man who does well in combat gets the Hedges Medal, huh? That means he can take my own Springfield, and one bullet, huh, and go down to Iligan at night to shoot the Jap sentry off the bridge. You take my rifle tonight, Dimaponong, and if you knock the bastard off the bridge and into the river, you will be a corporal tomorrow. OK, huh? Can be, yes?"

"O, Great Sir, yes, salaamit, can be," Dimaponong stammered, trembling again, but not with the emotion of the morning. He squared his shoulders in imitation of Hedges' jaunty swagger, and threw Hedges a Boy Scout salute, which Hedges briskly returned. From that moment, Dimaponong's dark eyes followed Hedges, as the very terrible Colonel Doddamn shouted at the others, "Great Moro warriors, horseshit! Bunch of old women! Get out of here! Tomorrow I'm going with you myself, and God help anybody who throws his goddamn rifle away. So help me, I'll shoot you myself . . . "

"That Colonel Goddamn, he has very short intestines," a guerrillero whispered to Dimaponong.

But Dimaponong, in whom a mystery had grown, looked coldly at his companion and swaggered away.

In another part of Mindanao that Christmas Eve, Abundio Cabcaban sprang to his feet when he heard the repeated, hollow *tunk-tunk, tunk-tunk* of a wooden gong. Quickly, he ran to the gong that hung in his yard and struck it with a knotted stick, waiting until he heard the thinner sound of the gong of Diosdado Butsalac, the roadmender, replying. Then he untied the instrument and carried it into his house, where he tucked it into the thatch. Wordlessly, Abundio embraced his wife, Buenaventurada, who had already sent eight-year-old Policarpo to drive the carabao from its wallow and up the trail leading to the nearby jungle. He watched his wife, carrying tiny Serpia on her hip and the woven banigs on her head, follow their son and the carabao. When the Japanese arrived, Abundio was alone, digging with a stick, squatting at the edge of his rice paddy, shaping the mud wall of the low dike that would hold the water when it was time to flood the field.

"You are guerrillero," the Japanese interpreter told him.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir, I am not guerrillero," Abundio said. "They are bery bad mens. They steal my chickens."

The Japanese slapped him; Abundio had forgot to bow.

"I am friend of Nippon," Abundio said, tears in his eyes, bowing many times.

"Where is your wife?"

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir. My wife is gone to Butu'un only."

Butu'un was the market town, now garrisoned by Japanese. The interrogation went on.

Sir, he said, his children had gone with his wife to the market in Butu'un. Yes, he had a carabao, but, too bad, it was gone, too.

Where had it gone?

Oh, sir, no one knew. The guerrilleros had taken his carabao.

Why had he not kept them from taking his animal?

Oh, sir, they came with guns.

They slapped him again.

Oh, sir, he said, I am a friend of Nippon, you make a great mistake. If only brave Nippon soldiers would protect poor people with their guns, then the guerrilleros, those very bad men, would not come to steal the chickens and the carabaos.

You will come with us to Butu'un and point out your wife, they told him.

Yes, sir, Abundio said, wondering what someone might have told the Japanese about Buenaventurada and the Women's Auxiliary. But he could not go, because he must fix his dike if there would be rice for the brave Nippon soldiers to eat, and besides, his wife would return at any moment.

You are lying, they said. You are farmer by day and guerrillero by night. When Abundio denied this, bowing frequently, they slapped him again. One of the Japanese soldiers slammed his rifle butt down Abundio's shin, scraping it and bruising Abundio's foot, and the interrogation went on.

Eventually they left, because they could not waste all this time on what the Japanese commander called a village dolt, and Abundio thoughtfully watched them go.

He waited until they were out of sight, and then he rose from the mud into which they had beaten him. He painfully climbed into the branches of the breadfruit tree in his yard and scanned the countryside as far as he could see. When he was sure they had really left, and that none was hiding down the road to see where he, Abundio, might go, he climbed down from the tree, pulled the gong from beneath the thatch, and struck it in the signal that meant the Japanese had passed through his sitio. He searched beneath the mudslime of the carabao wallow until he found the wet bundle that was his sinamay, which he had wrapped tightly around his rifle. Despite the pain in his ribs and in his shin and foot, Abundio moved at a light trot along the trail that led to the jungle, because it would take time for Buenaventurada to wash his uniform and for him to clean his rifle and then to run to the assembly point where, even now, plans were being made to ambush these Japanese when they returned, hot and tired, down the road toward their barracks at Butu'un.

In Dipolog, which means The Other Side, because there had once been a Spanish barracks across the river from Dipolog two hundred years ago, Sol Samonte was fighting the war alone on Christmas Eve, 1942. Samonte, a deft man with an intellectual delicacy in his Malay features, was working in an open shed with a thatched roof. He was trying to combine quicksilver, taken from household thermometers, with his memory of high school chemistry, in order to arrive at fulminate of mercury. If he succeeded, his fulminate would replace the heads of kitchen matches as the percussive in the caps of rifle cartridges. Matchhead percussion caps were not dependable and the supply of matches was as small as the supply of mercury from thermometers. Since fulminate of mercury is a most unstable compound, and since the powder for the cartridges consisted of flash powder from Chinese firecrackers, mixed with dynamite and amatol, newly commissioned Lieutenant Samonte was left to work alone by common consent. So far, he had blown up three rifles, and once, he had nearly blown up himself.

In a similar although much larger shed near the town of Jimenez, there was an ordnance factory. Here, on Christmas Eve, bare-chested brown men squatted on the packed-dirt floor, tinkering tiny ejector springs for the Enfield rifle bolts. Enfield ejectors were always breaking. New springs were fashioned by men whose only tools were hammers, chisels and rattail files. They would first chisel a sliver from the heavy steel strap of an automobile spring. Then they would work this down into the shape of an Enfield ejector spring with the files. It might take a man two days to make such a spring by this method, but there was no other method.

On Christmas Eve, as on every other day, men worked in a building they called the rice mill, although no rice was ground there. It, too, was an open shed and stood outside the capital city, Oroquieta. It was the combined mint and treasury of the Government of the Free Philippines, and here men carved printing plates of hardwood. They mixed inks made of soot and dyes, and cut heavy kraft wrapping paper into small squares. The hardwood was difficult to carve and the woodcuts had to say everything in two langauges.

"This note," the plates said in English, "is redeemable at face value after the emergency and will not be devaluated or discriminated against. Counterfeiting of this note will be severely punished."

The wooden plates wore down rapidly but the printing process went on without pause, and all the squares of paper were carefully numbered and the numbers were entered in two separate ledgers in order that the money would someday be redeemed by the United States Treasury. The General Fertig had promised that it would. The people believed that the General Fertig, whom many now called Tai Tai, always spoke the truth. Tai Tai literally means Old Old, but the people used it in its common meaning, which is witch doctor. Fertig was their magic-maker.

Throughout the province of Misamis Occidental, which was the entire extent of land actually in possession of the Government of the Free Philippines at that time, men swarmed up trees and poles to expand the telephone and telegraph systems. Since there were no regular glass insulators, they used pop bottles. Since there was no copper wire, they stripped iron wire from farm fences or bought it from those who stole it from the Japanese army stores. The telephone batteries wore out and there was no way of recharging them until someone discovered by accident that if a telephone battery was soaked overnight in tuba, the coconut beer, life would return to the battery. No one knew why this should happen, although everyone had great faith in tuba, but happen it did, and the soaking of batteries in coconut beer became Standard Operating Procedure for the United States Forces in the Philippines, Brigadier General Fertig, commanding.

Elsewhere in the province, men tried to find a way to make soap from coconut oil and wood ashes. If soap could be made, it could be traded to the island of Negros for sugar, which could be used in the manufacture of alcohol, which could be used as fuel in the automobile engines. At the navy yard, which was simply a section of the beach near the town of Misamis, men installed light machine guns on iron pipes in the bows of the two launches that constituted the fighting ships of the Navy of the Free Philippines. In the capital city, Oroquieta, Judge Saguin presided over the government that Fertig had appointed.

Near the foot of Panguil Bay, on a wooded hillside some distance from the barrio of Bonifacio, beneath a huge mango tree, the Force Radio Section was trying to invent the radio. The Section consisted principally of Gerardo Almendres, a slight, determined high school boy who had once sent away for an International Correspondence School course. For two months, Almendres had been working through the hot days with bits and pieces of old radio receivers and parts of the sound equipment taken from a motion-picture projector that had been buried in a swamp. The result was, as all said, the goddamndest mess you ever saw. The inwards of what should have been a sending set the size of a small valise were now spread across the four walls of a nipa house, resembling in magnified detail the exploded diagrams of the International Correspondence School of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Wires ran everywhere to mysterious devices whose use Almendres could only try to guess.

The youngster was assisted in his researches by a Filipino who had once sold radios as a traveling salesman, and by former Army Air Corps and Navy radio operators who, like Fertig, had either refused to surrender to the Japanese or who had escaped from Japanese camps. One of them, Robert Ball, reported in late December, 1942, that Almendres' homemade transmitter began to show signs of life.

Ball paused, mopped his face, and everyone waited, tense, straining to hear a chirping birdsong of dots and dashes in reply. But all they heard was the steady chuffing of the diesel engine that generated the electricity. There was nothing for them but the inhuman heat of the still air, sickly sweet with the burned coconut-oil gases of the diesel's exhaust.

When the tension became unbearable, Ball tried again. His set young face ran sweat as he pounded over and again the dots and dashes representing groups of numbers determined by Fertig's pocket code cylinder. Translated, the message read WE HAVE THE HOT DOPE ON THE HOT YANKS IN THE HOT PHILIPPINES. The frail house shook as Ball rattled the key; banging away as if he expected the very sound of his urgent violence to carry to Australia if the message did not.

There was no question that the transmitter was on the air. But, because the set lacked a crystal, having instead a wire erratically coiled around a joint of bamboo, the signal went rasping and sliding across all the kilocycles.

"God DAMN!" a United States Navy signalman said, tearing off his earphones, to escape a screeching, wailing noise, like that of a bandsaw keening through green hardwood knots.

The signalman muttered, waiting impatiently for the racket to stop. Then he called the station whose traffic he had been receiving, asking them to repeat the message drowned out by the bandsaw noise.

The signalman manned a set in Radio Station KFS, San Francisco, monitoring military communications from the Pacific theater of war. There was no doubt at KFS that the wailing signal, which interrupted traffic on all frequencies, was a Japanese jamming the air. How did KFS know? It was simple enough. Decoding Center had recognized the coded number groups at once. But the Army had suspended use of those old code cylinders with the surrender of Corregidor, as a matter of prudence. Therefore the signal was sent by a Japanese, using a captured cylinder, trying at once to jam the air and to suck KFS into replying. It was a Jap, trying in the cornball Jap way to use American slang. The hot dope on the hot Yanks, indeed!

Maybe, the signalman thought, *we ought to double-cross that Jap by telling him to stand by for an answer. Then he'd have to shut up, waiting, in order to stay in character. Of course, we'd never answer, but while the Jap was waiting, he wouldn't be jamming the air.*

The signalman suggested this, but his lieutenant said no. To give an answer, the lieutenant said, would be to tell the Japs that their jamming was successful.

While these events were taking place in the United States a small open boat rose and fell over the long hills of the Coral Sea. The three white men and two Filipinos in the boat were still alive, but weak, giddy and painfully sunburned. Numbly, they stared at the low, distant line of an immense land mass. It was the end of the longest open-boat voyage since Captain Bligh's, and it had been made without any aids to navigation other than a weather map and a miner's compass, through the entire Imperial Japanese Navy. But the men in the boat had no room in their minds to dwell upon such aspects of their accomplishment. They simply watched Australia come toward them over the edge of the world, and Charles Smith's dry lips framed the words *Well, there it is.*

Days later, the report of the interrogation of Jordan Hamner, Charles Smith and A. Y. Smith was also on its way to Washington. The report stated the three men had sailed from Mindanao, where Filipino guerrilleros were ambushing Japanese troops. Hamner and the two Smiths had been assisted in their escape by Wendell Fertig, a mining engineer, who commanded a guerrilla in the province of Misamis Occidental, and who was trying to build a radio to establish communication with the outside world. The three men felt that if any aid could be given Fertig it should be sent at once. Confident that he would succeed in putting a radio on the air by the time Smith reached Australia, Fertig had given Charles Smith a radio call-sign known only to the two of them. It was MSF. Easy to remember. Mindanao Smith Fertig.

A decision was reached in Washington.

"We'll take a chance," the intelligence officer said, shoving a file of reports aside. "We'll assume the Japs are lying; that this Fertig has become a nuisance to them; that he's built a radio; that it's his transmitter and not a Jap's, that lousing up KFS' traffic. Tell KFS not to answer that mystery station directly. But as soon as the noise tops send KFS CALLING MSF. Let's see what that does. If it's Fertig, we might not be able to help him, but he can at least help us: we'll tell him to get the hell off the air."

That night, when the familiar banshee wail of Fertig's transmitter filled the KFS receivers, the signalman notified his lieutenant.

They waited for the sound to die.

KFS CALLING MSF KFS CALLING MSF, the signalman rapped in open Morse.

Then they heard the improbable shriek of Fertig's transmitter, repeating its coded message about the hot Yanks.

"Try again," the lieutenant said.

KFS CALLING MSF, the signalman sent.

They kept trying until Fertig's set went off the air.

"Well," the signalman said, "that isn't the one."

"No," the lieutenant said, "it's a goddamn Jap, after all."

He turned away, relieved. He had been worried that he might have been wrong.

Idly, Fertig picked up a loose bit of copper wire and worked it back and forth with his hands, thinking, as he always did whenever he touched copper, what a peculiar stuff it was. Malleable, ductile, the first metal man smelted . . . He twisted the wire and asked the radio operator, a former navy signalman named William Konko, otherwise known as the Mad Russian, or as Army Signal Corps 2d Lieutenant Konko, USFIP, if there was anything new.

It wasn't much of a question, and Fertig regretted it the minute he'd asked it. Obviously, if there had been any news, they would have told him.

"No, sir," Konko said. "Nothing. I worked Mr. Bell for a while, and he didn't have anything."

Konko referred to Roy Bell's ham set on the island of Negros. It was the only station with which Fertig's transmitter had made contact and they talked back and forth like two children calling to one another in a dark cellar.

"But I tell you what," Konko said. "We got good reception. Last night I heard San Francisco."

"Oh you did, did you?" Fertig said.

"Yes, sir. I picked up KFS. That's a navy monitor in 'Frisco. I could hear 'em calling stations I remember; Pearl, Dago, and a lot I never heard of. Like last night they kept calling MSF. You know who that is, sir?"

"No," Fertig said, twisting the wire, trying to remember the call letters of military stations.

It was a curious stuff, copper. It was one of the few metals you would never want to find in a free state, because if you try to blast it, you would only spatter it, and there was almost never a good way to cut it out. He coiled the wire around his finger, thinking of the times and places he had mined copper, and remembering the trouble Charlie Smith had had with his copper mine at . . .

Charlie Smith!

Fertig tore the wire loose and threw it at the wall with a shout and the men in the nipa shack stared at him as if he had just gone mad.

"Now just a minute," Fertig said as steadily as he could, fighting down a wild clamor inside him. "You're sure? M-S-F? Did you write it down? Did you log it anywhere?"

"No, sir," Konko said. "I didn't write it down. Why? I mean, you want me to log the stations I hear?"

"Are you sure it was MSF you heard?" Fertig demanded.

"Yes, sir. Pretty sure."

"You get on that set and you start sending MSF CALLING KFS," Fertig said. "Find that frequency and get on it right now."

"Yes, sir. Why . . .?"

"Just start sending," Fertig interrupted.

MSF CALLING KFS, Konko sent.

And back the answer came, loud, crisp and clear:

KFS TO MSF XXX IF YOU KNOW DOUBLE TRANSPOSITION USE AS KEY FIRST NAME OF SECOND NEXT OF KIN AND CITY OF RESIDENCE SECOND NEXT OF KIN AND ENCODE THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION XXX

When Konko finished copying the message he was grinning all over and there were minutes before the brown and white men in the nipa house beneath the mango tree could think of anything coherent to say to one another.

Fertig coded a reply, and the following message from MacArthur said:

COMMAND AREAS WILL BE PROGRESSIVELY ESTABLISHED BASED ON EXISTING MILITARY DISTRICTS XXX COMMANDER OF DISTRICTS WILL OPERATE UNDER CONTROL THIS HEADQUARTERS (SOUTHWEST PACIFIC) AND ASSIGNMENTS WILL BE SUBJECT TO REVIEW ON BASIS OF PERFORMANCE XXX LT C'L W W FERTIG (CE) INF IS DESIGNATED TO COMMAND THE TENTH MIL DISTRICT (ISLANDS OF MINDANAO AND SULU) XXX HE WILL PERFECT INTELLIGENCE NET COVERING NINTH MIL

DISTRICT (SAMAR-LEYTE) XXX NO OFFICER OF RANK OF GENERAL WILL BE DESIGNATED AT PRESENT XXX LT COL PERALTA WILL COMMAND SIXTH MIL DISTRICT (PANAY) AND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ORGANIZATION OF INTELLIGENCE NET COVERING SEVENTH AND EIGHTH MIL DISTRICTS XXX MACARTHUR

Reading this, Fertig felt the weight of the Moro silversmith's stars on his collar.

Lieutenant Colonel Fertig of the Corps of Engineers was now Lieutenant Colonel Fertig of the United States Infantry.

Couldn't those thickheads understand that he did not want to be a general because of the pay, or out of vainglory, but because it was absolutely essential for the Filipinos to believe they had an American general leading them?

Don't those idiots at Headquarters know that face was the most important fact in Asia? That there had to be ONE commander, and not a swarm of lieutenant colonels knifing each other in the back. Would MacArthur have tolerated the existence of TWO Supreme Commanders of the Southwest Pacific Theater of War?

But a secret corner of his mind told Fertig he *did* want that rank. He wanted it more than he had ever wanted anything in his life, because he felt he had already won it. He wanted the rank AND he needed it.

He had called an army into the field after the regulars had quit. Maybe that's what irritated them. They surrendered; he fought. For this, not even a normal promotion based on length of service in rank, much less based on merit in the field. Not even a full colonelcy!

Yet contact had been made. He had an assignment, and there was an implied promise in MacArthur's directive. He must now send acknowledgement. It was an historic occasion, and he, Fertig, would send something appropriate:

URGENTLY REQUEST VIA FIRST AVAILABLE TRANSPORTATION NECESSARY DRUGS TO TREAT VENEREAL DISEASE RECENTLY CONTRACTED BY KEY PERSONNEL XXX FERTIG.

The supplies came by submarine—and so did instructions. Fertig's men were to establish watcher stations to report Japanese ship movements. The submarine brought radio sets for this purpose. Coastwatchers would report to Fertig, who would transmit daily budgets to Australia.

Augmented by fresh supplies, Fertig's power grew, and he could not understand why the Japanese did not attack his headquarters. But he was grateful for whatever time the Japanese would give him, and incredibly, they gave him eight months of peace, by which time Fertig's command had spread to include guerrilla bands on nearby islands, linked by radio. Then, the Japanese struck.

Under the Japanese onslaught, Fertig's force in Misamis Occidental evaporated.

"I do have the runningest boys," he told his diary.

And so, by the Fourth of July, 1943, the Headquarters of the United States Forces in the Philippines consisted of one grass house, a number of lean-tos, 19 worried Filipinos, and Wendell W. Fertig, brigadier general, commanding. The 20 men had walked all morning in a hard rain to come to this area, which was the site of an old kaingin on a minor trail that led into a mountainous rain forest. At nightfall, however, the rain stopped, the skies cleared, and the moon was bright enough to read by. General Fertig employed the moonlight for purposes of literature.

My second Fourth of July as a refugee from my friends, the yellow bastards, he wrote to himself. *Last year in the forests of Lanao, and this year in the cornfields of Misamis Occidental. I did not look forward last year to eight months of comfort. Perhaps this year will break as well for me. I hope the third Fourth will be under more auspicious conditions, back with my own family.*

This morning I moved my camp since Japs were reported on the road at Belingson. They continued on through Tambulig and were shot up by a small ambush near Salug. Some casualties were inflicted. No information after that. Reports are that Liargo patrols returned back to Aurora. Looting was rampant in Misamis, Clarin and Tudela, with the civilians doing it. Report says Jesus Montalban was captured in Oroquieta. I still doubt it. At 12:30, report was no Japs in Bonifacio. Base radio was moved and was off the air all day. Although they may have been back on for the evening schedule.

Since there was nothing more to be said, he shut his diary. The night hung all about him in a vast silence of golden light and black shadows. He stared into the night, light-headed from fatigue. His belly was sore from recurring cramps of dysentery, which he was trying to cure with a diet of baked camotes. His clothes were still damp from the day's rain, and the warm air was rank with the odor of rotting leaves.

A shadow separated from the deep black of the trees, and became a man in the moonlight as it crossed the clearing that led to Fertig's house. It was a man who brought further news:

An unknown number of Japanese had reached a schoolhouse not three kilometers away. In view of this development, should Headquarters move once again?

"No," Fertig snapped, exasperated by rumors and reports. "You are not to move, huh? I will be The One to say."

Turning to his bodyguard Crisanto, Fertig said:

"Tell Placido he is to come with us."

While he waited for Placido, Fertig slid a full magazine into a Browning automatic rifle. He stuffed two more magazines under his belt. The bullets felt solid and reassuring, and the magazines, pressing on his belly, helped to ease the empty ache.

Together with his driver and his bodyguard, Fertig made his way along the rain-soaked trail that led through low hills of woods and kaingins to a shallow valley of cornfields. At the lip of the valley, he met nine men with rifles; men who had been attached to the guerrilla company assigned to the area. The company had been living in the schoolhouse when word came of the Japanese approach. Then everyone had run, leaving the records of the company behind. No, the nine men had not seen the Japanese. No, they did not know how many Japanese there were, but the report had said plenty, plenty. Therefore, they had all run away rapidly. They had no idea where their officer had gone, nor what had happened to their companions.

"We will find the Hapons," Fertig promised them. "You will lead the way."

Briefly, Fertig outlined his plan. The nine soldiers would surround the building on three sides. Three men to each side. He, Crisanto and Placido would approach from the front. The soldiers at the rear of the building would fire one shot when they were in position, to attract the attention of the Japanese. Placido would instantly rush from the front, dive beneath the porch, and set fire to it.

Were there any questions?

"Sair, suppose the Hapons have out-*posts?*"

"You will walk with much care," Fertig said. "If there are out-*posts,* you are to send one to me, huh? He is to speak. I will tell him what to do, huh?"

By the time the schoolhouse loomed before him, Fertig's clothes were soaked through from brushing against the dripping corn stalks. The building lay in a pool of moonlight. Fertig sank into the shadows of the corn, kneeling in the mud at the base of the stalks. He saw the schoolhouse door open, and a Japanese come out.

The Japanese stood on the wide porch and unbuttoned his trousers. An arc of urine glittered in the moonlight. The Japanese buttoned his trousers and re-entered the building, shutting the door behind him.

Fertig heard the murmur of Japanese voices, and the rustle of cornstalks as Crisanto and Placido slid carefully into the shadows beside him. Fertig lifted the Browning and sighted on the door. The light was strong. He could set the blade accurately into the shallow U of the battle sight. He waited for the sound of the first shot to come from the rear of the building.

There was the heavy *blang-crack* of an Enfield firing and the bullet striking wood, and the schoolhouse door burst open and Japanese came spurting out.

Fertig aimed low and pressed the trigger, the rifle on fully automatic, feeling the bullets blurt smoothly in the soft, thudding way a BAR shoots, his ears battered by the sound of Crisanto and Placido firing beside him.

The first Japanese fell suddenly; absolutely. There is nothing else like it in the world and it can never be done by anyone who is not dead. There was no lurch, histrionic staggering, or putting out of hands to break the fall. The Japanese was moving forward when he was shot and, dead but carried by momentum, he fell from the schoolhouse porch, striking the ground with his face, and lay with his face flat in the mud, one arm bent behind him with the palm of his hand up and open on his back, with the other arm caught beneath his crotch, and with his legs in a tangle above him on the steps.

One Japanese cowered back on the porch with his hands out as if to hold the bullets back. His rump bumped the wall. This seemed to remind him who he was and what he was doing, but as he straightened, he fell, still moving. Since he was still moving, Fertig fired again. The remaining Japanese had plummeted back into the building.

Placido lurched forward and Fertig grabbed his arm.

"No can be!" Fertig told him.

Instead of drawing the Japanese attention, the shot from the rear of the schoolhouse had merely flushed them out the front. Now they had been blown back in again. If Placido were now to dash across the schoolyard, the Japanese would be ready for him, shooting from cover.

A heavy gust of rifleshots erupted from behind the schoolhouse, together with a sound of hilarious shouting.

The shooting stopped, but the shouting continued, and Fertig could distinguish the excited cries of the guerrilleros.

"Shut up!" he shouted.

"Tell them to shut up," he told Crisanto.

Crisanto yelled the order in the dialect. He kept yelling until the shouting stopped.

In the startling silence that followed, there was a sound of stertorous breathing; the noise a man makes who no longer has the strength to groan. The schoolhouse was silent and its roof reflected the light of the moon. The sound of breathing came from a dark pile of clothing lying in the schoolyard. There was another body lying to the right of it.

"Placido," Fertig said. "You will go to our companions. Then you will return back, huh, and say what has happened."

Fertig saw the pile of clothing shudder. The sound of its breathing stopped. Then there were no sounds except those of the night. The house stood dark in the shadow of its eaves.

Placido returned to say that four Japanese had bolted out the back door, only to be cut down by guerrilleros' rifle fire. The guerrilleros felt that perhaps there were no more Hapons in the building, for they had not started shooting until the Hapons had come out the door. All now waited to be told what to do, but all thought the Hapons had been killed.

Fertig felt there might be more Japanese inside. Minutes dragged past, but no sounds came. It was most unlike Japanese to remain silent under attack. Perhaps it was true; all had been killed. But the sound of the shooting most certainly had been heard by other Japanese in the area. Therefore, Fertig could not afford to sit still all night, wondering and waiting for events. On the other hand, because of the records in the building, he could not pull out his men and leave well enough alone. He would have to spend a man to learn the facts. He would spend Placido. He sent him angling in toward the schoolhouse from a corner where there were no windows.

No one shot at Placido. Fertig saw his driver climb the porch, step around the body of the man who has been holding out his hands, and look cautiously inside.

"Sair, there is not one," Placido called.

When Fertig returned to Headquarters, his stomach cramps were entirely gone, there was no indication his headaches would return, and if in his mind's eye Fertig saw the bloody and contorted bodies of eight Japanese, they meant absolutely nothing to him. Bodies were simply a predictable, logical and ordinary part of the world in which he lived.

The Japanese hunted; the guerrilleros fled. At length, the Japanese tired of hitting air, and withdrew to the coastal towns. As they did, Fertig's guerrilleros rematerialized out of the jungle, and Fertig's civil government resumed its functions everywhere in the back country. The hidden radios came back on the air, and Fertig's guerrilla was in business again, leaner than before, but tougher. The Japanese controlled only the land that was immediately below their soldiers' shoes. All else was Fertig's. Contact was re-established with Australia, where Col. Courtney Whitney, a trim, efficient aide to General MacArthur, sent what help he could to Fertig's lonely forces.

One of Colonel Whitney's problems was the question of what to do with Capt. James Lawrence Evans, MD, the difficult young officer in charge of supplies at the base hospital in Brisbane. Captain Evans' trouble was that he had too quick a mind. Ordered to turn over a quantity of cholera serum to an intelligence officer, Evans had refused, on grounds the man was asking for serum enough to inoculate more men than there were in the entire army. When the intelligence operative returned to Evans, armed this time with a handwritten order personally signed by General MacArthur, Evans had stuck to his guns. Worse, Evans' suspicions had been aroused by the fact that an intelligence operative carried such an order. Worse yet, Evans had correctly deduced that the serum was meant to inoculate a population, rather than an army, and had asked the intelligence officer whether this was not so. Worse still, Evans had told the officer that he was tired of being a pill dispenser; that he wished to fight a war, and insisted on being the medical officer assigned to accompany the serum to its mysterious destination.

Obviously, unless something was done quickly about Captain Evans, the cat would be out of the bag. There were plenty of things that could be done, but Colonel Whitney decided to put Evans into the bag with the cat. Indeed, Captain Evans' unique talents made such a course inevitable, for in addition to being a surgeon, desirous of adventure, Captain Evans held a ham radio license. Or so, at least, the Evans 201 file said. Clearly, a chat with the young man was in order.

During the conference that followed, Colonel Whitney sized up the slim doctor's athletic appearance, and his quick and fearless replies.

"You understand that everything we have discussed in this room is secret, and not to go out of the room? That you are not to discuss, suggest, or imply to anyone anything that you might have learned or guessed from anything I have said?" Colonel Whitney asked.

"Yes, sir," Evans said. "Then it's all set?"

"You will return to your duties," Colonel Whitney said.

Evans' face was stricken with disappointment.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"That is all," Colonel Whitney said.

Captain Evans' life resumed its normal, monotonous course among the medical inventories. Weeks passed. And then, one night, in the small hours before dawn, Evans was awakened in his tent by men with hooded lamps who gestured him to be silent. Evans sat up, groping for his clothes. They were gone. His shoes were gone. His uniforms, his footlocker. Gone. He was handed navy work clothing. As he dressed, his visitors silently dismantled his mosquito bar, folded his blankets; folded his cot. It was all done quickly, and Evans' tent mates were not awakened. Within five silent minutes, the personal corner of the tent that had been inhabited by the particular, unique human warmth the world knew as Evans was simply a blank space. Shivering with the morning chill, and with apprehension, Evans wondered what his tent mates would think when they woke to find nothing at all in his corner.

His visitors led Evans through camp to a company street where an army jeep and a navy truck waited. Evans' effects were put into the jeep. He was loaded in the truck. All the rest of that day, Evans sweated with a navy work gang, loading supplies into the largest submarine he had ever seen. When the loading was complete, and he was about to leave with the stevedores, someone touched his arm and drew him aside. Another man of Evans' build, in identical, soiled navy work clothes, took Evans' place in the departing work party, so that if anyone had been counting the number of stevedores who had gone aboard, he would have seen exactly that number return ashore.

Hours later, the USS *Narwhal*, the largest submarine in the world, was running submerged due north.

The words *South Sea Islands* filled Evans with an almost unbearable delight, and he thrilled, too, to phrases like *war zone, clangor of arms,* and *savage enemy*. To Evans, a jungle was always a *forbidding jungle,* invariably to be found covering *mysterious hills*. He therefore peered with tense joy at the scene in the periscope—the scene he had come ten thousand miles to see, and which now promised to fulfill his dreams exactly. In fact, he had dreamed of it so long that it looked familiar: the blue mountains rising out of the sea; the dense vegetation growing to the waterline; the coconut palms standing sentinel along the narrow beach; the clouds forming out of the rain forests on the flanks of volcanic hills. He was looking at his own South Sea island, populated by an enemy savage enough to satisfy any adventurer's demands, and soon he was to live the drama of a guerrilla soldier in a tropical paradise. Regretfully, he surrendered the periscope to Captain Latta, who had allowed him this one brief view. Evans resigned himself once more to the pale world of oil smelling machinery, stale air, and dim yellow light that was the *Narwhal*'s belly. The submarine's tanks filled, and she settled to the sea floor to await the dusk.

Twelve hours later, the *Narwhal* slid up out of the water in a welter of roiling bubbles; hatches clanged open and Evans climbed the metal ladder to breathe the warm fresh land-smell of flowers and earth after rain. He stood on the wet gratings, looking around in wonder. The *Narwhal* was knifing smoothly across moonlit water, and all around the submarine Evans could see the slender dark shapes of outrigger canoes, and the wet glint of paddles lifting and falling. He saw an outrigger glide alongside the *Narwhal* and watched a tall, thin man in tropical helmet and suntans swing aboard. The tall man wore a .45 pistol on his hip and Evans saw the flash of his teeth as his bearded face split in a smile as he shook hands with Captain Latta. Evans heard someone say, "Fertig."

Was that the Fertig about whom Chick Parsons had talked so much? Evans had only a glimpse of him as the tall man went below, but that single glimpse sent Evans' pulse pounding at the realization that he, Evans, was at least really and truly more than a thousand sea miles behind enemy lines, engaged on a mission that the Army had assured him was so hazardous that he could not expect to return.

The *Narwhal*, surrounded by milling canoes, moved slowly through a tortuous channel, cut by a great river working through coral, toward a village of stilted grass houses that emerged from beneath trees to meet the sea. Evans breathed the rich, fecal odor of Asia mingling with the land-smell, and was completely happy. The houses were really made of grass and the canoes were really made of hollowed logs and it would be really rough. He was prepared for it to be really rough—*rugged* was the army word. He was prepared for everything but what greeted him as the *Narwhal* edged slowly past the oil-stained hulk of a bombed ship to berth at a concrete dock.

There were dockworkers to grab the *Narwhal*'s flung messenger lines and haul the heavy Manila cables over bollards; seven trucks waited on the dock apron; launches with lighter barges waited in the river; excited Filipinos laughed and waved to the men on the *Narwhal;* girls in filmy dresses waved and then covered their faces with their hands to conceal the embarrassment they were expected to feel for having been so forward, and a band burst into "Aloha."

The band, all dressed in white trousers and white shirts, had before the war been the best dance band on the islands. Fertig had commandeered it as a source of military income, renting the band out to village fiestas.

As the *Narwhal*'s lines were secured, the bittersweet languor of "Aloha" filled the tropical night and in the light of moon and flickering torches, Evans could see tears streaming down faces brown and white and he heard one of the *Narwhal*'s sailors shout huskily, "Jesus Christ, where the hell are we? Hollywood?"

The *Narwhal*'s cargo hatches opened, and the band blared *The Stars and Stripes Forever* with a fervor probably never matched before or since, and sailors in blue denim and bare-chested brown men in shorts worked together to unload the huge submarine. Supplies poured out of her: cases of carbine and rifle ammunition; cases of submachine guns, carbines, rocket launchers called bazookas, D-ration chocolate bars, Spam, cheese, magazines, books, MacArthur's newspaper the *Free Philippines,* medicines, jungle boots, suntan uniforms, jungle camouflage suits, .50-calibre machine guns on tripod mounts, 20-millimeter cannons, millions of pesos in counterfeit Japanese invasion currency, cases of Atabrine pills, the new antimalarial. There were printing plates and paper for manufacture of legal guerrilla currency, jungle hammocks, cigarettes, flashlights, officers' insignia, and spare parts for generators and radios; tools and sparkplugs. All this, and more, came pouring out of the *Narwhal* as the band played songs that had been popular in 1941, which were the most recent songs the bandsmen had heard, and one of the sailors called out to the dock, "Hey, where are the Japs?"

"It's no sweat," a guerrillero told the sailor. "The Japs are a mile away."

"Mile away? Which way?"

"Oh, a mile that way," the guerrillero said, gesturing. "And a mile or maybe two miles over that way."

"Jesus!" the sailor said, and the people standing on the dock laughed.

Evans looked at the guerrillero and wondered how long it would be before he, too, had long hair and a straw hat and a uniform as ragged; before his skin, too, was sun-bronzed and he went barefoot with a gun on his hip, a rifle slung over his shoulder and was nonchalant about Japanese being a mile away.

Meanwhile, as Evans stared about as if to fix the scene forever in his memory, Captain Latta sat in the gray steel wardroom below, touched and drawn to the red-bearded man who sat opposite him, devouring Spam sandwiches and drinking cups of black coffee as if never had food more delicious been placed before a man more hungry.

Two other guests—Filipino officers—were drinking coffee in the *Narwhal*'s wardroom. Fertig noted that the Filipinos were visibly impressed, as he had intended they should be.

Everything had gone well. The trucks and barges had appeared, and the labor gangs were well in hand. When, at the appointed time, the *Narwhal* rose endlessly out of the sea, Fertig felt a thrill of pride in his country, represented there on the dark water in the potent beauty of a man-of-war, and seeing the look of utter stupefaction that passed between the Filipinos as this incredible submarine drew near, Fertig knew that if the *Narwhal* looked like a battleship to him, it looked like an entire fleet to the Filipinos. He wanted to pound them on the back and shout, as other men were shouting, and it was with some difficulty that he turned gravely to the Filipino officers and asked instead if they would like to go aboard to meet the submarine's commander.

For his part, Captain Latta was impressed, too. In fact, it was the only instance in United States naval history where a United States warship had moored to a pier to discharge cargo in enemy territory, and knowing this, Fertig had carefully set the scene.

Ninety-two tons of cargo were hand-carried from the *Narwhal* in four hours. Each hour was an exquisite mental agony to Fertig, beset by fever, feeling wave on wave of homesickness as he thought of the letters waiting to be read, forcing himself to concentrate on the information Latta was giving him, and fearing that at any moment Japanese aircraft would raid this only-too-well-lighted, too-public rendezvous. He had no personal fears. It was simply that he feared that if the *Narwhal* should be lost at this stage of the game, the Navy might well decide not to spend another submarine upon so quixotic an adventure as smuggling supplies to guerrilleros on islands the War Department had already written off as lost.

The same hours were an endless delight to Evans, standing on the *Narwhal*'s deck and watching Filipino working parties carrying a store of fresh fruits and vegetables into the submarine. Evans had no idea how much of a sacrifice this was for the people of Agusan province, nor how much the open pleasure of the sailors meant to the Filipinos.

The band played *Anchors Aweigh* as the *Narwhal* moved from the dock, the sailors waving and the people calling out to them and the band playing and the people waving and a priest blessing the ship until the submarine disappeared down the tricky river channel into the night.

Left ashore, medical bag in one hand and carbine in the other, Evans met Wendell Fertig.

"I'm told you're a radioman as well as a medical officer," Fertig said.

"Yes, sir," Evans said.

"If you're either one, I can sure use you," Fertig said briefly. He called to a Filipino.

"You will conduct the captain," Fertig told the Filipino, indicating Evans.

"I will see you later," Fertig promised the doctor.

With that, Fertig nodded and left, and Evans, somewhat startled by his welcome to the irregular service, was led away. Carrying his bag and gun, he climbed aboard an unpainted, derelict-looking river launch that seemed as brutally appropriate as Fertig's words.

Evans stood in the bows of a river launch, listening to the chunking of a one-cylinder engine and breathing the muddy smell of the Agusan, which came winding out of the deeps of time through a primeval forest like some vast, slow beast. He had learned that the guerrilleros had been teasing the sailors —that there were no Japanese within 30 miles. Evans found this somewhat disappointing, but it by no means entirely dispelled his enchantment. He was now listening for the sound of drums talking in the hills. It seemed to him that when one went upriver through a tropical jungle, drums should be talking. Instead, there were only the calls of night birds and the liquid voices of the Filipinos, and the sound of the one-cylinder diesel.

The Japanese came up the Agusan Valley and the people fled before them. The people who lived on the north bank of the Agusan moved toward Surigao, and those who lived on the south bank made for the hills beyond the river plain, taking with them those who lived on the plain, the whole countryside emptying, as the Japanese troops moved up the river valley.

Despite flood waters, a scarcity of launches, barrotos and cargadores, Fertig managed to clear all supplies from the lower river before the Japanese appeared. There was nothing left for them to find in Butu'un, or in Esperanza. Fertig moved upriver to Waloe, an area of swamps, and he felt his luck was running well, although it was the sort of good fortune a man experiences when he breaks a leg instead of his neck.

Japanese reinforcements continued to pour into Cagayan and Davao harbors, and the map of Mindanao began increasingly to resemble the body of a child coming down with a severe case of measles. When the first rash appears, the child is said to have red spots. But as the rash continues to spread, the child may be said to be red, with occasional white blotches—and this could be said for large areas of the map of Mindanao. On the body of Mindanao, however, the red and the white areas were in seething movement. What turned red for a few hours would turn white again when the Japanese moved on. Only the large Japanese bases were permanently red, while the complexion of the surrounding country constantly changed as Japanese patrols filtered ceaselessly through it.

Governed by Fertig's radio command station, the guerrilla persisted in and around the moving Japanese. But couriers who once walked confidently along back-country trails now stepped with furtive care. Supply parties were forced to long, hazardous detours. Guerrilla organizations were being hit by surprise attacks. The shadow civil government was functioning, but its hand-printed cash was running short. Far worse, and infinitely ominous, was the report that the Chinese merchants, those accurate weathervanes of Asia, were refusing credit to the guerrilla.

A solitary man, divorced by his position from the lonely perils his coastwatchers knew, and from the venomous, sudden short-range combats on the trails; a friendless man because of the necessity to command, Fertig felt weariness sweeping over him. Increasingly, his diary entries said: "I am so tired." He hoped his weariness did not show, but it was becoming more difficult for him to appear newly starched, crisp and competent while his world was quite obviously collapsing.

And, at this time, MacArthur's headquarters made things no easier. The quick radio operators in Australia who had been handling Fertig's traffic were replaced by new personnel who could not receive at the guerrilleros' sending rate of 30 coded groups per minute.

"Don't they know what they're doing to us?" Evans demanded. "Can't you get them to put a couple of good operators on our traffic?"

Evans' complaint was not trivial. Since the new operators in Australia could receive only at a rate of 10 coded groups per minute, this meant that Fertig's radiomen now had to remain three times longer on the air at any one time than they had before—thus wasting precious fuel; thus giving the Japanese so much longer to obtain fixes on their positions. It also meant that messages began to pile up; to move days late, and then a week late.

Fertig shook his head. Supreme Headquarters apparently lived in a world of its own. For that matter, what could they have been thinking of when they sent him the four radio operators who had come on the last submarine? They were first of all too slow. Worse, they were American-born Filipinos. They were exactly as much at home in the Philippines as an American of English ancestry would be at home if suddenly put down in a Celtic-speaking corner of Wales. Fertig took one look at them and realized they were a disaster, but he did not know how much of a disaster they were until the day Captain Lagman came bursting into his office, saying:

"Sair! You must let me shoot him!"

There was no trace of Lagman's usual droll humor in the Filipino's face. He was plainly a brave, intelligent, angry man who very badly needed to kill one of the new American-Filipinos, and Fertig wondered why.

"Because, sair, that brown American called me a *native,* and he is more black than I am!"

It was a mark of the tension that grew at Waloe that Fertig was not easily able to restore Lagman's normal cheerfulness; that the incident was deadly serious. And Evans was quite serious, too, when the Japanese bombers found their way to Waloe.

"I can't help it," Evans said. "Look, I'll take my chances on combat patrol. I just can't take it any more. Don't tell me again how safe I am in a foxhole. I won't believe you. I'm scared of those things and I can't help it."

The answer Fertig found was to relieve Evans of his duties and send him to Cabadbaran, one of the more-or-less-constant white blotches on the shifting map. Evans would be freed from the terror of the air raids, and the trip would give Evans ample opportunity to satisfy his thirst for adventure. Sending a man into combat seemed an odd way of giving him a furlough, but if that was what Evans wanted, there was nothing easier to grant.

With Evans gone, Fertig felt more lonely than ever. Cut off from supplies, with Japanese forces closing on him, penned in an inhospitable area on starvation rations, commanding no headquarters garrison of his own but dependent for his protection on guerrilla units that were retreating, his overland communications tenuous and his radio communications seriously threatened by a diminishing stock of oil and a shortage of magnet wire, Fertig found little reason to hope. He took what hope he could in the fact that the Filipinos of Mindanao were bending, rather than breaking, under pressure. Unless the Japanese succeeded in killing every Filipino who held death preferable to surrender, the guerrilla would continue whether The Aid came or not.

Somehow, the guerrilla would go on until the end, but Fertig could not hope to see the end of it. Increasingly, he withdrew into himself, pushing more and more of the routine administration onto his new staff officer, Lieutenant Commander Wheeler. He devoted the empty time he thus created to rereading the two books he had carried with him through everything: the life of Richelieu, and *Gone With the Wind.*

Fertig felt he had largely succeeded in playing Gray Eminence to a banana republic, subtly arranging the appointment and dismissal of officials, suggesting when it was obvious he was really commanding, allowing others to appear as instigators of his policies, controlling the politics and economy of a nation, while waging war. If his world was crumbling, at least he could say he had built it, and he was not going to let go of it until there was nothing left of it to grasp. Until the end, he would be like Scarlett O'Hara. It was the last section of *Gone With the Wind* that he read most carefully. He agreed with Scarlett that what did not bear thinking about today, he would think about tomorrow.

Fertig decided to move deep into the mountains of Bukidnon province. He would take his radio section, and all its equipment, and he would remain in command as long as his fuel oil and food and the Japanese allowed. He would see it out to the end before he reverted to what he had been in the beginning after the surrender—a lonely wanderer, searching for food, seeking only to stay alive.

The place they called Bukidnon was a camp of bamboo and grass bahis that Fertig's working party had built on a forested hill. A stream came down the hill past the camp. It was difficult to see the bahis from the air, because of the trees. Immense durians, heavy with their melonlike fruit, soared more than a hundred feet above the houses, the leaves and shadows creating a pleasant green and dappled light.

Wheeler liked everything about the camp except its stench, which was exactly that of an open, untended latrine.

"That is durian," Fertig said, breathing the odor of the ripening fruit. "We'll have some for breakfast—it'll make a new man of you."

He told Wheeler how, in peacetime, when the durians were ripe, Chinese would come from distant islands to the trees that grew in the more accessible areas of the north Mindanao coast.

"The Chinese say there's nothing like it to rejuvenate the aging male," Fertig said. "They believe that anything that smells that bad must be good for you."

He told Wheeler what a sight it was to see an old Chinaman, one of the parchment-skinned patriarchs with a wispy white beard, sitting under a gigantic tree with his concubines, some of the girls no more than pubescent children, waiting for the fruit to drop; of the sight of the Chinaman gobbling the creamy, evil-smelling flesh of the durian with evident enjoyment; his beard waggling; the Chinaman eating with one hand and feeling

hopefully under his robes with the other; the Chinaman looking hungrily at his concubines while he stuffed himself; the girls shyly watching their master out of the corners of their eyes and giggling to one another.

"Does it really work?" Wheeler asked, half in jest.

"The Chinese and the Filipinos think so," Fertig said.

The two officers followed their baggage to a new, fresh-smelling house of bamboo and thatch. Here, Fertig and Wheeler would live together, Fertig having rationalized his need for companionship by convincing himself that this was no show of favoritism, but an acknowledgment of army-navy joint command. With Wheeler at his side, Fertig hoped to enlist navy support of the guerrilla if army support was not forthcoming.

It was at this point that still another mouth arrived to help consume the sack of cracked corn, the 16 coconuts, the edible ferns and the unappetizing durian fruits that constituted the four-day reserve of the 60 men who lived at Bukidnon. It belonged to a cheerful blond man, travel-worn but alert and curious. He came walking in alone, save for a guide, and said his name was Rosenquist, or M15-X as he was known in the lugubrious nomenclature of secret service.

Rosenquist beamed with genuine admiration upon the bearded officer whose faded khakis hung loosely about him. Fertig regarded his optimistic visitor without enthusiasm.

"My instructions are to give you any assistance I can," Fertig said, in the tone of a man immune to compliments or curses. "But whether I can depends on whether your mission is practical. I want to make that clear."

Rosenquist said it was. He had great confidence in his mission, and it had been confirmed by everything he had seen as the guerrilla units passed him smoothly across the island. But he had seen only those areas the guerrilleros firmly controlled.

"If I decide not to help you," Fertig continued flatly, "you have two alternatives. You can remain in this area as a staff officer on visit, without command authority, subject to a letter of instruction that will be furnished you. Or you are welcome to serve with this command in such capacity as I see fit.

"I don't mean to be abrupt, Major," Fertig said. "I just want you to understand that I will be the judge of any operations within my area. Now, just what do you intend to do?"

"We intend to free the American prisoners from Davao before they can be moved," he said.

"I have no information that they are about to be moved," Fertig told him. "When are they going, and where are they going? Is Headquarters going to provide a hospital ship to pick up the prisoners as soon as they are released? A hospital ship and a task force to protect it?"

The look on Rosenquist's face told Fertig the answer: the problem of moving the sick who could not walk; the problems of providing food, medicine and clothing had not even been discussed, let alone solved.

"I know what's going on in that camp," Fertig said. "Some of those men are friends of mine. I know damned well what kind of hell they've been going through. But can you imagine anybody stupid enough to think of releasing 2,000 men who can't take care of themselves, on an overburdened local economy that is absolutely incapable of sustaining or protecting them? On an economy that can barely sustain or protect itself?"

"Therefore," Fertig concluded, "you will attempt no such rescue. Headquarters can call my refusal to cooperate with you any damn thing it likes. On the other hand, if you want to remain here as one of my intelligence officers, to organize and prepare reports that will be valuable to an invasion force, I will be glad to have you."

It was not until after Rosenquist had gone to Davao to determine conditions for himself that the news came to the camp in the durian trees, where men now lived from day to day, with no food in reserve.

The news was this: the Japanese, preparing for the threatened invasion of the islands, packed their American prisoners into the holds of freighters for removal to Formosa. Only too efficient, Fertig's coastwatchers reported ships leaving Davao harbor. American submarines, alerted by the report, intercepted the convoy off the Zamboanga coast. One torpedo blew a huge hole in the hold of one of the freighters, and when the Americans who survived the explosion threw themselves out of this hole and into the sea, Japanese guards on other ships machine-gunned them as the Americans tried to swim ashore. The tale was told by the few survivors whom guerrilla units picked up, half drowned, on the beach. Thus perished the bulk of those who had surrendered with Generals Fort and Sharp; men who had survived war, disease, starvation and two years of Japanese brutality, sustained only by their prayers that The Aid would come.

When he heard this news, Fertig sought out Wheeler.

"Come with me, Monty," he said. "Let's take a walk."

Fertig's face was ashen beneath the sunburn that would never tan, and the words came with great difficulty.

The two men walked in silence from the camp and into the wet green depths of the forest. When they came to a fallen log, Fertig said:

"Let's sit down."

They sat down.

Fertig said nothing, and Wheeler, worried by Fertig's stricken look, waited for Fertig to say whatever it was that Fertig could not seem to say.

If they had only told me those men were going to be moved that soon, we could have done something, Fertig accused himself. He saw in memory the faces of officers he had known; the faces of men who had fought with Wainwright in Bataan and had surrendered. He saw again the faces in that long-ago Fourth of July parade down the road to Iligan.

If they had only told me, we could have got some of them out. We could have fixed up something.

He had refused to obey an order from Headquarters, thinking it stupid, and his friends had died, killed by friends.

Fertig sat on the fallen log in the forest, his head in his hands, tired past coherent thought.

Wheeler listened to the sounds of the million small lives among the leaves, and did not look at the man beside him.

Fertig was sitting straight. To Wheeler's horror, Fertig's eyes filled with tears. Fertig made no attempt to check them. He simply leaned forward once more, his head in his hands, and sobbed; his thin shoulders shaking as he sobbed. He was seeing the clean light of the Colorado hills when the aspens turn to clouds of moving golden hearts, the hearts slipping one by one from the trembling branches, fluttering away on the wind. He saw this clearly, and he cried.

Wheeler wished there was something he could say. He wished that he could put his arm across Fertig's shoulders. But he could no more do this than he could clap Fertig on the back and tell him to buck up.

He's had it, Wheeler realized. *How are we going to get him out of here? Who is going to take over?*

Wheeler thought it would be better if Fertig would cry out loud. Nothing was more horrible than that silent, gasping grief that could not be borne, but which defied being shared.

Wheeler turned so that Fertig might not find him watching him. He followed, with his eyes, the slow, long loop of a liana that swung near the ground to disappear among branches that grew nearly a hundred feet above. Fertig's hand fell heavily on Wheeler's shoulder.

"All right, Monty, let's get back to camp," Fertig's usual voice commanded, as if it had been Wheeler, and not Fertig, who had needed to be indulged, but who now must be sent back to work.

Fertig led the way to camp, and when they came near the durians, Fertig was reminded of the Chinamen, sitting hopefully under the huge trees with their giggling concubines. It made him think of a good name for one of those Chinamen: *Fat Chance.* The fact was, durian didn't do a thing for you.

Evans woke to the sound of distant thunder. The sun was well up, and the skies were clear, and yet there was the sound of thunder. The Islands were full of curious things, and no one was more keenly aware of this than Evans. He was growing stronger every day, and as soon as he was entirely well he would no doubt come upon more curiosities when he resumed his travels. One of the odd facts was that neither Evans nor his hosts knew where he was. He had come to this mountain weeks before. After he had left Fertig, Evans had lost his radio. He had been traveling alone but for a guide, and during the night he woke, raised the shutter of the deserted bahi he had commandeered, and saw the Japanese coming into the clearing. Leaving his equipment behind, Evans plunged into the night jungle, and in the morning began to follow a stream that would, he hoped, lead him to the headwaters of the Agusan.

Days later, emaciated and hobbling because of a painfully

split big toe, accompanied by a terrified Manobo who would not leave him because the Manobo, too, was lost, Evans was struggling up the mountain, following a dim game trail, when he met the naked spearmen.

The spearmen were infinitely more startled than Evans, for they belonged to a tribe that had lost its racial memory. They were literally unaware of the existence of other men. Once, early in the war, a Japanese aircraft had swept over their mountain, and the men and women of the tribe ran and hid. Then, their better sense coming to their rescue, the elders of the tribe decided that, since the aircraft's wings had not moved, the thing seemed dead. But, since it flew about, it was not dead. Therefore, it was a made thing, like a spear. But since there were no other men on earth, it was not made by man. It had been made by their mountain spirit; it was the form the mountain spirit had taken to look at his mountain.

But now, incredibly—as incredible as it would seem if a visitor appeared from space—a bearded man with white skin appeared on the mountainside, together with another man, not too different from themselves, who spoke a language vaguely like their own. The Manobo spearmen of the mountains were as natives of a time before Chaucer, confronted by a man who spoke modern English.

It was there, on a mountainside among a forgotten tribe, that Evans slowly regained his health and practiced a little simple medicine. Conversing by means of signs and the roots of words common to his Manobo guide and to his primitive hosts, Evans learned of the mountain spirit who flew about. He tried to tell the people about the war, but soon gave up. Instead, he invented the wheel. He whittled a disc of wood, formed an axle, and demonstrated that wheels can carry weight. But since there was nothing the tribe had to carry, and since the terrain was too precipitous and overgrown for the use of wheels even had there been something to carry, Evans' wheel became a toy for children to roll back and forth along a fallen tree.

The wildest of Evans' most romantic dreams had come true—he was living as a god among a wild tribe on a South Sea island. If the reality of this dream was somewhat unsatisfactory, there was nevertheless nothing he could do about it until he could travel again.

The sound of thunder continued, and the naked mountain people called excitedly. Evans peered out of his tree house to see what it was.

The sound that woke Evans was heard in Bukidnon.

Everyone except the radio operators poured out of the houses beneath the durians.

A vast, bumbling drone slowly swelled above the sporadic, muffled kettledrumming of the distant thunder.

"Sair! Sair! There they are!" Crisanto said urgently, lifting his chin toward the southeastern sky.

Moving splinters of light flickered high near the sun. As Fertig followed Crisanto's gaze, the kettledrums muttered again.

"They're hitting Davao!" Wheeler called.

Fertig plunged toward the radio shack. The aircraft were too far away to be seen clearly. The coastwatchers and guerrilla units encircling Davao could tell him more.

A grinning radioman tore off his headset as Fertig strode into the room. He held one earpiece to his head, and Fertig leaned over him to take the other.

"Roger, Red Leader," the earpiece said tinnily across a rasp of static. "Wilco, over."

"We're knocking the piss out of them," the radioman whispered happily. "Sir."

"You're clear, Blue Five," the earpiece said. "Go in Blue Five, over."

Fertig surrendered the earpiece and gripped the operator's shoulder. He moved to sit beside the radioman who monitored the guerrilla net.

A coastwatcher was shouting in clear English into the Mindanao air.

"There are so many I can't count them!" the voice exulted.

"Ask him what kind they are," Fertig told the operator.

"How the hell do I know?" the coastwatcher babbled. "I never seen them before! It's the goddamndest Air Corps you ever saw!"

The bumbling drone became a gathering, pulsating booming, and Fertig darted out into the sunlight to see new squadrons coming in, steering over the mountains toward Davao.

There were three flights of them, stacked into staggered boxes that climbed toward the sun. They were four-engined bombers with fat bellies, thin wings and twin rudders. The coastwatcher was quite right: no one had seen aircraft like this before. They were glistening silver, instead of the olive drab that Fertig remembered, and as he watched, still stranger, smaller shapes overtook the bombers, flashing beneath and ahead of their formations. The new aircraft seemed to be made of two fuselages joined to a common wing and tail boom. They were fighters, and they slid across the sky in a long stream, flying two by two, veering on a slant to the south while still another swarm of them appeared high over the stately bombers.

Fertig swallowed as the sound boomed around him. He watched the strange aircraft and swallowed as he thought of the Philippine Air Corps of 1941—of that handful of Martin bombers and Boeing P-26s. They had been United States first-line military aircraft in 1933, and the Filipino pilots were sent up in them against the Japanese Zeros and Betties of 1941, and that was the end of the Philippine Air Corps.

The squadrons diminished into the south, and again the distant kettledrums muttered.

The effect of the air raids was electric.

News poured in from guerrilla units that the Japanese were withdrawing everywhere. The slow-moving patrols closest to Fertig's headquarters abruptly moved back to the Agusan River. Japanese were pouring down the Agusan to Butu'un, where they took ship for Cagayan. In Davao province, they fled so hurriedly from the flat plains that they abandoned trucks, fuel and food to the pursuing guerrilleros. They pulled their troops in from the country in Misamis Occidental, leaving only a strong garrison in the Spanish cota at Misamis City. They deserted Iligan and flew toward Zamboanga. They ran as quickly as they could toward defensive positions their engineers were feverishly building in the Cagayan-Cotabato—Davao triangle—the triangle that the Americans had been unable to defend when the war began.

Unbelievable changes have followed the air raids, Fertig told his diary as the reports came in. The Agusan River was open; the coasts were everywhere again in guerrillero hands. As the Japanese retreated, the guerrilleros who had once bent beneath their pressure now sprang forward with a vicious effectiveness they had never demonstrated before. In their headlong retreat, 10 of every 100 Japanese died in ambushes, and the Japanese did not pause to burn their dead.

Looking at his map, Fertig realized that more than 90 percent of Mindanao had suddenly become guerrilla country as the Japanese withdrew into their defenses. There was no longer a reason for him to remain in the hills.

But even as he considered moving, reason appeared to prevent it. Radio messages said two submarines had arrived—one with eight tons of food for him had surfaced off Misamis Oriental, and cargadores were already carrying the crates across the spine of island. The second had more logically appeared off the east coast, bringing in 30 tons of radio equipment.

"Now there's a fine thing," Fertig said. "Now that we can land anywhere we want to, they drop the food off on the other side of the island. With the whole damned Air Force overhead, we're limited to the pace of a porter carrying a piano uphill."

Thus Fertig grumbled as he waited for the cargadores. But his fretfulness vanished under the continual accounts of guerrilla victories and Japanese retreats. Events were obviously moving to a climax, as coastwatchers reported submarine sinkings before their eyes; as they reported Japanese ships under surface gunfire; as the drone of American aircraft engines grew heavier each day.

Fertig listened soberly to a story of horror: 5,000 Japanese, with women and children, were marched the entire distance from Surigao to Cagayan. Fertig could well imagine the pace the Japanese set; the brutality which they visited on their American prisoners was nothing they did not visit on themselves. And all during this cruel march, guerrilleros ambushed that procession, and less than 3,400 Japanese, and very few of the women and children, reached Cagayan.

The Japanese retreats and the air raids that struck Japanese concentrations at Davao and the airfields on the plateau above Cagayan were not, however, The Aid. They were merely indications that The Aid was close at hand.

"It can come at any time to the coast," he said one night, as

he and Wheeler sat beneath a kinkie lamp, playing casino with a deck of cards a submarine had brought.

"A logical place would be Macajalar Bay," Wheeler said, shuffling the cards.

"Charley Hedges and I saw the Japs come in there," Fertig said. "That was a long time ago."

Wheeler dealt the cards.

"By God," Fertig said, "when MacArthur comes ashore, I want to be on the beach to meet him. We'll have an honor guard for him . . . "

"And when he steps out of the boat," Wheeler said, "you'll say, 'General MacArthur, I presume? Where have you been keeping yourself?' "

"We don't have to stay here," Fertig said shortly. "We'll move this outfit to the west coast. We want to be where we can get to the landing area in a day's march, if possible. We'll have at least that much notice."

But that evening, as the two men sat at cards in a grass house beneath a durian tree, a message came from the radio code section building. It was quite simple:

YOU WILL RELINQUISH CONTROL OF ALL RADIO STATIONS IN THE LEYTE-SAMAR AREA TO INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS OF THE SIXTH ARMY, NOW ASHORE. ADDRESS TRAFFIC TO COMMANDING GENERAL, SIXTH ARMY, AND KEEP HIM INFORMED OF ANY CHANGES. OUR ABILITY TO SUPPLY YOU BY SURFACE CRAFT BASED AT TACLOBAN AFTER 15 NOVEMBER.

"Well," Fertig said at last, "MacArthur has returned."

He handed the note to Wheeler.

"Now ashore!" Wheeler burst out. "We're landing on Leyte!"

"Yes," Fertig said emptily. "After all this time."

Fertig had the look of a man who, having climbed a mountain, was contemplating the descent.

It would serve no useful purpose here to detail the rest of Fertig's experience on Mindanao. The guerrilla was his adventure. What ensued, after The Aid arrived, was a standard military operation, not remarkably distinguished from any since the time of Darius. There were, of course, the usual number of contretemps to be expected between an independent commander and a remote headquarters. Once, when Headquarters disbelieved Fertig's estimate of Japanese casualties, Fertig sent them two demijohns filled with matched pairs of ears that the Moros had collected. Headquarters never publicly doubted Fertig's estimates of enemy casualties thereafter. Eventually, after all other Philippine islands were reconquered, American forces landed on Mindanao and guerrilla forces supported them in frontal attacks on Japanese positions and Filipinos and Americans died and the Japanese were exterminated.

Viewed in perspective, it is difficult to say whether Fertig's operations on Mindanao had military significance beyond the transmission of intelligence data. It was Fertig's passionate belief that guerrilla operations are always victorious, given certain conditions. The conditions are: a terrain favorable to ambush; a plentiful food supply; a sadistic enemy; the overwhelming support of the people; some reason to hope for victory and material support from a powerful outside nation that is also waging external war upon the guerrilleros' enemy. Not all of these conditions were always met on the island of Mindanao, and the purely military issue was never resolved, except for the ultimate arrival of The Aid. For Fertig was never at any time able to prevent the Japanese from moving wherever they wished whenever they really made the effort, and in those last days in the swamps at Waloe, he faced utter defeat. On the other hand, it could be argued that his operations were of military value in that they drew the attention of a division of Japanese, and confined other Japanese forces to circumscribed areas on the island, and therefore in effect kept that many Japanese from fighting against the United States Army, and from exploiting the island they had seized. But this accomplishment falls somewhat short of complete military victory. If Fertig won a victory, it was in other realms.

One day in June, close to the 14th anniversary of the day that Fertig and Hedges sat together on a hill watching the Japanese land at Cagayan, the inter-island motor vessel *Cagayan de Oro* came nosing into Macajalar Bay. The ship was small and trim, built in Japan as part of the war reparations owed to the Philippine Republic. There were carabaos on her foredeck, their heavy horns swaying, and as the ship slowed coming into the harbor, the smell of the carabaos and the crates of chickens grew more stifling and the morning's heat more perceptible.

The ship's captain approached a tall man dressed in wash-and-wear tropical clothes and said, "Sair, I think friends wait for you."

The tall man, who dabbed at his sun-chapped lips with a Chapstick, did not hear the captain's soft voice, but stood on the ship's bridge watching barrotos arrowing out from the harbor to meet the *Cagayan de Oro*. One of them raced ahead under the power of an outboard motor, with the men in it waving and holding up a sign.

"Welcome and Mabuhay!" the sign said and the men who held it laughed as their barroto swirled close alongside the motor vessel, and then one of the men pointed excitedly at the tall man standing on the bridge with the captain, and standing up, nearly overturned the log canoe.

"Sair," the captain hopefully suggested, "I think maybe you go ashore first, for until you do, we cannot unload the ship, for there are many on the dock who wait for you."

There were many, indeed. There were thousands of Filipinos waiting at the waterfront at Cagayan that hot June morning. They had come from every corner of Mindanao, where the bamboo telegraph still works very well. There were masses of women in the white uniforms of Josefa Capistrano's Women's Auxiliary Service, and men wearing caps of the Philippine Veterans Legion, and the red fezzes of Moros in ma'longs, and standing proudly aloof, and watchful, was the burly, dark-visaged, bareheaded figure of Crisanto.

The men in the circling barrotos were shouting and the women were singing as the *Cagayan de Oro* eased up to the dock, and the crowd surged forward, and the man in tropical clothes waved his Panama hat, and the crowd cheered. Then Mary Fertig, who was standing on the bridge beside her husband and the captain, saw the huge banner for the first time. She had been too busy looking at the barrotos and at the cheering people to see it before, but she saw it plainly now and something turned inside her as she read:

Welcome the Indomitable Patriot Who Have
Lessened Human Suffering on Mindanao

The crowd eddied around him as Fertig stepped ashore on Mindanao. He had returned to the Islands on a business trip, but the populace clearly had other plans for him. Cristano unobtrusively resumed his duties, falling into place one step to the left rear, his formidable presence automatically clearing a place around the man who would always be his Tai Tai.

Then there was the drive through the dusty streets in the hot morning with the flags of the United States and the Philippine Republic fluttering and the crowd following, to the cathedral, where they sang Te Deum, and afterward, although it was still early morning, to a feast at an open pavilion where women stood behind the chairs, whisking flies from the rice.

There was fiesta at every city that Fertig visited in Mindanao during what he had imagined would be a business trip. There were banners stretched across the dirt highway at the edge of barrios along the way. At every barrio there were people waiting to see The One. At some barrios, the people had been waiting beneath the banners for days, both because the bamboo telegraph is not absolutely infallible, and because they dared not miss the car that would return back the general. At each barrio, Fertig would climb out of the car to shake hands with men who had fought for these towns of grass houses 14 years ago, and he would say something to the crowds and then the people would capture him and lead him to a table where food waited. Always there would be food, and long speeches that were translated into Visayan. Often men who spoke in English would then give their speeches in Visayan, which made the occasion twice as enjoyable for them and for the people who had waited patiently in the sun under the welcoming banners. Then there would be singing. At Iligan, where the Japanese had paraded their American prisoners on the Fourth of July, 1942, the people sang *God Bless the Philippines*, and then, the singing swelling to an even greater strength, everyone sang *God Bless America* and many wept as they sang.

—John Keats

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

THE LIVING SEA

By Capt. Jacques-Yves Cousteau with James Dugan

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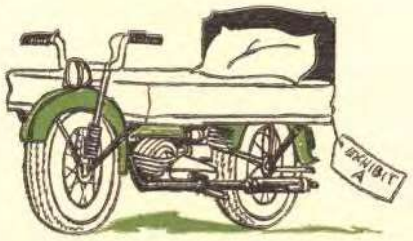
this funny Life

An Army recruiting poster in downtown Los Angeles showed three eager-looking soldiers. The first soldier was pictured as saying: "I want education"; the second: "I want travel," and the third: "I want security." Underneath, some anonymous dog-face had scrawled in big, black block letters: *"I want out!"*

Thomas April
Los Angeles, Calif.



Recently, my father and I attended a Washington Senators baseball game. This year the Senators have something new—a beautiful 1963 convertible which is used to bring in the relief pitchers from the left field bullpen. This car will be given away at the end of the year to a Senators fan.

After the announcement over the PA system which introduced the new Washington pitcher, and reminded the audience about the car contest, I asked my father if he would like to win the car.

"Aw, hell," he said, "that thing will be worn out before the season's over!"

William H. Allen, Jr.
Bethesda, Md.

After 10 years of working for a law firm, I believe the following is one of the funniest incidents I ever witnessed. We had a rather messy divorce case in which both parties were accusing the other of adultery in various out-of-the-way places. Our client, the wife, was questioned by the husband's attorney:

"Isn't it true that on the night of June 11, in a prune orchard at such and such a location, you had relations with Mr. —— on the back of his motorcycle?"

There was complete silence for about three minutes, then the wife replied: "What was that date again?"

Name withheld at writer's request
California

A young bachelor friend of mine claimed that women are easy to fool and bet me $100 that he could take two women out with him on the same date, that one of the women would provide transportation in her automobile (he didn't own a car), and that each woman would think she was his extra special gal. Here's how he did it:

My friend—Harry—separately invited each to attend a show with him on the same Saturday night. (The women, strangers to each other, we'll call Edna and Florence.) Next he explained to each girl that his friend Joe (non-existent) would go along with a girl friend and that they all would ride in Joe's car. Both women accepted.

At the last possible minute Harry called each girl and said that Joe was ill and couldn't make the date but would like his (Joe's) girl to see the show. Each girl agreed that would be just fine, and the gal with the car waved aside (as Harry had felt sure she would) all suggestions that he call for her in a cab and told him they would use her car. So Harry went to Edna's house, drove her in her car to Florence's house, where he left her sitting outside, "just for a second, dear, while I go in and get Joe's girl."

Inside the house Harry told Florence that Joe's girl was waiting outside for them in her nice new car. And off they went for the evening, each girl thinking that she was with Harry and that the other girl was Joe's girl. And to cap the whole affair, the girls agreed that Harry was such a helluva good guy for squiring both girls around and for being so kind to Joe's girl that they insisted on paying for all their drinks later at an expensive cocktail lounge.

Harry next day used my $100 as part payment for a ring for his fiancee—named Gladys.

Thomas Marks
Wethersfield, Conn.

I was having a beer in a crowded bar one night when the news came on TV. Among the pictures was a film clip of some Russian official greeting some visiting V.I.P. by kissing him.

The guy on the bar stool next to me asked, idly, "I wonder why the Russians are always kissing men?" The fellow on the other side of him snorted, "That's easy. Ain't you ever seen some of those Russian women?"

Dave Gribble
Pasadena, Md.

An icebreaker was entering San Diego harbor at 9 o'clock on a sunny, clear July morning, after 12 months of duty in the Antarctic. While still 200 yards from Broadway Pier, and long before any one else had tried to call out across the gap of water with vocal greetings, the chief bos'n mate looked up from the forecastle and spotted his wife in a large group of people waiting at the pier.

"Hiya, honey!" he bellowed into the stillness. "Sleepy?"

R. T. Jones, USN
N. Y., N. Y.

At our local post office, one overbearing civil servant summoned a subordinate and bawled him out. "What's this I hear about you calling me names?" he demanded.

"I don't recall saying anything about you," the underling said.

"Well—didn't you tell—— that I was an S.O.B.?"

"No, sir," came the denial, "I didn't. He must have found out about it some other way!"

Name withheld at writer's request
North Carolina

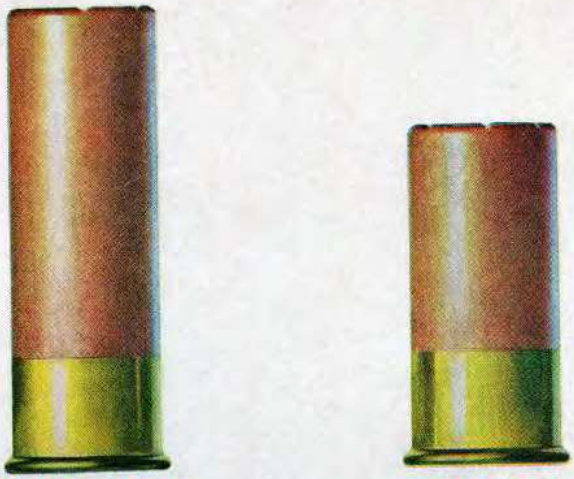
One of my Army buddies was telling us about the kind of girl he was looking for.

"I want a girl who doesn't drink, smoke, swear, or play around."

Our sergeant, who overheard him, commented: "What for?"

Ted Adams
Los Angeles, Calif.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.



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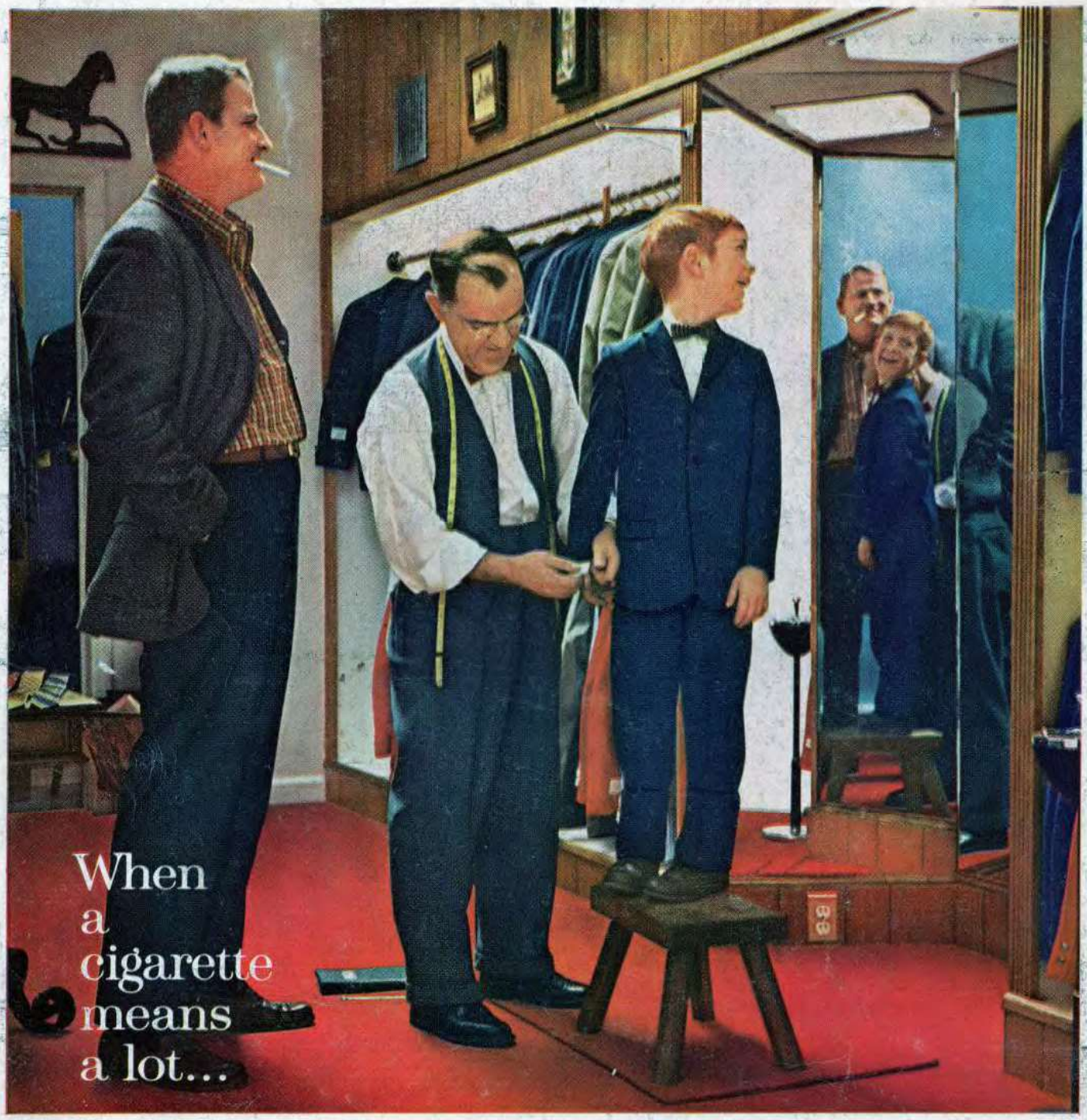

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